HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

"Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists."

Under the above title is the address and statement below. We are ever ready to make known any efforts for good of Spiritualists in any part of our country, or of the world; to learn from them, help them, and commend or criticise their doings in good faith. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL claims no monopoly of methods, but welcomes all honest plans for human benefit and spiritual growth. We have no authority to speak for the American Association of Spiritualists, but doubtless its officers and members are ready to recognize, in fraternal spirit, any movement aiming to help Spiritualism.

We commend this address and statement to the attention of our readers, and are happy to give it full place in our columns, that our readers may form fair judgment of its plans and promises:

WORKING UNION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Spiritualist Public:

It may not be generally known by the Spiritualist public that a series of meetings have been held for several months past in the city of Boston, by a few devoted Spiritualists, having in view a higher plane of spiritual life, which is dependent upon the recognition and practice of those higher and accepted morals that are conducive to true spirituality, and the progressive development and advancement of human society to the higher spheres of usefulness that denominate man superior to the animal in all that constitutes humanity and true manhood, by providing ways and means for the development of all of those attributes that are conducive to *spiritual* unfoldment, which are expressed and classified by the Infinite in the physical, mental, moral and spiritual nature of man.

Inspired by the touch of angel hands, an humble instrument has voiced the teachings and instructions of an angel band from time to time, and given them forth in answer to the prayers and aspirations of thousands of earth's starving and hungry souls for the "bread of heaven," which can come only by *doing the works* necessary to bring forth its realization; thus angels have dictated, and to-day this band of earnest workers, in correlation with these exalted angels, have given to *all* earnest Spiritualists who are alike anxious and willing to work in *harmony* together, a basis of organization, expressed in a stated "Declaration of Principles," together with objects and methods of labor in soul-culture by practical work embracing all of the above classified departments of man's nature.

This Society is designated "The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists," and is now duly organized and incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and has purchased a lot of land 110 by 112 feet of the Commonwealth, on the corner of Newbury and Exeter Streets, on the "Back Bay," opposite the sites of the Hollis Street Church and the Art Normal School, and only half a block from Commonwealth Avenue, and intend to erect a building with a large Lyceum Hall and Library and Reading Room on the basement floor, and on the second floor an auditorium that will seat from 1,200 to 1,500, and on the third floor a series of rooms suitable for circles, all to be tastefully arranged and furnished, and if possible, ready for occupancy early in 1884, which by the aid of voluntary subscriptions they hope to have paid for in full by the time it is ready for occupancy, and believe it will be, as they have faith in that higher spiritual unfoldment now existing in that class of Spiritualists who recognize and are ready to act and do, in response to the higher calls of conscience and duty, instead of self, in accordance with the teachings of those higher angelic ones who are now the recognized daily visitants and companions that are constantly prompting to practical work for the elevation of Spiritualism on earth to the higher planes of spirituality, which can only be accomplished by those who are willing to make the necessary sacrifices therefor, not of material in means only, but of pet theories and opinions, and selfish ends and aggrandizements also, necessary for united efforts to specific ends.

Other buildings are to be secured or erected suitable for "The Asylum Homes and Healing Institute for Dependent Mediums, Spiritualists and their Orphans," as soon as practicable, probably out in the country, easy of access to the city, wherein the advantages of fresh pure air, plenty of room, and ample means for rest, or exercise and labor will serve to build up and maintain that health which can only be obtained in the bosom of nature, out upon God's broad acres, teeming with the harmonies of life, supplemented by the highest wisdom and intelligence of man and angels in the application of those auxiliaries which harmonize with the principles and laws of the Infinite.

For the past three months our meetings have been held in the parlors of Mr. M. S. Ayer, 170 West Chester Park, and have been crowded with earnest and intelligent people; and many of them not known as Spiritualists, upon becoming acquainted with the principles of our society, have, for the first time in their lives, declared that from that standpoint they were Spiritualists, and should for the future become co-laborers with us so long as we were true to our principles. Thus they have come with new hopes and aspirations, bringing with them an inspiration that has helped make our humble meetings pentecostal seasons, filling all present with new hopes and rejoicings, and leading us to believe that even here on this earth plane it is possible for us to realize something of that holier and heavenly spirit of love and charity that is an earnest of the higher and heavenly inheritance to which we are all aspiring.

For the information of your readers, I append our "Declaration of Principles" and "objects," as set forth in our published "Articles of Association," which will be forwarded to parties desiring to obtain further details of the "Methods" of work, by addressing J. C. Street, Secretary, 47 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

ARTICLE I.—Organization being the highest form of perfected power in the Universe, we recognize in it the highest type of Government, that harmonizes all diversities into the perfected sphere of unity.

ARTICLE II.—In unity we recognize the highest expression of Truth, which in itself is absolute, self sustaining, Omniscient, Omnipresent, and Omnipotent.

ARTICLE III.—In Truth we recognize the life-principle and spirit of Law, which is the means by which Truth is enabled to be expressed.

ARTICLE IV.—In the manifestation of universal Law, we recognize the expression of Knowledge, Wisdom and Intelligence, as the Soul and Spirit of the Universe, whether expressed by atomic individualities, or as a concentrated unity, which we denominate the Higher Divine, Infinite, or Creator.

ARTICLE V.—In the expression of Divine Wisdom, Knowledge, and Intelligence, we recognize the expression and existence of dual principles, positive and negative, by contrasts or opposites, of all grades, in every sphere of the known Universe, manifested by good and evil, the crude and refined, in the expression of which we recognize the forces by which the Human Soul is evolved into the higher sphere of Love, which thereby is awakened, generated, and intensified by experience necessary to its unfoldment and perfection.

ARTICLE VI.—The Human Soul as an atomic individuality, embodied or disembodied, we recognize as an integral part of the Divine Unity, in all that constitutes that Unity; the same as one drop of water from the ocean embodies all the elements that constitute its vast unit.

Hence we recognize the truth that as the Infinite is Immortal, so must the Finite be, in being a part of the Infinite.

ARTICLE VII.—We also recognize the immortality of the Human Soul, by the intelligence, knowledge and wisdom it is enabled to express, according to its grade of unfoldment, as it is enabled to manifest itself in its relationship to matter, whether embodied or disembodied; and that it is governed by laws by which it is enabled to express itself, in either sphere of existence.

ARTICLE VIII.—We also recognize in the Human Soul the faculties to perceive knowledge, truth, and the attributes of the Infinite, to that degree to which like attributes are developed within itself; hence, we relegate to every soul the privilege of defining the Infinite; as it, by its own interior light, is enabled within itself to comprehend it, from its own standpoint of perception, according to its grade of development.

ARTICLE IX.—We also recognize the progressive development of the Human Soul, analagous to the principles that govern the development of worlds and universes from the Soul-life of the Infinite, fixed by the principles of immutable and infallible laws, which we recognize as the *Will* of the Infinite, which must be known before they can be recognized and obeyed, and to that extent to which we are enabled to perceive those laws, and live in harmony with them, are we *Saved* from the consequences that inevitably follow from the ignorance of them.

Therefore we recognize all Sciences, Arts, Religions, and Intelligences that are the revealers of Truths, Principles, and Laws of the Infinite, as our true Teachers and *Saviors.*

ARTICLE X.—We recognize the dual nature of the Human Soul, as expressed spiritually and physically, and that by a knowledge of, and in living in harmony with the laws that produce a harmonious relationship between the two, we obtain the greatest amount of harmony and happiness, denominated "*Heaven.*"

ARTICLE XI.—We also recognize the ministrations of Mortals, Spirits, and Angels, as legitimate Mediums, and auxiliaries for the transmission and imparting of Divine Knowledge, according to their various capacities and spheres of attainment, who are enabled to communicate interchangeably one with another, by various methods, by utilizing the various elements of their several spheres, according to their knowledge of and power to conform to the laws governing the same.

Of the various means and methods, termed Spiritual Phenomena, by which they are enabled to communicate, we recognize the following types of Mediumship from among the vast variety now existing, as defined under head of "TYPES OF MEDIUMSHIP OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS," and as expressed and is manifest in those phases, we recognize the fact that all grades of spirits can and do communicate, and express themselves as they are, according to the sphere of development they have attained, from the crudest to the most refined, representing the spheres of Good or Evil from which they come or belong.

ARTICLE XII.—We recognize in the *higher* attributes and faculties of the soul the open doors for the influx of the higher inspirations which reveal to us the higher Truths, Principles and Laws, by which we are enabled to judge of the Good and the Evil, and perfect our unfoldment, happiness and *Heaven.*

ARTICLE XIII.—Therefore, we recognize in the unfoldment of the *higher* faculties those attributes that constitute spiritual perception and discernment, which in their higher expressions constitute pure spirituality in both mortals and spirits; and, thus defined, we recognize the true expression of Spiritualism in contradistinction to Spiritism, which simply recognizes the fact of spirit-return and the immortality of the soul, *regardless* of the spiritual culture of mortals or spirits, necessary to the higher conceptions of true spirituality; which cannot be recognized by those minds that are enshrouded in mental and spiritual darkness consequent upon wrong teachings, living and practices engendered by living to the perverted demands of the lower faculties.

ARTICLE XIV.—We also recognize that in the unfoldment of the *higher* faculties we attain to the highest spheres of spirituality, which are expressed in their government over the lower, to the end of executing the highest offices of their design, in procreation and in executing functions necessary to produce harmony, health and unity in the dual relations of our spiritual and physical beings, which is perfected in the union of the sexes, by the harmony of their individualities being united in the dual relationship of conjugal love, expressed in the monogamic marriage, as the highest type of Heaven; while, on the contrary, in the subordination of the higher faculties to the *lower* we have the culmination of animality, in physical sensualities, self-gratification, lust, promiscuity, dissensions, repulsions, disease, disorganization and decomposition; hence we recognize the principles of the monogamic marriage to be salutary and necessary to the discipline of the human soul, as a needful experience, by *co-operative self-culture*, necessary to the unfoldment and development of that forbearance, charity, reason, knowledge, wisdom, purity and love; which, when it has adjusted itself to it, becomes ennobled, grand and angelic in its nature, and a fit companion for the higher spheres of the spiritual and angelic affinities awaiting it.

BY-LAWS AND ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I.—OBJECTS AND METHODS—SECTION I.—The general object shall be the promulgation of the Truths and Principles of Spiritualism, as set forth in the preceding Preamble and Declaration of Principles, in the practical work of *self-culture* mentally, morally, physically and spiritually, through the instrumentality of spirit-communion, lectures, libraries, lyceums, asylum homes and healing institutes, general benevolent work, and the better protection of mediums, by furnishing the necessary safe-guards and better conditions for a more perfect demonstration of spirit-power and inspiration from the higher spheres of spirit-intelligences by the following departments and methods, as herein provided for:

1st. By providing a system of graded circles for the development of "spiritual gifts" and spirit-communion and instruction, and a bureau of relief and protection for mediums.

2d. By providing for public instruction and teaching, by lectures, conferences, lyceums, libraries, socials, entertainments, etc.

3d. By providing an Asylum Home and Healing Institute for dependent mediums, Spiritualists and orphans, and for teaching and developing the Art of Spiritual and Magnetic Healing.

4th. By providing a system of coöperation of all spiritual societies, for the promulgation of principles of higher spiritual development, as heretofore set forth.

J. C. STREET, *Sec.*

Tests Given Through the Mediumship of J. V. Mansfield.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Noticing that there has been considerable said of late about J. V. Mansfield, I feel it to be my duty to make these few remarks, hoping that if any of your readers can account for the remarks written by his hand in any other way than that of the presence of those making the remarks, either directly by the hand of Mr. M., or else through his guides, that they will kindly do so.

On Saturday, May 25th, 1878, for the first time I called upon Mr. Mansfield (having never seen the gentleman before) and had a sitting with him of one hour's duration, for which I gave him a pocket piece of the first gold coinage of the U. S., a $5.00 coin of 1796. Mr. M. furnished me with a number of pieces of paper about 7 by 2½ inches each, and directed that I should address spirit friends, giving full names (and relationship if any) so as to avoid mistakes, if possible; and write at the top of the paper, and then fold it down seven or eight folds so that it would be impossible for him to see through it. I complied with the above requests, and will proceed with the questions I asked and the answers received:

DEAR FATHER, (Wm. Tice): I greet you, and wish to know if mother is with you, and also if Brother Isaac, and if he is, has he ever visited me? THOMAS S. TICE.

ANSWER: Bless you, bless you, my son Thomas for this call. This is more than I had hoped for or even anticipated, but it is not less acceptable. Well, Thomas, this is blessed; this assures you, or answers the question so often asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Your precious mother is not of my sphere, yet I go where she is often; so you see, Thomas, we meet often here. Your brother is often with you, and has made several attempts of late to speak to you, but his control was feeble. I will say more soon.

Your father, WILLIAM TICE.

SECOND QUESTION.

DEAR BROTHER, ISAAC TICE: Where, if ever, have you made yourself known to me?

THOMAS S. TICE.

ANSWER: Excuse me; but your brother Ike is not present to respond. He is away with Augusta. B. C. MACY, M. D.

THIRD QUESTION.

MRS. ELIZABETH MCNALLY, wife of John: Please tell me the cause of your going away from here. THOMAS S. TICE.

Before writing, or even sitting down, Mr. M. turned towards me and asked "Where's John?" He then asked it the second time, when I inquired if he (Mr. M.) wanted an answer to his question, and then he replied that the spirit wanted to know where John was. I answered by saying, "John passed over eighteen months or two years ago." Then Mr. M. commenced writing and gave me the following answer: "Well! Well!! Well!!! Thank God for this. I am all right now, but did not see John. You ask for a cause; that I would not be positive about, and so long as it does not matter, I will not even risk an answer. John could have better informed you of that. Ever,

MARY ELIZABETH MCNALLY.

FOURTH QUESTION.

MRS. M. E. MCNALLY: What was your occupation before passing away? THOS. S. TICE.

Answer:

DEAR THOMAS: Excuse me for responding as I do, but Mrs. McNally chooses not to state her occupation. She says you, Thomas, know already, so why ask that. She says this with all propriety and kindness.

MARVIN A. D. ARENTS.

FIFTH QUESTION.

DEAR FRIEND: M. A. D. Arents: Tell me all about your sister, Ann A. Tice, and oblige.

THOMAS S. TICE.

Answer:

Well, Friend Thomas, all I can say is, we are all well and happy. As to Ann Augusta Tice, dear, dear one, she is ever happy, only when she thinks of her dear W. H., who to her was all in all while she lived. She divides her time mostly with me and our brother Edward. Doubt no more, my dear friend. Tell Bill his darling would have a long talk. MARVIN A. D. ARENTS.

There was one more question and answer, but it would not interest any of your readers, and so I omit it. I have given the above just as I received them, word for word, with nothing added to or taken from. The answer to the first question could have been given by Mr. M., if he had known what the questions were, but I watched him until I received the answer for that and all the rest of them. There is not a person in the world that could have answered all the questions, as they did through Mr. M., for there was no one person that was acquainted with all the names, not even myself; for instance, I did not know whether the initials B. C. were correct or not, and not till the next morning, Sunday, did I find out, and then when I asked my brother, W. H., for the given name of Dr. Macy, he replied Benjamin C., and the name Augusta in that message I took to be my brother's deceased wife's, so I received two names that to me were tests of spirit presence. Then, again, in the third question, if noticed, it will be seen that in addressing the spirit friend, I used only one given name, knowing there were two, but did not know how to place them. The lady, Mrs. McNally kept at one time a cigar store nearly opposite my place of business, and in the evening after closing went there to buy my cigars, and would sometimes stop and chat with her and her husband, for they were both there in the evening. One morning in 1864, as I came to business, there was a notice on the door, of the death of Mrs. McNally, who was burned to death by the explosion of a kerosene lamp the night before at her residence, and it may be here noticed that although she passed over in 1864, and her husband in 1876, and that she on the instant of her being able to inquire about him did so, and that although he had been over some eighteen months or two years, yet she was not aware of it and, of course, had not met him.

It will be noticed that the fourth question was answered by a person who was not addressed, and I will say not even thought of at the time, and who gave a name not common, but one with four initials, M. A. D. Arents; the first name in full; and here let me remark that I was well acquainted with him, for he was my brother's brother-in-law; and now, lastly, let me say that he gave me tests of his presence by giving me the initials of my living brother, W. H., and also by his saying that his sister, Ann Augusta Tice and his brother Edward were often together. On the following day (Sunday) I got my brother to go up to Mr. Mansfield and have a sitting with him, and he then and there, received a splendid test by having the name, Wm. Fitzgibbon, mentioned in a message from his wife. THOMAS S. TICE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Seybert Bequest.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am glad to see your demand for an honest appropriation of the Seybert bequest for the purposes for which it was given and received. It is reported that Prof. Pepper, the chairman of the committee having the investigation in charge, has said in a recent interview that "the committee do not view with favor the examination of mediums." It can hardly be possible that the committee will undertake to investigate the subject without witnessing the phenomena, as it occurs in the presence of mediums. This would be as absurd as the attempt to teach a boy to swim without allowing him to go near the water. Besides the very purpose of the donor was to induce learned men to examine the facts and report their conclusions for the benefit of mankind. The committee must witness the phenomena before they can pass judgment upon it, and they must deal with mediums in order to witness it. The facts to be considered may be very few and simple. They can be laid before the committee in an hour; not, of course, all the phenomena of Spiritualism, but enough to test its claim. A very simple experiment will suffice. The slate-writing phenomenon is the simplest and most reliable form of the manifestations claimed to be spiritual, and the one in the production of which there is least opportunity for deception. In fact, there is, if proper conditions are observed, no possibility of fraud. The friends of our cause in Philadelphia should at once propose to the committee a fair test of this phase of Spiritualism under substantially the following conditions.

Let the committee procure a double slate and keep it in their own charge. Let them place a small piece of pencil between the slates (unless the medium be one who does not require this) and then fasten them together by any means they please. Let them then meet a slate-writing medium to be selected by Spiritualists, in a room to be selected by the committee. Let the meeting be in broad daylight in the presence of the committee and an equal number of Spiritualists. Let the committee see to it that the slates are kept in full view. If under these test conditions writing is produced between the slates, the question will be for the consideration of the committee: How and by what power it is produced; and if an intelligent communication is written, signed by the name of a person long since dead, let science explain the fact if it can?

Precisely this phenomenon has been witnessed by thousands of intelligent and honest people under all the above conditions, and it was, no doubt, often seen by Mr. Seybert in his lifetime. We may well presume that he desired the world to be informed of the facts through the medium of a committee of scholars. It would be a fraud upon him and an outrage upon justice for the University of Pennsylvania to take his money, and for its committee to refuse to witness the phenomena and to report fairly and honestly to the public precisely what is done, and under what conditions. The money was given undoubtedly in the hope that a fact of transcendent moment might thereby be brought to light. Shall it be used to suppress the truth? Justice and fair dealing alike demand that the subject shall not be prejudged, and that there shall be a full fair and impartial investigation. That the JOURNAL will insist upon this is the hope of

A CONSTANT READER.

Keokuk, Iowa, July 24, 1883.

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.—*Mrs. Charles.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Appollonius of Tyana and Jesus Christ.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PART II.—APOLLONIUS OF TYANA: HIS LIFE, TRAVELS AND MIRACLES.

It is claimed, on the authority of certain assumed spiritual communications, that the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, as found in the New Testament, were based primarily upon the life and teachings of Apollonius of Tyana, and that the Epistles of Paul, the Book of Revelation, etc., were really written by Apollonius. A statement so preposterous as this scarcely merits serious attention; but as many, unaware of the truth concerning this Apollonius, are being misled by these pretended supramundane revelations, I have made a careful search of extant literature to ascertain the "bottom facts" in the matter, and in this paper purpose to present a digest of the results of that research. In addition to the monographs upon Apollonius, whose names head these essays, I have consulted the various cyclopædias, biographical and classical dictionaries, and other works of reference, for data concerning Apollonius and the nature of his biography by Philostratus. I have also carefully perused what has been written concerning him and his biography by the historians, theologians, philosophers, essayists, etc., ancient, mediæval and modern; including Lucian, Apuleius, Eunapius, Origen, Eusebius, Lactantius, Hierocles, Porphyry, Ammianus Marcellinus, Augustine, Malala, Photius, Domninos, Cedrenus, Huet, Parker, Lardner, Mervoyer, Mosheim, Blount, Herbert, Iwan Mueller, Klose, Wellaur, Voltaire, Gibbon, Westermann, Cudworth, Prideaux, Herzog, Butler, Stephens, Ritter, Noack, Tillemont, Donaldson, Zimmermann, Mitchell, Buhler, Bayle, Schroeder, Comelin, Neander, Enfield, Olearius, Jowett, Tennemann, Kayser, Michaud, Milman, Farrar, Lefevre, Rieckher, Luederwald, Pressense, Ueberweg, etc., etc. I have endeavored to let nothing of importance escape me bearing upon the matter in hand.

Who was Apollonius of Tyana, and what do we really know concerning him? He was a Pythagorean philosopher of the first century, claiming to possess magical power, who perhaps traveled extensively in promulgation of his peculiar philosophy, and died, according to the generally-accepted opinion, in a good old age. Almost our sole means of information concerning him is a work written in Greek by Philostratus, called *Ta es ton Tyanea Apollonion*, usually spoken of in English as "The Life of Apollonius of Tyana." Prior to the compilation of the work of Philostratus (about A. D. 220), but little was generally known of Apollonius. Passing allusions to him, of an unfavorable character, are contained in the writings of Lucian and Apuleius, but beyond this nothing is found in any previous writer, save Mœragenes and Maximus whom Philostratus names in his introduction as having written concerning Apollonius. Mœragenes, it appears, from a passage in Origen, in his writings spoke of Apollonius as a magician and impostor; and so Philostratus in his eulogistic work, written to glorify Apollonius, tells us the four books of Mœragenes were of little value on account of the ignorance of the writer. The work of Maximus the Ægean merely contained an account of the life of Apollonius at Ægea, where he resided a few years while in his teens, having returned to Tyana, his native place, in his twentieth year. To Philostratus alone must we look for our knowledge of the life and deeds of the Pythagorean philosopher and magician. The principal materials for his biography, Philostratus tells us, were derived from the writings of one Damis, a companion of Apollonius in his journeyings. Damis is said to have written an account of his travels, including the discourses, opinions and predictions of Apollonius. This work of Damis was never published and was entirely unknown to the world. A hundred years or more after the death of Damis, a near relative of Damis, so Philostratus tells us, gave the manuscript to the Roman Empress, Julia Domna; she passed it over to Philostratus, requesting him to rewrite it; he waits till after the death of his patron the Empress Julia, and then publishes his life of Apollonius, claiming it to have been mostly taken from the work of Damis. This story is fishy throughout. No one had ever heard of the work of Damis; the name of the relative of Damis who gave the MS. to the Empress was not given, and no clue to his identity furnished; the Empress was dead, and could not contradict his story. So the way was perfectly clear for Philostratus to palm off upon the world his spurious life of Apollonius. It is possible that a manuscript of Damis may have been placed in his hands by the Empress, but if so it was distorted and falsified almost past recognition by Philostratus; for it is almost an impossibility that Damis could have written the monstrous falsehoods attributed to him by Philostratus, a description of which will be given hereafter. Indeed a number of the things ascribed to Damis were evidently borrowed by Philostratus from books written after the death of Damis, if any such person ever lived, which, in my mind, admits of some doubt. Damis is made to play a very foolish and discreditable part in Philostratus's work; and when his work was published, falsifying Damis's original manuscript in so extravagant a manner, and presenting Damis in so foolish an aspect, certainly the relative who gave the manuscript to the Empress would have loudly protested against Philostratus's fictions and distortions of Damis's life and character. All this renders extremely doubtful whether the whole story of Damis's manuscript be not a characteristic fiction of Philostratus—only one more fiction added to the hundreds composing his volume. Outside of the questionable statements of Philostratus, there is not a particle of evidence of the existence of either Damis or his manuscript.

It is proper to state that the doubts herein expressed, as to the existence of Damis and his MS., are original with myself; I have failed to find in any of the authors treating of Apollonius, with perhaps one exception, to be named hereafter, any allusion to the possible non-existence of these two—though all of them speak of the fictitious nature of much of Philostratus's work, and many of them think that Philostratus attributed to Damis much that Damis never wrote. My own conclusion, independently arrived at, after careful study and analysis of the work of Philostratus, prior to my perusal of the opinions thereupon of the authors named above, was, that Philostratus's life of Apollonius was almost wholly fictitious—a romance with a slight thread of truth running through it; that probably such a person as Damis, a companion of Apollonius, may have lived, but this was far from certain; and that, most probably, the whole story of Damis's manuscript was a fiction coined by Philostratus to give currency to his work on Apollonius. At that time, from my scanty knowledge of the world's literature anent Apollonius and his biography, I thought that scholars generally accepted the general truth of Philostratus's work, aside from its many supernatural marvels; so I was of opinion that my views ran counter to those generally accepted—and so they do to some extent, but not so completely as then supposed. Consequent upon my researches, I discovered that many scholars had indicated the fictitious nature of large portions of Philostratus's book, without, however, disputing the actuality of Damis or his MS. I have seen no reason, though, for changing my opinions on these points, and I think that in time the rational, critical scholarship of the world will largely coincide with those views.

In an able, instructive and very sensible article, by W. M. W. Call, published in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1, 1865, I found my own views concerning the character of Philostratus's work admirably summed up, as follows: "Whether we look at the work of the Greek rhetorician as a whole, or examine its component parts, we are equally struck with its unreal and mythical character. The book is a fiction throughout. With the exception of a matter-of-fact statement here and there, the author never deviates into truth. Open the volume with the first page and close it with the last, and you will see that it is not a life, but a legend; a romance with a purpose, representing ideas, but rarely or never recording facts. We profoundly disbelieve that the narrative, except in its general outline, has any basis in reality.... Not only is the *Life* by Philostratus essentially a fiction, but the hero depicted by him is a 'being of the mind.' Not only is his portrait an imaginary one, but the legendary Pythagoras and impossible Apollo have suggested the outline of this ideal likeness" (Pp. 496, 501). Mr. Call also seems to intimate that the whole story of Damis is fictitious, since he says, "If we are referred to the authority of Philostratus himself, who asserts that his narrative is grounded on that of Damis, 'the Iolas of the Tyanæan Hercules,' we shall be strongly inclined to retort that Damis is only a classical Mrs. Harris, as Philostratus is only a classical Mrs. Gamp.... The errors and misconceptions with which the *Life* abounds are equally fatal to the authenticity of the narrative and the hypothesis of a putative authenticator [Damis]" (page 496). Mr. Call's essay was almost the last work read by me while conducting my researches, and I was much gratified to find that so careful and scholarly a critic had anticipated the conclusions which I had subsequently and independently reached. Indeed, it is strange to me how any impartial, critical scholar can fail to arrive at similar conclusions; to me they are self-evident: *The Quarterly Review*, London, May, 1810, vol. iii, pp. 425, 439, referring to Philostratus's "Life of Apollonius," says, "We see not why, from its utter want of truth and nature, from its moderate demands on the understanding and attention, and from its delightful variety of absurdity, it should not obtain a place among popular works of fiction.... In evidence both internal and external it entirely fails; it has not a single character of truth; its pretensions to credibility are set up with the ostentation and maintained with the timidity of conscious falsehood." The historian Gibbon says, the life of Apollonius "is related in so fabulous a manner by his disciples, that we are at a loss to discover, whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic."

The life of Apollonius, as depicted by Philostratus, is based largely upon the legendary life of Pythagoras. The principal incidents in the semi-mythical life of Pythagoras are duplicated in Philostratus's mythical life of Apollonius. This applies equally to natural and supernatural events, with which latter Philostratus's romance teems. The fact that Apollonius's life and deeds as related are the counterpart, with exaggerations and amplifications, of those Pythagoras, proves that the work is a fiction, manufactured to order for a purpose. As a work of verity, Philostratus's *Life* may be compared with the *Arabian Nights* and *Baron Munchausen*. The marvelous and absurd stories with which it is filled are on a par with the veracious narratives contained in those two classical works of fiction; and, most significant of all, the greater part of these impossible occurrences are said to have been actually seen by Damis and are professedly given to the world on his testimony as an eye-witness. Take the following as a specimen: Among the fabulous monsters believed to exist among the ancients were the Empusæ or Lamiæ. They were half woman, half serpent, having the body of a serpent united to the head and breast of a woman. They changed their forms at pleasure, and in order to secure young men as victims they usually assumed the form of a beautiful woman. The blood of young persons was a special dainty to these serpent-women. Philostratus tells us, that one of these Empusæ assumed the form of a rich and beautiful woman, and by this means secured the love of a young Lycian named Menippus, intending after their union to devour him. Apollonius, by his supernatural knowledge, was enabled to detect the true character of this serpent-woman, and he attended the wedding feast as a guest. He revealed to the infatuated groom the real nature of his bride, and with his magical powers caused the entire feast, cup-bearers, cooks, and the whole domestic apparatus to vanish in the air. He then forced the supposed woman to confess herself an Empusa, and that she intended to devour her husband. This marvelous occurrence, Philostratus informs us, "was one of the most celebrated performed by Apollonius, and it happened in the center of Greece" (Berwick's *Translation of Philostratus*, p. 217). This story, Philostratus says, was taken from Damis's writings, recorded as an eye-witness. If Damis's work contained this and the multitude of other similar monstrosities attributed to him by Philostratus, then he must have been one of the champion falsifiers of antiquity; but there is no reasonable doubt as to the fact that he was innocent thereof, Philostratus being the fabricator. This is a characteristic specimen of the marvels related as facts in this book, and also a specimen of the purported miracles of Apollonius, improperly represented as similar to those of Jesus Christ.

According to the life of Apollonius by Philostratus, the former was born in Tyana in Cappadocia about the commencement of the Christian era. The sea-god, the Egyptian Proteus, announced to the mother prior to his birth, that her son was an incarnation of himself, and various marvels attended his birth. At sixteen he became a follower of Pythagoras and adopted the Pythagorean mode of living, including food, dress, etc. After his father's death, at twenty, he gave away nearly all of his inheritance, and observed the prescribed five years' silence of speech of the Pythagoreans. After this he traveled extensively in Asia Minor giving public and private instructions in philosophy. In imitation of Pythagoras he determined to visit distant nations and consult the magi of Babylon and India. At forty years of age he started on his tour. At Nineveh he first met with Damis, who attached himself to Apollonius and ever afterwards accompanied him in his journeyings. As an inducement to Apollonius to take him with him to Babylon, etc., Damis professed acquaintance with various Oriental languages, but to this Apollonius gravely replied that he had no need of an interpreter, as he was well acquainted with all those languages, although he had never learned one of them!! Not long after we learn that he acquired the faculty of understanding the language of beasts and birds, and that the means by which this wondrous gift is secured, as exemplified by the inhabitants of the city of Paraha, is by eating the hearts and livers of dragons (Berwick, p. 35). He also acquired a knowledge of the thoughts of men, various instances of which embellish Philostratus's pages. After conversations with the magi of Babylon, our peripatetic philosopher proceeded to India, where he was instructed by the Brahmins in divination and astrology. After this he returned to Greece, where miracles constantly attended his steps. He then visited Rome, Spain, Egypt and other countries, every where performing prodigies, and gaining disciples and honors, and taking, at the same time, quite an important part in the political events of the times. He finally settled at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, where he died at a very advanced age, nearly a hundred years old. How much of this is true will probably never be known. The outlines of Apollonius's life is probably based on facts. There was a man called Apollonius of Tyana, generally regarded as a magician, living in the first century; this we learn from Lucian and Apuleius; and from the reverence attached to his name by the Emperors Hadrian, Alexander Severus, Caracalla and Aurelian, he must have had some local prominence as a philosophical teacher also. He was probably a teacher of a modified or reformed Pythagorean system of philosophy—a reformed paganism; and to secure attention and distinction made claim to the possession of magical or supernatural powers. It may be that he really possessed a modicum of what are now called mesmeric, clairvoyant and mediumistic powers; but the narratives of his exploits are so untruthful, it is impossible to gather with any approach to certainty the true character of his life-work and the events attending it. The stories of his travels are almost certainly fictitious—these with his miracles being modeled after the pattern of the Pythagorean myths. Beyond the bare fact that a Pythagorean magician and teacher lived and taught in Greece and Asia Minor in the first century, named Apollonius, nothing positive is known of him; the details of his life, in Philostratus, cannot be relied upon in any instance. That he was not the noted character, and did not call forth the attention, mentioned in Philostratus, we know very certainly. Celsus, writing in the second century against Christianity, instances many miracles as an offset to the Christian miracles, but he never refers to those of Apollonius, which he could hardly have failed to do had he ever heard of them. Moreover, none of the historians refer to the important part said to have been played in political life by Apollonius—his name is never mentioned by them. Says Mr. Call, "The part sustained by the Apollonius of Philostratus, in the drama of history, is often obviously fictitious. Had Apollonius really played the political part assigned him by his biographer, contemporary historians would have borne testimony to the fact. The philosopher who in the reign of Nero had been the observed of all observers in the first city of the Empire, the promoter of the conspiracy of Vindex, the counsellor of Vespasian, the correspondent of Titus, the rebellious opponent of Domitian, and the supporter of the pretensions of Nerva, would surely not have been unnoticed by the reflective Tacitus or the gossiping Suetonius." It is to Philostratus that the fame of Apollonius is due; prior to the publication of his *Life*, scarcely any thing was known of him. The romance of Philostratus it was that set him up as an object of veneration and worship.

Philostratus did not scruple to falsify history whenever necessary to serve his purpose. He changed the date of Vespasian's visit to Alexandria, in order to introduce a fictitious narrative tending to glorify Apollonius. He lengthened the reign of Darius Nothus from nineteen years (the real period) to sixty years. He makes Damis describe, from actual sight, Babylon as the residence of the kings of Parthia, when in fact they lived in Ctesiphon in place of Babylon. Damis also is made to describe the city of Babylon as being, when visited by him and Apollonius, equal in splendor and magnificence to the Babylon of Darius and Nebuchadrezzar, though at that time, as we learn from Pliny and Strabo, it was "little better than a desert." He misrepresents the character of Euphrates, the philosopher, in a flagrant manner, in order to glorify Apollonius. In short, Philostratus's work consists of falsehood upon falsehood from first to last. It makes the theories and practices of Pythagorism universally prevalent in the world. In every country visited by Apollonius, Pythagorism is largely established; even the Brahmins of India, instead of teaching Brahmanism, are Pythagorean sun-worshipers, thoroughly conversant with Pythagorean and Grecian philosophy.

The absurd claim that Christianity was founded upon the life and writings of Apollonius, as formulated by pagan priests A. D. 325 is negatived by these facts: Apollonius was an obscure magician till brought into notice by Philostratus about this very time, A. D. 225. Damis's account of him, if it ever existed, had never been given to the world, and was preserved only in his own immediate family. Yet long before the Damis-Philostratus book was published the four gospels and all the other New Testament writings were scattered far and wide over the civilized world, and Christianity flourished in every land; and hundreds of volumes had been written in the interests of Christianity by over a hundred different authors. While Christianity was thus strongly intrenched every where in the Roman Empire, the name of Apollonius of Tyana was scarcely known. For nearly two hundred years the name and teachings of Jesus Christ had been promulgated throughout the Empire, while that of Apollonius had rarely ever been heard of. In view of these facts it indicates either the grossest ignorance or a state not far removed from imbecility or lunacy, to accept such an absurdity as the foundation of Christianity upon the life of Apollonius. To claim that Apollonius was the author of the Epistles of Paul and the book of Revelation is *prima facie* evidence of lunacy or idiotcy. No sane person could seriously entertain such a proposition, unless steeped in the densest ignorance. The doctrines of Pythagoras as taught by Apollonius, had not the remotest connection with the Judaism of Paul and John. The doctrine of the Jewish Messiah, the basis of all the Christian writers, was wholly foreign to the Pythagorean philosophy. No one but a Jew could have written Paul's genuine epistles or the Revelation of John. On the other hand, though it is impossible for Christianity to have been based upon Apollonius, it is possible for the *Life* of Philostratus to have been based on the Christian writings, and many have claimed that such was the case, though, in my opinion, without good reason.

When Philostratus wrote his book Christianity was a power in the Roman Empire, and the Emperor Alexander Severus, husband of Julia Domna, who is said to have given Damis's MS. to Philostratus for revision, included Christ among those to whom he rendered homage in his temple devoted to the gods. Philostratus, no doubt, was familiar with the life of Christ as represented in the gospels, and could easily have made use of it in writing his Apollonian romance; and he has been often charged with so doing. A critical comparison of Philostratus's work with the New Testament shows only a few unimportant parallels. Viewed impartially there is nothing in Philostratus to show that he borrowed from the New Testament; at the most very little could possibly have been so derived. There is scarcely any thing in common between the lives of Apollonius and Jesus. One taught Pythagorism, the other Judaism; one was crucified at thirty in Jerusalem; the other died in extreme old age in Asia Minor. One taught in a small obscure province of the Roman Empire for one year, or at most three years; the other traveled and taught all over the civilized world for seventy-five or eighty years. One drank no wine, ate no animal food, wore no sandals, and wore only Pythagorean garments; the other used wine and animal food, and wore sandals and the ordinary clothing of his country. One claimed to be the Messiah, the King of the Jews, over whom he would rule at the speedily-approaching end of the world; the other was said to be an incarnation of a Greco-Egyptian marine deity, and claimed to be a teacher simply of a modified pagan philosophy. Numerous other contrasts could be presented, were it necessary. Scarcely any of the miracles of Apollonius are analogous to those of Jesus. I will mention a few of the more prominent of those of Apollonius. When brought before Tegellinus for examination he caused the writing of his indictment to disappear; he discovered the soul of Amasis in the body of a lion; he removed a pestilence at Ephesus, by pointing out an old beggar as its author and causing him to be stoned, and who when the stones were removed, was found to have been changed into a dog; he described at Ephesus the assassination of Domitian at the time when it was taking place in Rome; he released himself from fetters while in prison; he cured a youth attacked by hydrophobia, whom he declared to be Telephus the Mysian, a mythical son of Hercules; he went to Troy and there raised up the shade of Achilles to consult him about the Trojan war—Achilles at first appeared five cubits high, but gradually lengthened to ten (about fifteen feet), and he told Apollonius that Helen was never at Troy, but was borne by Paris to Egypt; at his trial in Rome before Domitian he disappeared, or vanished, and the same day presented himself to Damis at Puteoli, over 150 miles distant; he descended to the underworld, the Cave of Trophonius, remaining there seven days, and returned with an oracle giving divine sanction to the Pythagorean philosophy; he knew the thoughts of men, understood the language of animals, and was acquainted with earthly languages without having learned them. In addition to these, the following are the miracles said to resemble those of Jesus: (1) He cast a demon out of a young man, the demon overturning a statute as a sign of his withdrawal. The resemblance of this story to a similar one in Josephus indicates that it may have been borrowed from that author rather than from the New Testament. (2) At Rome as a young patrician lady, supposed to be dead, was being borne to her burial, he stopped the bier and recalled her to life. Philostratus's narrative, though, indicates some doubt as to whether she were really dead or merely unconscious. As any miracle worker might be supposed to restore life to the dead, Philostratus might well have written this story independent of the New Testament. (3) In the case of the serpent-woman (Empusæ) previously described, after Apollonius had caused the feast and servants to vanish, the woman begged him not to *torment* her or cause her to confess. In the New Testament the "devils" entreat Jesus not to *torment* them. Both writers use the same Greek word, *Basanizo*, "to torment;" and various Christian writers have claimed that Philostratus borrowed the use of this word from the New Testament. This is evidently very far-fetched and inconclusive, and rational scholars are agreed that this theory is without support. The foregoing three instances cover the resemblances between the miracles of Jesus and Apollonius, and all can see on what a slender foundation rests the assertion of the one being derived from the other.

A list of the writings of Apollonius has come down to us, and they bear not the remotest resemblance to any portion of the New Testament; they treat on judicial astrology, divination, oracles, pagan sacrifices, etc. These are all lost, but some spurious letters, attributed to Apollonius, are still extant. Certainly they contain nothing akin to Christianity and the New Testament. As a specimen of the wisdom attributed to Apollonius by Philostratus, the following is in point: "The science of astrology and the art of divination," said Apollonius, "may be acquired by all those who live on vegetables, abstain from woolen garments, go barefooted, and let the hair grow." "Scissors," says Apollonius, "should never come in contact with the hair of a wise man" (Berwick's Translation, page 443). As specimens of the marvels described by Philostratus as actualities, in most cases Damis being an eye-witness, I may mention a speaking tree; serpents with jewels in their eyes of magical virtue; a race of pigmies living under ground; various nondescript Ethiopian monsters; griffins; enormous dragons; a woman half black, half white; a fountain of liquid gold, instead of water, etc., etc. The host of marvels attending Apollonius's travels in India will be more fully related hereafter.

It is claimed that Apollonius brought from India the Hindu sacred books which formed the basis, in part, of the New Testament. I purpose, therefore, to examine the narrative of his travels in India and show conclusively, that the whole narrative is fictitious, utterly devoid of truth; and that not a particle of evidence exists that Apollonius ever was in India or ever saw a Hindu sacred book. The length of this article necessitates the relegation of the consideration of these points to a third paper, which will conclude the series.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

SHARING.

A joy came with me which I hid
Within my soul.
I did not know that God me bid
Divide the whole.

I hid it but it waned and pined;
With slow decay;
I did not know 'twas half designed
To give away.

Another joy came to me, which
I freely shared;
I found it doubling. I grew rich
The more I spared.

I took the lesson to me sent;
All wealth possest
Increases in the spending; spent
Is laid up best.

—Emily E. Ford.

PERSONALS.

Miss Dr. Chapman of Pittsburgh declares to an interviewer that: "Any lady with a good education and a mature mind, above feathers and lace, can succeed in the profession in this city if she perseveres. I prescribe sometimes for gentlemen, but my practice is largely among the ladies and children. Half of my practice is among poor people who cannot pay. Many physicians send patients to me whom they cannot treat from the fact that a proper diagnosis of the disease can not be obtained. Woman can understand woman, and it often does a patient more good to talk to her of spring bonnets and wraps than is effected by the medicine."

Carrie Burnham, now wife of Damon T. Kilgore of Philadelphia, has been admitted to the bar after having been graduated from the law department of the university. She was received with more than usual honor by the judge and members of the bar, since her husband is one of the leading lawyers of the Quaker City. He has always been an advocate of equal opportunities for men and women.

The New Northwest gives the following paragraphs:

"Dona Martina Castello of Madrid, is the first Spanish lady who ever gained the degree of medicine and surgery. She commenced her studies when she was nineteen. She has taken honors in Latin, mathematics, history, physiology and hygiene. She was made a Bachelor of Arts in 1877, and selected medicine as her profession. Since then she has distinguished herself in anatomy, therapeutics and surgical pathology, and has gained prizes in every branch of medical science. Last year she received the title of Licentiate, and in October was invested, at the College of San Carlos, with the dignity of Doctor.

Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens of Marion, Iowa, after her husband's death, succeeded him as President of the First National Bank of that place. The New York *Sun* stated that in all probability she was the first lady to hold such a position. The remark called forth letters from several correspondents, and they show quite a number of ladies to be engaged in the banking business. Those named were: Mrs. M. G. Williams, President of the State National Bank of Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. Frances S. Cook, President of the First National Bank of Rochester, Minn.; Mrs. M. H. Galloway, President of the Fond du Lac Savings Bank, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Sarah F. Dick, Cashier of the First National Bank, Huntington, Ind.; Annie M. King, Cashier of bank at White Cloud, Kan.; Jennie Combs, Cashier of Bowen & Combs's Bank, Middleville, Mich.; Miss M. W. Bond, Treasurer of Savings Bank, Florence, Mass. The National Bank of Newberry S. C., is also said to have a lady President."

In the year 1825 Hannah Adams went to the Boston Atheneum, out of that intellectual hunger which inheres in women as in men, to read. Boston had never heard of such a daring, unfeminine act; it was shocked to its very center, but Hannan Adams was not thereby injured, nor was Boston society. Mrs. Adams could construe Latin and read Greek, she was veritably a strong-minded woman, who was a stay and comfort to her husband in his years of responsible public labor. She could not take books to her home and had to read them at the Atheneum or not at all, and so the dudes and dudesses of that day were given cause for the utmost distress. Now, more women than men daily pour over the pages of the Athenium and there are none to say them nay. Just so has it been with every step taken in advance; the rank and file are filled with dismay and prophesy the direst of evils. Yet the world rolls on, old wrongs become righted, great strides are made forward against the opposition of conservatives, who seem to learn no lessons from the past.

WOMEN AT THE SOUTH.

From a valued correspondent in New Orleans, I am favored with a copy of the *Picayune* of that city, containing a letter by Mrs. Field, the Catharine Cole who is known as correspondent of that representative sheet. This letter gives an account of the graduating exercises of the University at Oxford, Mississippi; a college which has lately and successfully introduced co-education. It seems odd that some of the rich Northern colleges, having about them an atmosphere of progress, should be behind a Southern institution, where by the very nature of things conservatism abounds.

Catharine Cole says: "Last year twelve young women from 15 to 19 were admitted to the college; ten remained till the close of the session. One of the professors said they had improved in health, were seldom absent from recitations, exerted a wholesome, refining influence on the boys, and that in his own department his highest scholar was a woman. ....They are a bright, handsome, vigorous, jolly set of young girls, and rank high in their studies. So far as their studies are concerned they are treated precisely as are the other students; beyond that they are entrusted to the guardianship of the families with whom they board. The behavior of young men at chapel and in their classes has wonderfully improved. They seem never to forget there are ladies present....the average grade of the girls is excellent."

Mrs. Cole continues: "While in Jackson, Miss., I was accosted by a yellow faced, gaunt, awkward looking woman. She was from down in Simpson Co., some where; didn't know the county seat, never had rid in a 'kerridge,' nor seen a railroad car till she came to Jackson. Ever since she could recollect, had worked in the field. Most she ever earned was $3 or $4 per month. Been married, husband had run off. Didn't know what would become of her, or what she wanted to do. Homeless, friendless, densely ignorant. I suppose only evil befell her. There are other such women in the South—enough of them to illustrate the evils of the anti-railroad, anti-college, anti-woman, if I may so express it, age. Railroads and colleges will set the South free of such unhappy women. They must become impossible to the people. Who is it who go to the mad-house? Not many cultured women and men, but day laborers—women who work in cotton fields and over hot stoves. Who of us wishes our daughters to become mere buyers of meat and patchers of masculine pants? Give our women the chisel and they will carve out the angel that is in every one of them."

On turning to a copy of the *Picayune* sent last spring by Mrs. Lita B. Sayles, when on a visit to New Orleans, I find another interesting letter by the same brave writer, on Working-women. She gives this testimony in regard to that city, in which, during former years, the woman who worked was socially ostracised; if she appeared on the street at night alone, she was worse than ostracised. Now Mrs. Cole says:

"After much study and much conscientious inquiry, I am prepared to state that I believe the working woman of New Orleans to-day occupies a higher place in the estimation of honorable men than she does in almost any other city. I believe she is safer in our streets than in any other city; less liable to receive insult; and that if insulted she would find manly defenders right and left."

Mrs. Cole's letter closes with these noble words: "Yet the comfortable standing of the working woman in New Orleans is not alone due to her bravery or to the chivalrous respect of the men, although I believe these to be the most important conditions. Since the war so many refined and elegant women, once leaders of fashion and society, have been reduced to direst poverty and compelled to earn their own livings, that if their efforts had not been approved of and endorsed the very foundations of society would have been shaken.

"I have never yet heard a man whose opinion was worth listening to sneer at a working woman, or try to belittle her position as a bread winner.

........"The bravest statue before which we could stand, and which might thrill us with admiration for its beauty and reverence for its dumb yet marvelous outgiving of power was not found ready made in the earth. Spades dug down, bars wrenched at a quarry, muscles strained to hoist at the crude, jagged block, and the sculptor's hands moulded in dirty clay the choice image to which the block was to be shapen. Is the marble wonder less a glory for these conditions? Nay; its added glory is that it has emerged through them, and it announces earnest labor to be co-sister to intellect.

"Yet I dare say there are women who think that statues should not come forth from the nasty earth to proud pedestals thus; that to do any thing practical is some how unseemly. 'The solution of accomplishments' in which they may be dipped leaves a thin veneer which soon cracks off—a sort of social rouge that counterfeits honest, ruddy blood. But the rouge betrays itself. It is said a lazy person is often a brilliant one; but I do not believe it. If one has the fine powers, one is conscious of them and is moved to give expression to them in effort. Ability is motive and spur, and indolence is a confession of poverty of inner powers. None of us exactly like the tasks to which we working people severally devote ourselves, but they call our best selves out and make our seeming servitude the opportunity for our best freedom. Lazy people are almost always showing a gnash of teeth, as if they were rebelling against the restraints of a chain, but the industrious man or woman whose blood is pumped through the veins by genuine effort, has the sound cheers of self-content and of self-respect. We are not debased by an honest discharge of duties, however humble they may be; we are debased only when these duties meet us and we turn from them to lower levels of thought. To shirk, is one of the meanest infirmities in any walk of life."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

SPIRITS AND THEIR WORK IN EVERY COUNtry of the Earth: Or Nineteenth Century Miracles. A Complete Historical Compendium of the Great Movement known as "Modern Spiritualism." By Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. Price 12s 6d.

This work forms a full and exhaustive account of all the main incidents of a spiritualistic character which have transpired in every country of the earth from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present time. Spontaneous manifestations of spirit power dating from the year 18[illegible], and the development of the spiritual telegraph, from mesmerism, psychology, clairvoyance, and somnambulism, up to spirit mediumship, will be traced out step by step.

To every student of psychology, spiritual science, religious reform, mesmerism, Spiritualism and occultism, the author, in deep earnestness of purpose and in the name of the wise controlling spirits, who have commanded her work, and assisted unceasingly to aid its execution, ventures to affirm that, both for this and many succeeding generations, this volume will prove a complete library of the subjects dealt with, and a manual of incalculable value.

The work will consist of from 500 to 700 pages and 72 chapters. To ascertain how far this volume can be published in England, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten appeals to those who may sympathize with her undertaking to aid her by promises of subscriptions or donations to the amount of a certain number of copies, responses to this proposition being earnestly solicited during the ensuing month. If at the end of that time a sufficient number of subscriptions are guaranteed to warrant the author in sending her work to press, it will be issued immediately.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS TREATED OF.

History of Mesmer and Mesmerism; "The Philosopher's Stone;" "Elixir Vitæ;" Somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Psychology; Ecstacy; Spiritualism; Seership-natural and acquired; Correllation of Forces; from Earthly to Spiritual Magnetism; From Mesmerism to Spiritualism; Magic; Witchcraft; Sorcery; Necromancy; Occultism; Spiritism; Spiritualism; Theosophy; Reincarnation; Immortality Demonstrated; Facts, Fancies and Fanaticisms of Spiritualists; Spiritual Science; Spiritual Religion; Proofs palpable and proofs imaginary; Doctrines and Theories versus Corroborative Testimony; Magic in its Relation to Spiritualism; Narratives of Hauntings; Obsessions, Spiritual Gifts, Practices, and Spontaneous Phenomena of Various Peoples; Origin of the Modern Spiritual Movement in Different Countries; Journalism and Literature of the Subject; History and Progress; Warfare and Antagonism from without; Divisions and Parties within the Ranks; Fraud and Mistake; Deception and Hallucination; Thrilling Narratives; Wonderful Experiences; Heaven and Hell of Spirit Life; "Dwellers on the Threshold" and Angels in Paradise; Authentic Revelations of Life Hereafter in all Stages of Progression; Spirit Circles; Spiritual Workers, Pioneers, Journalists, Writers, Lecturers, Mediums, Artists, Poets, Healers, and Martyrs; Trials, Prosecutions, Defeats, and Victories; All Sides of the Question; Every Phase of the Movement; All Classes of Witnesses; From the Convict's Prison to the Monarch's Throne-room; Popular Revivals; Mass Meetings; Conventions; The Stream of History Analyzed, Condensed, and Cast on the Ocean of Time—and Eternity.

HOME CIRCLES; HOW TO INVESTIGATE SPIRitualism: Suggestions and Rules; together with Information for Investigators, Spiritualists and Skeptics, and an Offer to "Exposers" and Conjurers. 40 pp., paper covers. Price 10 cents. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Journal.

This pamphlet contains an able paper from the pen of that experienced investigator and life long laborer for the uplifting of his fellows, Giles B. Stebbins. He also makes suggestions and offers a few simple rules to aid in forming home circles. Nothing is of greater value to those having an interest in Spiritualism than faithful, intelligent *personal* effort to attain knowledge, for it brings the spiritual growth which nothing else can, which neither money nor favors can buy.

Mr. Tuttle's paper on Cultivation of Mediumship should be committed to memory by every person desirous of making an intelligent study of Spiritualism; its clear-cut compact sentences, filled with sound sense and wisdom, are characteristic of the writer's best efforts.

Hints to Investigators of Physical Phenomena, a letter written by Epes Sargent, an offer of $1,000 to "exposers", and conjurers, the Declaration of Principles adopted at Sturgis and a chapter "To whom it may concern," with verses on "The Other World" by Harriet Beecher Stowe, complete the pamphlet.

The pamphlet is such a booklet as Spiritualists can read with profit and which they will also be glad to place in the hands of their inquiring friends. It should have a wide circulation.

Magazines for August not Before Mentioned.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Portrait of Alphonse Daudet; Bob White the game bird of America; Thy will be done; Songs of the Sea; Alphonse Daudet; A Rose; Quality; To-morrow; The present condition of the Mission Indians in Southern California; Music in Nature; Carlyle; The Voice of D. G. R.; The Oldest Club in America; At the Mill; Under the Olives; Mr. Watts at the Grosvenor Gallery; The Bread-winners; The Silk Dress Story; A Woman's reason; Nights with Uncle Remus; Paradise Regained; The new Minister's Great Opportunity; Love Poems by Louis Barnard; Topics of the Time; Open Letters; Bric-a-Brac.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: The Pageant of Summer; The Etiquette of Courts; The Old Virginian Gentleman; Louis Blanc; China and foreign Powers; Cowardice; The Little World, a story of Japan; The Camorra; The Thing called Love; Dress Reform once more; The Philosophy of the beautiful; The Coronation at Moscow; The fortress prison at St. Petersburg; The Scramble for Wealth; Two Aspects of Shakespeare's Art; Folk Songs of Provence; Snake Poisoning; General Chanzy; Bath and Tunbridge Wells a Century ago; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Miscellany.

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Frontispiece, "And we turned back the hands till they pointed to ten;" The Beautiful Day; Lindy; The Vain Old Woman; The Young Ship-Builder; The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill; Six Little Maidens; Our Special Artist; Memories of the Zöological Gardens; The Young Mountain Sheep; I don't know when; The Story of the Castle; Recollections of a Drummer-Boy; The Critics; Sunrise; Swept away; An August Day by the Sea-shore; Zintha's Fortune; The Lady of the Chingachgook; In Summer-time; Work and Play for Young Folk; Counting their Chickens; For Very Little Folk; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; The Letter-box; The Agassiz Association; The Riddle-box. August is the great holiday month, and the August *St. Nicholas* is essentially a holiday number, taking its readers away from the great cities to the mountains and seaside, by the brooks and the breakers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells, New York.) Contents: Language, No. 4; The Engineers of the Brooklyn Bridge and their work; A Few Reflections on Noses; Some Statuary; The American Switzerland; Women in the Industrial Arts; The Southern Exposition; Her "Luck" in getting Good Servant Girls; What is Insanity; History and Philosophy of Hydro-Therapeutics; House Drainage; Notes on Science and Agriculture; Editorial Items; Poetry; Answers to Correspondents; Personal, etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.) Brother Jonathan; Ten Little Toes; A Lady-bug's Home; Surf-Riding; In the Meadow; Beavers and their Houses; Coals of Fire; Two little Indians; The little Hares; How Peter was lost; Dolly's Complaint; What the Sunflowers said; Queer Conveyances; The two Goats; How Jessie helped Mamma; Willie's ride; A Queer Music-Box.

BABYLAND. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston). A magazine for the little ones with pretty stories and pictures. It is printed on heavy tinted paper and the letters are large and easily read.

Malaria from the undrained Pontine marshes, near Rome, is a terror to travellers. Ayer's Ague Cure is an effectual protection from the disease, and a cure for those who have become its victims. It works just as effectually in all malarial districts on this side of the sea. Try it.

The latest addition to the English navy is the Calypso, whose beauty is in most agreeable contrast to the amazing ugliness of vessels of the Inflexible and Devastation type. She is a fast steel cruiser, sheathed in wood, carries twelve breech-loaders of moderate calibre, and will take nearly as large a crew as some of the iron-clads which are three or four times her size.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

An electric light introduced in a Pennsylvania coal mine lately scared a lot of mules there out of their wits; and miners said it was the first time one of the animals was ever known to show fear under ground.

Mr. A. M. Noble, Salem, N. C., writes: "Dr. Benson's Skin Cure cured my hitherto scaly skin."

Michigan—Books, etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am glad to see that your correspondents like the "Objects and Aims," and "The Declaration of Principles" of the American Association of Spiritualists as adopted at Sturgis. The committee took much care to make them comprehensive and so worded as to suggest the importance of a high standard of rate and honor in life, and in spiritual research. The Association starts on good ground, fit to command some regard and carry some mental and moral weight.

I want to bear my testimony to the worth and value of Dr. J. R. Buchanan's "Moral Education." I cannot speak at length of its contents, but can say that it should be read thoughtfully in every home, for it is a wise book, and of surpassing interest.

A new edition of Dr. N. B. Wolfe's "Startling Facts" is out—a strong book of facts witnessed by a genuine man—a book far more solid than "The Bottom Facts," of Truesdell—the Syracuse sleight-of-hand performer.

The Graves and Coleman discussion you have closed. It had lasted long enough. Coleman's last letters were scholarly criticisms, fit to adorn the pages of any university magazine. In making up my chapters from the Bible of the Ages I made some Oriental research and, so far as I know, he seems correct and reliable.

I learn that our State Spiritualists Association have fixed on Orion Lake, Aug. 10-20, as place and time for the camp meeting, and that Samuel Watson is expected. All is well—place beautiful, time near; Watson and others, with good mediums will fill it with interest and value. I shall go to see many there—Spiritualists and inquirers. "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together," is good scripture and good sense. Short epistles are in order in this summer heat.

Detroit, Mich. G. B. STEBBINS.

Forty thousand acres of land in Arkansas have been secured for an Italian colony. The immigrants are to come from Tyrol, principally, and will be agriculturists. About a thousand Italians have already settled in that region.

The largest mule in the world was sold at Kansas City last month. It was eighteen and three-quarters hands high, weighed nineteen hundred and seventy-five pounds, measured fifteen feet from nose to tail, and was six years old.

Not a drink, not sold in bar-room, but a reliable, non-alcoholic tonic medicine, useful at all times, and in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

WALTERBORO, S. C.—Dr. J. M. Klein says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given universal satisfaction."

CONYERS, GA.—Dr. W. H. Lee says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good medicine and many are using it in this place."

A curious freak of nature can be seen at Solomon Marsh's farm, near Norton, Kansas. The curiosity is a calf born without eyes. The calf is perfectly formed, active and all right, with the exception that it has no sign of an eyeball.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," would remedy in a short time. Remember that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases on Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

An exercise in the art of besieging and defending a fortress will be held next autumn at Coblentz, beginning October 1st and continuing fourteen days. The object will be to illustrate by practice all the manœuvres and methods which might come into operation during a similar undertaking during actual war. A large number of the most conspicuous officers in the German army have already been assigned to this novel and instructive exercise.

Eruptions and malignant fevers are conquered and cured by *Samaritan Nervine.* $1.50.

*The number of sheep in New Mexico is reported to have increased from 10,000,000 in 1880 to 20,000,000 at the present time.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 4, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Social Needs of Spiritualism.

Whether as a result of old-time views, deference to custom, or a sense of the fitness of things, it is certain that Spiritualists as well as others, do not like to bury their dead without some sort of religious observance. "My child shall not be buried like a dog. I have spent all this day hunting for a Spiritualist who will speak to us at the funeral, but have not found one. I am afraid I shall have to get an orthodox minister, but I hate it." So said a grieving father once. That there should be difficulty in finding suitable speakers of our faith in country places, seems natural enough, but the case quoted occurred in a large city.

The same difficulty occurs in the matter of marriage. It seems strange to hear one roundly denouncing the priesthood, or applauding such denunciation, and talking of the "necessity of pulling down before you can build," the favorite fallacy of the day, and then find him calling on one of these despised priests to celebrate a marriage or conduct a funeral. In such cases the ministers quietly laugh as they calmly pocket their fees, while the women shrink from allying themselves with a movement which practically isolates them. They miss the sociability of the church; miss its ministrations too. Many openly express this: "We can't do without the church. Who will marry the living and bury the dead. Some say Spiritualists have no one to fill these offices." So they come to the meetings, get tests when they can, but hold fast to the church, giving their money, influence, and love to it. To them Spiritualism is a mild dissipation, somewhat attractive because denounced by the church as an irregular abnormal thing; but their life is in the church, and around it their thoughts centre.

Yet another grief, which is a great hindrance to growth of Spiritualism: the want of the social element. This has long been felt, and some spasmodic efforts have been made in a few places to meet the demand; but all accomplished so far has been the inauguration of "sociables" in a few places, where well dressed people shake hands and talk of the last test, or the coming séance, and then fly apart from each other, knowing nothing, caring nothing because they know nothing of the private sorrows, the separate joys and griefs, of the friends they greeted so effusively. "I have been a Spiritualist thirty years, and would dearly like to visit Spiritualist friends and have them visit me, but in all this thirty years, not one has called, and I do not know the address of one on whom I could call: yes, I have been sick (said a lady friend), but no one seemed to know or care; certainly no one visited me. If I had died, perhaps in a month or two some one would have missed me. It was not so when was in the church. Spiritualists are simply Spiritualists—not men and women. I must go back to the church." When this case was discussed the answer was: "I didn't know she was sick; how were we to know it?" This is a problem Spiritualists in all places should industriously endeavor to solve, for until a solution shall have been accomplished, a remedy for the evil found, the need for human sympathy met, Spiritualism cannot be a power for good, taking hold of all the life of its believers, but merely a series of spasmodic intellectual excitements.

Organization will do something to correct this, if the need be kept in mind, and in addition to lists of members, the residences be duly catalogued, and other arrangements easily elaborated by which it may be known who needs aid or sympathy. The chief need, however, is for Spiritualists themselves to awake to the perception of the real need there is for action in this direction, and, if they do not feel it, ask themselves why, and steadily endeavor to create this feeling of loving helpfulness for others. Create love! Yes, it can be done. Do something for your neighbor whom you don't love, and you will soon learn to love in that direction, and the love will grow with the work.

Contrasts in Physical and Spiritual Condition.

A Washington letter to the Chicago *Tribune* gives a vivid illustration of the style in which some ladies of that city live, and demonstrates the utter worthlessness of some persons' lives: One of the handsomest turnouts in Washington is a light spring landau that cost $2,800. It is upholstered in heavy crimson satin and perfumed with the fair owner's favorite flower—violets. It is drawn by a pair of light bays, young, fleet-footed creatures, worth $1,200. They wear a $300 gold-mounted harness and $100 blankets, with beautifully embroidered monograms in the corners, to keep their shiny coats from the frosty air. The man who holds the ribbons over them has his livery furnished and receives $50 a month, with a stable man to help him. He tucks a $300 lap-robe of sealskin about him, and flourishes a whip that cost $8.00. The nobby footman who opens and closes the carriage door, who races up and down the steps and rings the bells, must not bear about him any flavor of the stable. He receives $25 a month, when young and charming, and none other less favored will fill that post acceptably. His livery is also furnished by his employers. For effect, this lady wears the wonderful pink silk dress with the rose-pattern lace, a dress costing $1,000. The jewels worn are large opals set with diamonds, valued at $2,000. A close-fitting, fur-lined jacket protects the lace-covered arms and bosom from the cold, and an ample dolman of seal-skin trimmed with sable is worn over that, the deep hood of which is brought over the head and face. The wrap was bought for $500. The carriage floor is covered with a long-wooled vicuna rug; besides, there is a foot-muff of Russian fur, worth $50, for the lady's feet. These are clad in richly-embroidered silken stockings, for which was paid $25, and the satin boots cost $15 more. Her handkerchief of point lace is worth ten times its weight in gold. Her fan, gloves, and bouquet of long-stemmed rose-buds are another $100. If there are several receptions on the same evening the lady and escort can stop but a short time at each. To expedite matters the footman, in that case, waits at the door with the wraps until they come out, as this saves the trouble of ascending to the dressing-rooms.

It is but a dress parade. The same people utter the same platitudes from house to house, until waning night or dawning day sends them to their bed, and then our grand dame returns home, her maid helps her up stairs, undresses and puts around her mistress a soft negligee robe, combs out her hair to woo sleep, and when drowsiness comes, lifts her bodily and lays her in bed. A more worthless piece of human flesh could not be presented to the public for consideration than that of this lady. In contrast therewith, that noble woman, Mrs. Gladstone, whom Disraeli once described as "the woman without a single redeeming vice," steps to the front. She devotes her life to the suffering and the poor, who are her special charge. She spends scarcely anything upon herself, wearing the shabbiest of clothes, to save money for charity. Verily, great shall be her reward when she shall have been ushered into spirit-life. She will find that her philanthropic deeds have made her rich spiritually, while that Washington imbecile will find herself a spiritual pauper.

The Prayer Cure.

It appears from the current news of the day that Mrs. George Williams, living near Pittsburg, Pa., had been confined to her bed for over a year. The disease was consumption. The best medical treatment was consulted, but without benefit; she grew worse rapidly, and her friends expected she would die in a short time. A short time ago she received a letter from George Huffman of Washington County, in which he narrated how he was cured of paralysis by prayer, and advised Mrs. Williams to adopt the same course. She did so, praying earnestly, almost without ceasing, for deliverance from the malady. She says she commenced to improve at once, and in a few days was able to leave her bed and walk about her house, and a little later took recreation out of doors. She claims that she is as well as ever she was. She attributes her cure entirely to prayer, the efficacy of which was so signally illustrated in her case.

A devout lady of Pittsburg has been praying for the success of the telegraph operators ever since the strike begun. She is greatly encouraged by the surrender of the Rapid Transit, and will now wrestle with increased zeal to bring the Western Union to terms.

We are glad to learn that Hudson and Emma Tuttle will surely attend the camp meeting at Island Park, Orion, of Michigan State Association of Spiritualists. Samuel Watson cannot attend, as he goes to California. J. H. Palmer, of Lapeer, an eloquent and able man has been asked to attend and is expected. All the other advertised speakers are to be present.

The Origin and Formation of Gods Explained in Indian Myths.

J. Henry Gest, in his article on "Indian Mythology" in the *Popular Science Monthly* presents many thoughts that are serviceable in determining the origin and formation of Gods:

Little by little, as man becomes more self-appreciating, more confident in his superiority in the midst of surrounding nature, he gives to each great and small spirit a personality more or less like his own. Some of these will be merely exaggerated men, others a combination of man and animal. But the result of the whole will be that out of animism has grown polytheism, of which all know the congruous enormities in European mythology.

The Indian myths are a tangle of animism and polytheism, and only when we approach them with the information gained from the study of early Aryan religious worship do the hitherto senseless crudities open their hidden meanings. A few instances will show the animist of spiritual character. When the Algonquin Indian meets something he cannot understand, there he fancies a manito present. This word has the several meanings of spirit, soul, and the first. The mysterious steel of the white man is manitobiwabwik, *i. e.*, spirit-stone. The strange woven cloth is manito-wegin, spirit-skin. Among the Chippewas manitowis designates the magician. For this same idea of magic, mystery, spirit, soul, the Dakota has the word wakan. Wakan-tauka is the Great Spirit; wakan-hdi the lightning, literally the thing of spirit origin, hdi meaning come. Thus, every mystery is wakan. "He looks at sun, moon, and stars, but knows not who made them, or of what they are composed; he hears the winds, but, as their nature and source are to him unknown, they are wakan."

To the Indian, wind and his own breath are of all nature most like his conception of the spirit force, and so these are regarded as symbols, even as embodiments, of the spirit. The principal Creek god is "The Lord of Breath;" of the Cherokees, "The Oldest of the Winds;" of the Choctaws, simply "Storm-wind."

Like the Aryans, the Indians believe in immortality, and perform elaborate ceremonies for the benefit of departed souls.

Not content with souls and spirits in themselves and in the forces of nature, they give them also to animals; so that in the dog companion is often the guardian spirit of the Indian.

As you have already noticed, there are spirits of unequal rank and unequal powers in the Indian's animism; but, though a principal spirit is at times found, yet there is no idea of a single all-powerful spirit from which all others come.

Now for some examples of the Indian polytheism. Compare the following story with some myths of early Europe. It is given in the words of Mr. Knortz: "When the world still lay in darkness, say the Mixtecas, there appeared a god, 'lion-serpent' by name, and a goddess, 'tiger-serpent.' They went to live on a high a mountain, where two sons were born to them, one of whom they named 'Wind of the Nine Serpents, and the other 'Wind of the Nine Caves.' When the elder of these wanted amusement, he assumed the form of an eagle and flew about in the world; but the other changed himself to a winged serpent, in which shape he could fly not only through the air, but also through rocks and mountains." How nearly is this play of fancy like that which in dark Europe created reasons for the fabled knights.

The Algonquins have a hero-god, Menabuscho, whose remarkable adventures Mr. Knortz recounts at some length. Among others, is an incident of the mysterious value of dragon-oil, which we have learned in the Siegfried myth: "Then he (Menabuscho) set out to war against the great chief Pearl-father, who had slain his grandfather. He shot the serpent standing guard, and with the oil of the royal beast greased his boat, so that without stopping it ran through the fatal sea of misfortune." After death it became the privilege of Menabuscho to lead the souls of Indians into paradise.

There are numerous myths of the creation of the world and of man; others of a deluge from which only a single pair, man and woman, escaped.

These few examples give but an incomplete and very inadequate presentation of Indian mythology. But they are sufficient to show the presence of animism, and add another straw to the already accumulated evidence that animism is the first definite shape which religious feeling takes.

Blasphemy.

Prof. B. F. Underwood in an article on "Blasphemy" in *The Index*, says:

"The early Christians ridiculed the faith of the pagans and kicked over their idols. Cartoons and caricatures were also used freely by the Protestants against the Pope during the Reformation. Luther had little regard for the feelings of papists. True, we live in a better age, and coarseness in the advocacy of opinions is not in harmony with the best methods of to-day; but let not the law impose upon the discussion of Christianity restraints which are not equally imposed upon the discussion of other subjects. Science asks no protection from ridicule and caricature. None should be extended to Christianity. The religious feelings of the Christian are no more 'sacred' than the convictions of the free thinker. Sarcasm and ridicule are legitimate weapons, and any system that fears them shows thereby that it has points of weakness.

"The law in regard to blasphemy should be abolished altogether. An expression of belief should not be punished simply because it is offensive to the feelings of those whose views are assailed. Several years ago, when George Jacob Holyoake was lecturing in England on Emigration and the Poor Laws, a man rose and said: 'The lecturer has been speaking of our duty to man. Has he nothing to tell us as to our duty to God?' Holyoake said in his reply: 'I do not believe there is such a thing as a God....I would have the Deity served as they serve the subaltern—place him on half pay.' During the trial, Mr. Justice Erskine said to the jury: 'If you are convinced that he uttered the words with levity for the purpose of treating with contempt the majesty of the Almighty God, he is guilty of the offence.' Holyoake was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. For saying in a terse way that he would have the expense of worshiping God reduced one half, a very sensible proposition, he was punished and could have been even under a decision like that of the Lord Chief Justice of England."

Rev. Samuel Watson has started for San Francisco, Cal. He writes to us that "Organization is a necessity."

Cremation.

Charles Meininger, Sr., of Cincinnati, Ohio, was cremated at Washington, Pa., on the morning of the 27th ult., the body having arrived via Hempfield on the nine o'clock train. The fires were lighted the day before, and when the corpse arrived the retort was in readiness to receive the remains. On reaching the crematory exercises were held in German by the Rev. E. Voss of Cincinnati, and the Rev. B. Storcke of Wheeling. Immediately after these services, Messrs. John L. Dye and Elliott Seaborn, who conducted the cremation, wrapped the alum sheet about the body, when it was slid into the retort. The deceased was about sixty-five years of age, and died of softening of the brain, having been an invalid for nearly four years.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy are now enjoying the balmy air and genial influences of the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

Dr. J. K. Bailey intends to visit the New England Camp Meetings this year.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake is at Onset Bay, and proposes remaining there through the season.

Mrs. Zella S. Hastings spoke at the Spiritualist Hall, Bartonsville, Vt., July 15th. Mrs. Gertie B. Howard was present, and gave many tests.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is engaged to lecture at the Niantic Camp-Meeting, August 5th and 6th. He would like other calls. Address box 785, Newburyport, Mass.

Those who wish to subscribe for Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten's new work, can address her as follows: The Limes, Humphrey St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng.

P. T. Barnum has presented to a church in Bridgeport a complete set of stained-glass windows, which cost $1,000, and there isn't a hint about Jumbo on one of them.

G. H. Brooks returned to Chicago last week from a lecturing tour in the South and West. Last Saturday he went to Madison, Wisconsin, where he will probably lecture. He will attend the camp meeting at Delphos, Kansas, August 10th.

Frances E. Willard sends forth a card urging the promotion of the temperance cause by establishing in every part of the country the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She has been laboring efficiently in the West.

Arrangements have been made for a camp meeting at Clinton, Iowa, to commence Aug. 5th and to continue three weeks. The Spiritualists of that section are actively preparing for the event and anticipate a good attendance and an enjoyable time.

Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., who is now engaged as platform test-medium at Neshaminy Falls Camp, will visit Lake Pleasant during the week beginning Aug. 5th, and fill an engagement as platform test-medium from Aug. 13th to 27th.

An evangelist was given twelve hours to leave town by the enraged people of Shelbyville, Ill. His name is Sherman, and he insulted the wife of the Methodist minister. Some of these evangelists will rush upon their fate in Iowa one of these days—*Daily News, Chicago.*

Dr. E. W. Stevens lectured at Lincoln, Ill., the 18th ult. He also lectured in the country west of Orion. He has also visited Crystal Lake and Bloomington for the purpose of attending some patients there. At Lincoln, he greatly relieved, with only one treatment, a paralytic patient, Mrs. Miller, who had been afflicted for four years.

Our esteemed Italian correspondent, Sebastiano Fenzi, informs us that his little volume on Gymnastics is about to be republished in English by a London admirer. This we are glad to learn, and shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing it within the reach of those of our subscribers who do not read Italian.

A. B. French can be engaged for Sunday or week evening lectures at any point not more than one day's ride from his home at Clyde, O., during the month of September. He will deliver special lectures, if desired. Friends in Ohio, Michigan and Illinois can address him at Clyde, Ohio, or until August 20th, care of C. B. Lynn, Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at the Neshaminy camp meeting July 25th, 27th and 29th, and August 2nd. He speaks at the annual meeting at McLean, Tompkins County, N. Y., Aug. 5th; at the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Aug. 7th, 8th and 9th; at North Lansing, N. Y., Aug. 12th; Clarendon, the 19th, and Hemlock Hall Yearly Meeting, the 31st, and September 1st and 2nd.

A very successful camp meeting closed at Paw Paw, Mich., on Sunday last. The audiences were fair on Friday and Saturday, and very large on Sunday. Mrs. Porter, of Chicago, was present and gave many good tests from the rostrum. Mrs Ollie Denslow from South Bend furnished the music. Mrs. Drake, of Plainwell, and A. B. French were the speakers. Much interest was manifested in the lectures, and all departed on Sunday evening feeling that a harmonious and happy season had added new strength for the duties of life. The feeling was harmonious for another reunion next year.

"Tokology," a book for every woman, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. This new, popular and interesting book upon maternity has entered upon the second edition, the first edition being exhausted in one month. Price, cloth bound, $1.50.

The first number of Dio Lewis's *Monthly* has come to hand. It will supply a want long needed. The articles are of a character calculated to be of permanent value, and they can not fail to have a beneficial influence in the domestic circle, making each one stronger physically and more refined spiritually. Terms $2.50 per year. Address, Clark Brothers, 68 and 69 Bible House, New York City.

Another pious swindler has turned up. This time, as in many instances recently, the Roman Catholics are the sufferers. An association called Catholic Knights—they are all knights of bloodless swords—placed $500,000 or thereabouts in the hands of a treasurer named Hechmer, living at Grafton, W. Va. Being a pious man, Hechmer thought his piety ought to be rewarded, and used $40,000 or $50,000 for his own uses. He has taken a transatlantic trip.

It is proposed that twenty or more churches in the country shall each take a pew in the American chapel in Paris, and pay for it $80 a year. The name of the church thus taking a pew is to be inscribed on the pew, with an invitation to all members and friends of that church to make themselves at home in the pew. The money yielded by this scheme to the chapel is to be spent in promoting evangelical missionary work.

The Index says that during a recent thunderstorm near Albany, N. Y., a young man sitting near a window reading his Bible, was struck by lightning, which stripped his clothing from his back and tore his flesh badly. He was dead when raised from the floor. The Bible had been thrown across the room. If the young man had been reading an "infidel" work when the sad occurrence took place, there are many preachers for whom the event would have furnished a text for sermons.

MICHIGAN STATE CAMP MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS AT ORION.—See in another column notice of camp meeting at the beautiful Island Park, Orion, under auspices of the State Association of Spiritualists. Able speakers, good mediums, an excellent and very pleasant place, good accommodations and good management. Michigan Spiritualists should make this a great meeting, and one of the best. *Remember the time*—August 10th and 20th.

The tricycle is making its way among the ladies in high circles in England. The Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, took the initiative, and her report of the value of the exercise induced her illustrious relatives to adopt it. Her majesty recently sent orders for two machines for the use of her granddaughters, the Princesses of Hesse. The Princess of Wales gave her eldest daughter a tricycle for her birthday present last year. The Princess Louise rides a tricycle herself. Many hundreds of ladies have followed the fashion thus powerfully set.

The Rev. Henry R. Percival, in attempting to follow the Rev. "Father" Ritchie of Chicago, has fallen into hot water. The vestry of the Church of the Evangelist, Philadelphia, has presented charges against him, alleging that he has violated the canons of the church in the introduction of ceremonies foreign to the laws of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The trouble has existed in the church for some time between the "high church" and the "low church" elements. The matter was finally carried into the courts, and decided in favor of the "low church" party, who now present the charges against the pastor.

Statistics of the religions of the starved and robbed wretches composing British India, based upon the census of 1882, which reckoned the entire population at 254,899,516, make the following enumeration: Various sects and casts of Hindoos, 187,937,450; Mohammedans, 50,121,585; nature worshipers, 6,426,511; Buddhists, 3,418,884; native Christians, 1,862,634; Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hindooism, 1,221,806; Sikhs, who are simple theists, 853,456; miscellaneous and unspecified, 3,057,130. The native Protestant Christians number only about 500,000, but this is an increase of eighty-six per cent within ten years.

Dr. Erlenmeyer claims that the ancient Hebrews were left-handed. Most of the Aryan people write from left to right, and their books are so printed as to read in that direction. On the other hand, the Semitic people write from right to left. Dr. Erlenmeyer insists that the writers of the Old Testament and also the early Talmudists naturally wrote with their left hands, and would have consequently found it difficult to write from left to right. He finds considerable circumstantial evidence to support his theory. Jacob and Job, he says, preferred to give the pre-eminent benediction with the left hand instead of the right. Jacob laid his left hand upon the head of his eldest grandchild.

D. F. Trefry writes as follows: "The Spiritual Light Seekers held their first meeting, Sunday, July 29th, at 3 P. M., in Prof. Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake St., Chicago, with quite a large audience, and a choir of good singers, seven in number. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf acted as manager of the meeting. She made a brief opening address, and was followed by Mr. A. H. Williams, Mrs. Suydam-Townsend, Mrs. Hattie Davis, Mrs. Trudell and others. A number of tests were given by Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Webster, and Mrs. De Wolf, many of which were recognized as correct. The audience, remaining two hours harmonious, was dismissed after singing by the choir and a short prayer by Mrs. Webster. Many words of cheer and comfort were uttered by those in attendance as they passed out of the Hall. We feel encouraged and ask all truthful mediums to come in and help us."

"A Committee of Scientists Preparing to See what there is in Spiritualism."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Oh, my! what is now to become of us? Spiritualism is to be utterly ruined! Prof. Kœnig can only answer that "it will be approached cautiously," like a snake to be scotched for fear somebody may be bitten. He says, "Conclusions will not be jumped at," and adds: "I must admit I am prepared to deny the truth of Spiritualism . . . ." That is not jumping at a conclusion; oh, no! If he is now "prepared," why not at once announce his denial, and be done with it? Why attempt the farce of investigation? He adds further: "It is my belief that all of the so-called mediums are humbugs without exception," and yet admits he "has never seen Slade. . . .the cleverest of the lot." What a righteous, unbiased, impartial judge—mind all made up and judgment entered to commence with! He further gratuitously informs us: "I do not think the Commission view with much favor the examination of so-called spirit mediums." So! we are to have the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out!

But yet! tremble in your boots all ye Spiritualists! The learned Professor has "been in correspondence with the wife of a man in the Sierra Nevada mountains!" She has a delicately nerved husband that locates minerals and streams of water without any forked stick of witch-hazel. He is to be brought on to Philadelphia with some of that money. Oh, dear! what shall we do?

When the Professor gets that man we shall be ruined! Where has Rip Van Winkle been so long to waken up just now and go to plowing with this man's heiffer? We have all known about him; but thought he was a kind of hid away.

But now "Rip" is just going to steal all our thunder, when he gets that man, with all those Professors around him, and catches by the tail all those "subtle agencies" and pockets those "scientific" and "practical" results. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Seriously, Mr. Editor, is not that talk reported of Prof. Kœnig enough to make a cat laugh, if one ever did laugh? It is to be hoped that some of the other Professors may, for their own sakes, show more sense than this one. He seems to realize no more of the dimensions and grasp of the subject (he has by some awkward accident, been appointed to investigate) than the baying dog knows of the dimension of the moon.

I would not wilfully treat with disrespect the Professors of the Pennsylvania University, for some of them we know to be gentlemen of learning who stand high in the special sciences they profess to represent, but if they care to command the consideration of the thousands of able men and women who have investigated Spiritualism before them and found it true, let them at least train their language to decency.

The man (or men) who publicly slander all mediums as "humbugs without exception," and that confessedly without having either seen or tried them, deserves no quarter. And we are free to say to all Professors who undertake to investigate Spiritualism, either ancient or modern, without examining the authenticated facts manifested through mediums, both professional and spontaneous, both in this age and in past ages: "You had better stick to your bugs and lizards; to your retorts and your microscopes; to your scalpels and your medicine chests; to your minerals and your strata, for the question at issue is beyond your grasp! You have not yet drank deep enough from "the Pierian spring."

Gentlemen professors, should you undertake to decide this question for yourselves, after the manner hinted in the public papers, thousands in this generation and tens of thousands in the generations near succeeding, will laugh you to scorn, and will look upon your decision with less charity than upon the scientific demonstration (?) of the learned Dr. Lardner, that "Ocean steam navigation never could become a practical fact."

Permit me to relate you a little story: Some forty years ago the present writer was somewhat in the scientific field, and is not yet (in some directions) entirely antiquated. He had at that time a venerable friend and preceptor whose memory he still loves and who was a great mathematician, author of several excellent mathematical works, and much of a natural philosopher, for that age. It happened that at the Institution where he presided, a question was propounded thus: "At what angle will a beam leaning against a perpendicular wall, push the hardest horizontally against the wall?"

Our learned friend drew his drafts, assumed his "parallelogram of forces," and pronounced his dictum: that at an angle of forty-five degrees the leaning beam would push the hardest. Some of the lesser lights of the Institution differed from him, and without explaining their intention, put the same question to your humble servant as umpire. He had heard an old woman say, "Philosophers were always fools;" and not wishing to come under that humiliating appelation, he tried to look at the question in a common sense light. It occurred that a wedge with an edge angle of forty-five degrees, was not as powerful as one with a sharper angle; that a knee-joint would bear the most pressure when nearest straightened out; that a shore driven under a horizontal beam would lift the hardest just as it became perpendicular and ceased to lift. The umpire gave his decision that if the foot of the leaning beam was fixed from sliding, it would press with the most force, horizontally against the wall just before the beam itself became horizontal. When the disputants again appealed to our venerable friend he stuck to his figures and said, "they would not lie," and continued to stick to them until the umpire, again appealed to, had recourse also to the "parallelogram of forces," and showed wherein his friend had made a false "resolution" throwing away and overlooking a most important resultant force. This settled the question.

Gentlemen, have a care that in the confidence of your learning, you do not overlook some important "resultant force" and send out to the world some sort of wild, nondescript, famished animal; for there are lots of men and women in the spiritual ranks that are able to "bell the cat" for you, however wild and scary you dress him out. Facts are stubborn things and their numbers are ample and ready at your hand.

Spiritualists demand that you try the cause; if you do assume to try it in the true spirit of scientific research, which is, that, in forming a theory, the one most admissible is the one which will best and most simply explain and rationalize all the facts. In these days when science is more than ever diving into the occult, we demand that human testimony be taken as well in occult matters as in those more palpable and outstanding. We will be satisfied with no less.

Shall I tell another little story by way of caution to men of learning, not to "jump at conclusions" without careful consideration?

Two or three years ago the question was mooted: "Can sail boats on the ice (ice-yachts) sail, as is claimed, faster than the wind that blows them?" It was referred to Prof. Loomis of Yale, and Pres. Barnard of Columbia College, men of professional reputation like yourselves. They looked at it *a priori* and pronounced (so the papers said) the idea of such a possibility an absurdity, a "humbug," as you call the mediums; yet the stubborn fact was against them and remains against them still, that an ice-yacht can sail forty miles an hour with a ten-mile wind, and, moreover, the scientific demonstration is easy, and was then published. Nothing appeared to show whether or not it got through the wool of the Professors at the time; but it is true all the same, just as you will learn that mediums are not all humbugs, and that Spiritualism, in its essential facts, is true, regardless of your report for or against it. Yale and Columbia did not at first burst, look deep enough. We will probably know ere long how deep the University of Pennsylvania will look into a much more important matter. We could go on to tell many other pretty stories that might be of use in your investigations; but they might prove embarrassing in efforts towards "how not to do it." We will await the grand accouchment and watch for the "mouse" to be brought forth.

SCIENTIST.

Business Notices.

THE only good baking powder, prepared by a physician, with special regard to its healthfulness, is Dr. Price's Cream. Buy it in cans.

HUDSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attends funerals. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

DR. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts are the finest and most natural flavors ever used.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: $2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

THE fragrance of Dr. Price's Perfumes produces a captivating and delightful influence.

PROF. W. PAINE, M. D., has discovered parasites that eat up the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, womb, bladder, nerves and blood. And a Catarrh Vapor that when inhaled or taken kills them. His other remedies are tonics and repairers. His factory at Grand Haven, Mich., open from July to September by himself, and the entire year by others, and his Peabody Hotel, Philadelphia, where he is from September to July are for repairing dilapidated constitutions. Send for book. Free. 250 S. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address, E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.

CURES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

The Nemoka Spiriritualists' Camp Meeting.

The Nemoka Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, of Pine Lake, Mich., will hold their first annual Camp Meeting on their grounds commencing August 9th, and closing August 27th, 1883.

This Association had its origin in the successful search of a few gentlemen who were interested in finding a suitable place upon the shore of some beautiful lake where camp meetings under its auspices could be annually held; also where there could be erected a Sanitarium or Medical Institute, a Hotel, an Art Gallery, also a Liberal Library, and a building for Phenomenal Spiritualism, where an investigating public could find the various phases of Mediumship needed to convince them of its truth.

Accommodations, Hotels, Etc.—The grove is being put in attractive shape. A dining hall has been erected that is eighty feet long, and a number of temporary buildings will be constructed for the accommodation for all who may desire to come. There is a fine hotel at the head of the lake, managed by Hardy Bros., who will do all in their power to entertain those who may favor them with their patronage. It is only two and one-half miles to Okemos, where there are two hotels and many private houses that will be opened for the public. There will be omnibuses running in the several directions at low rates.

To those who furnish their own tents, grounds will be free. To those who desire tents and cots furnished, and are willing to pay for the same, should apply to the Secretary at once. Persons intending to camp, should bring their own blankets and pillows. Supplies can be furnished on the grounds.

All are cordially invited to attend the first Camp Meeting at Nemoka. There will be an entertaining programme for each day.

S. L. Shaw, President; J. M. Potter, Secretary, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. T. Merrill, Treasurer; Mrs. G. G. Mead, S. L. Shaw, and J. M. Potter, Directors.

Fifth Annual Camp Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists.

The Executive Board of the State Association take pleasure in announcing that the arrangements for the Fifth Annual Camp Meeting, to be held at Flint, August 11th to 27th, 1883, are in a satisfactory stage of progress.

Among the speakers already engaged from outside the State, are Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. H. S. Lake, formerly of California, but now working in Ohio.

Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, the only survivor of the original Fox family, is engaged to attend the meeting and in addition to her mediumistic gifts, will tell the people the story of Hydesville in 1848, in which she was one of the principal actors.

Mrs. Olie Child Denslow is engaged to sing.

The local feeling at Flint is unanimous and earnest in favor of making the coming meeting a success beyond any of its predecessors, and the Secretary's correspondence shows a similar feeling throughout the State.

David Tarbush, of Flint, has been appointed Financial Secretary for the meeting, and will have responsible charge of all financial details.

Fuller and further announcement will be made in due season. By order of the Executive Board.

W. J. CRONE, President.
S. B. McCRACKEN, Secretary.

Flint, June 20, 1883.

People's Camp Meeting at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua County, N. Y., Beginning July 20th, and Closing August 26th, 1883.

Cassadaga Lake is situated on the D. A. V. & P. R. R., midway between Dunkirk on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and Erie Railroads, and Jamestown on the Buffalo and Southwestern and Atlantic and Great Western Railroads. It is a lovely sheet of water navigated by steam, 800 feet above Lake Erie and 1,300 feet above tide water.

Excursion tickets, good for the season, can be purchased at low rates on all railroads in the country.

SPEAKERS.

The following list of speakers have been engaged:

July 29, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Philadelphia, Pa., and Wm. Fletcher, New York City; July 30, Wm. Fletcher; July 31, Wm. Fletcher; August 1, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; August 2, Hon. R. S. McCormick, Franklin, Pa.; August 3, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; August 4, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and J. E. Emerson, Beaver Falls, Pa.; August 5, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and O. P. Kellogg; August 6, Conference and volunteer speaking; August 7, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; August 8, Lyman C. Howe; August 9, Lyman C. Howe; August 10, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; August 11, Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y., and J. Frank Baxter; August 12, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and J. Frank Baxter; August 13, Conference and volunteer speaking; August 14, Mrs. Anna Kimball, Dunkirk, N. Y.; August 15, W. W. King, Chicago, Ill.; August 16, W. W. King; August 17, Geo. W. Taylor, Lawton Sta., N. Y.; August 18, Mrs. A. H. Colby, St. Louis, and O. P. Kellogg; August 19, W. W. King and Mrs. A. H. Colby; August 20, Conference and volunteer speaking; August 21, Mrs. Emma Tuttle; August 22, Hudson Tuttle; August 23, W. W. King; August 24, Hudson and Emma Tuttle; August 25, A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio, and Mrs. R. S. Lillie; August 26, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and A. B. French.

It is confidently expected Mrs. Lizzie Watson, of California, recently from Australia, will be with us.

[illegible]

The Fenton Band [illegible]

Every [illegible]

C. E. Watkins, [illegible] Mary Andrews, [illegible]

34 17 24

In an interview with a reporter, Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke as follows of poets: "Perhaps poets are not indispensable. There are only half a dozen verse writers in the United States who make it profitable. The public seem to prefer prose. Perhaps most people are of Carlyle's opinion: 'What's the use of saying it in verse?' he inquired. 'Why don't you say in prose whatever you have to say? Prose is shorter and more accurate. What do you write verse for?' And there is really only one excuse for writing any thing in verse. It must be expressed more beautifully, more gracefully, with more splendid imagery, in some way to give greater delight; if it be less than this it should be said in prose, if said at all."

At the rope-walk in Bath, Me., the spinners wind huge skeins of Manilla hemp around them, catch a thread or two of it upon the hook, and, as the spindle whirls, walk slowly backward down the length, spinning as they go, and leaving before them a long, twisted strand. Every twenty minutes they disappear from sight, and are seen as far as the eye can reach coming into view down the dimly-lighted walk about a mile away. Thirty or more trips a day make a wand, and every wand is a half mile, and every day each spinner walks fifteen miles and spins seven miles of strands.

The Connecticut Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association.

The Connecticut Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association will hold their Second Annual Session, commencing August 1st and closing September 15th, at Niantic, in the town of East Lyme, Conn., six miles west of New London, on the Shore Line Division of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. Speakers engaged: Aug. 5, Dr. H. P. Fairfield; Aug. 12, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham; Aug. 19, A. B. French; Aug. 26, Mrs. Amelia H. Colby; Sept. 2, J. William Fletcher; Sept. 9, Mrs. E. H. [illegible] M. D. Other speakers are expected. Music by David Wright's Orchestra of New London. [illegible]

Camp Meeting at Lily Dale.

The seventh Annual Camp Meeting of Spiritualists will convene at Lily Dale, Cassadaga Lake, N. Y. [illegible]

Lily Dale is located on the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburg R. R. THEO. C. ALDEN.

Cassadaga, N. Y.

Camp Meeting at Island Park, Orion, Mich.

The Michigan Association of Spiritualists will hold a Camp Meeting at Island Park, Orion, Mich., from August 10th to the 20th, 1883.

[illegible]

J. P. WHITING, President.
DR. J. A. MARVIN, Secretary, 210 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association.

Tenth Annual Convocation at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass. [illegible]

SPEAKERS.

[illegible]

MEDIUMS.

A large number of noted mediums have signified their intention to be present, as in former years.

MUSIC.

The Fitchburg Military Band of twenty-four pieces, will arrive Saturday, July 28th [illegible]

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The grounds and pavilion will be lighted by the Wachusett Electric Light Company of Fitchburg.

THE HOTEL

[illegible] circular, which will be sent postpaid to any address by N. S. Henry, Clerk, Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass.

First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

The Fifth Annual Camp Meeting of this Association will be held at Neshaminy Falls Grove, Neshaminy Station, on the Bound Brook Railroad, commencing the 15th day of July and closing the 6th day of September, 1883. The location is conveniently situated and easy of access from all points, being 19 miles from Philadelphia and 70 from New York, in a direct line between the two cities. The Managers enter upon the fifth year of the Camp Meeting with renewed confidence in these summer gatherings and of their importance as aids to the education of the people at large.

SPEAKERS.

O. P. Kellogg, [illegible] July 15, 17, 19, 21, 22 and 24; Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, Philadelphia, Pa., July 17, 18, 20 and 22; Lyman C. Howe, New York, July 25, 27, 29 and August 2; [illegible] 29 and 31; Mrs. A. M. Glading, Philadelphia, Pa., August 4; Thomas Gales Forster, Baltimore, Md., August 5; J. Frank Baxter, Boston, Mass., August 5 and 7; Mrs. Amelia Colby, Buffalo, N. Y., August 8, 10, 12 and 14; [illegible] Boston, Mass., August 9, 11, 12 and 15; Capt. H. H. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y., August 16, 18, 19 and 22; Mrs. Juliet Yeaw, Leominster, Mass., August 17, 19, 21 and 23; George Fuller, Dover, Mass., August 24, 26, 28 and 30; Ed. S. Wheeler, Philadelphia, Pa., August 26.

The extensive grounds of Neshaminy Falls Grove are admirably adapted to the use of camp meetings and other large assemblies, combining great natural beauty of scenery with the best artificial facilities, such as fine croquet lawns, patent swings, abundant shade, springs of pure cold water, a lake over two miles long, a fleet of 100 pleasure boats, etc. The grounds are well kept and healthy. Mr. William Griffith has made great improvements upon them during the year among others a new pavilion capable of accommodating from 1,500 to 2,000 persons.

The mediums, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs. Patterson, and others will be in attendance.

Send to Frances J. Keffer (General Superintendent), 613 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for circulars containing full information.

Mediums Meeting, Chicago.

Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, trance speaker, and Mrs. Ira Winsporter, test medium, will conduct The Spiritual Light Seekers' and Mediums' Meeting, every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Fred. Lesser's Academy, 619 Lake Street. Good music, good seats, and a light, cool and pleasant hall. Spiritual papers for sale at the hall.

Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

There Is No Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine on high forevermore.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or shine in rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we think that they are dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our sweetest, fairest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn in heaven immortal bowers.

—*Owen Meredith.*

Neshaminy Falls Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Sunday the 15th ult., the opening exercises of the Neshaminy Falls Camp Meeting, called many to that beautiful retreat beside the pretty stream, Neshaminy Creek. The day was bright and sunny, and all Nature was dressed in her comeliest robes of green. All things seemed to combine to contribute to the pleasure of man, whether physically, intellectually or spiritually. The stream and woods were literally swarming with mirthful seekers after recreation, and a relief from the heavy atmosphere of the great city.

Mrs. Shepard-Lillie was the first to consecrate anew the camp ground of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia. After a few appropriate remarks by H. B. Champion who returned from the Golden State in time for the opening, Mrs. Lillie gave a pleasing and able address upon the rapid progress of humanity in all departments of life, including the casting off of the old bigotry and superstitions of past ages and the acceptance of more liberal and just theories in reference to the relation that men sustain to their Creator and their life in the future realms of existence.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Emerson gave several tests of spirit presence, which were acknowledged to be true and correct in each particular. Mr. Emerson gives tests in a very clear and concise manner, without hesitation, giving names with precision and promptness and in a very positive and decided tone, which ranks him as one of our best mediums for this especial work.

The afternoon address was delivered by O. P. Kellogg, who, with his happy vein of thought and pleasing manner of presenting it, held the very attentive listeners for an hour, after which they were again presented with evidences of the presence of those who had gone on before them to the invisible shores of a future, from which it has been said no traveler ever returns. This is a new feature of the camp meeting at Neshaminy, and no doubt will prove very interesting.

Soon after the close of the afternoon meeting the rain began to fall and a general stampede was made for shelter, which was ample for all, as the new dancing pavilion alone would shelter a large concourse of people.

Through some mistake in regard to the running of trains, there were several hundred persons left at the depot in the city for whom there was no transportation provided by the railroad.

Monday, camp day, nothing of interest occurred. There were two very large excursion parties upon the grounds, Sunday school picnics. Great curiosity was shown and many remarks made by church visitors; some, of course, not at all complimentary to either Spiritualism or its adherents.

Tuesday afternoon the threatening storm clouds gave warning of such a character that it was considered the better part of valor to seat the pavilion for the afternoon lecture, which was by O. P. Kellogg; subject, "Inspiration." Before he had finished the prefatory remarks, the rain began to fall in torrents, and the deafening roar of the falling rain upon the immense tin roof overhead and the tramp of the many feet seeking shelter from its furious onslaught, which turned the hillsides into rushing streams, prevented the speaker from being heard. Good order was preserved and when the storm passed, the many hundreds from the city wended their way to the railroad trains that stood waiting for them on a side track at the station.

Wednesday, the address was delivered by Mrs. Shepard-Lillie. There was a grand combination excursion, of which I copy the circular and programme that your readers may judge of the strictly orthodox or Christian amusement announced for the many children and young people gathered from the five large and popular churches of the city. Before the hour for the lecture, Mrs. Lillie was waited upon by one of the evangelical ministers or deacons, and particularly requested not to say anything of an unsavory character, as there was so large a number of their young folks upon the grounds. At the appointed hour for our lecture the over zealous Christian brothers and sisters assembled together within a few feet of the speaker's stand, and all commenced singing orthodox hymns, in which exercise they gave their voices their loudest scope to the no small annoyance of the audience gathered to listen to Mrs. Lillie. The singing was kept up until the superintendent informed them that the grounds were entirely under the control of the Spiritualists, and gently hinted that unless the common rules of propriety and courtesy were observed by them, that back from the speaker's stand in a quiet shady nook, there stood a stone building where they might sing and pray and no one would be molested thereby. The building referred to is not very classical in its appearance, but as an evidence of its moral influence upon the excursionists to Neshaminy Falls, there have been but two persons confined within its sombre walls during the five years that the Spiritualists have annually occupied the grove from four to six weeks as a camp meeting ground. Mrs. Lillie in her lecture referred to the lack of courtesy on the part of the Christian gentlemen, and the President, Mr. H. B. Champion, in his usual urbane and dignified manner politely requested of the gentleman an attendance at our meetings, as he would be able at least to extract from our teachings some hints of what one society expects, yea, demands from another, as well as learn the rules of propriety and common courtesy which should govern and control all societies in their intercourse with each other.

The grove at Neshaminy Falls is a resort for excursionists and especially for Sunday school picnics, and although the grounds are under the control of the Spiritualists during the time of the camp meeting, collisions with church societies and organizations are frequent, and many amusing incidents are the result. Thursday, a large excursion from some of the city churches visited the grounds. They were very desirous of holding a prayer meeting in the dancing pavilion, but could not while a notice of a fancy dress hop, to be held July 20th, was suspended over their devotional heads. The gentlemanly superintendent removed the obnoxious sign, but the prayer meeting was scarcely ended when a train of cars arrived from the city, freighted with two hundred precious souls, belonging to the same excursion, who brought with them a band of musicians to discourse sweet music while they tripped the fantastic toe by the light of the silvery moon at Neshaminy. The result was a collision between the two divisions. A compromise was made by the kind and good natured proprietor of the grounds, sending them across the creek where another pavilion was free for the day from the dogmatic and creed-bound hypocrisy of such Christianity. The church, however, had the advantage, as their tickets would only allow the excursionists to stay till six o'clock. The President of the camp meeting made many of them glad by an exchange of camp meeting tickets for theirs, that were good for a return to the city at 10:30 P. M., as many of our people preferred to return on the excursion train.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg was the speaker for the day. It is not necessary for me to expatiate upon the merits of a lecture delivered by this gentleman, as he is too well known as an able and eloquent exponent of the Harmonial Philosophy, to need any eulogies of praise from my pen. After the lecture, tests were given by Mr. Emerson and also by Mr. Mather, both mediums giving evidence of the return and communion of the friends of those there assembled, whom they had looked upon as dead to them till they, too, should shuffle off this mortal coil, and join them in the land of souls. Many of the evidences were very remarkable for the clearness and distinctness with which they were given and the positive assurance that there could be no mistaken identity. The evening was spent very pleasantly by the hundreds of young people, who flock to Neshaminy nightly to trip the light fantastic toe to the music furnished by the Association. The gaity and brightness of the scene can better be imagined than described—the weird light of the many lamps hung amidst the greenery of nature's primitive forest, with the many young and happy maidens in their gay bright colors, flitting hither and thither like fairies, that one's fancies paint as gliding through the dark and sombre shade in the long, long ago.

The elder portion of the campers gathered at the chapel and held sweet converse with the many loved ones from the invisible shores, whose presence was fully proven by Mr. Emerson, who gave a public circle for the benefit of the Association. Nearly all received some evidence of the presence of those whom in earth life had been near and dear to them.

Friday was a very quiet day. The afternoon lecture was delivered by Mrs. Lillie. Saturday was equally quiet, Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaking to the audience which, though not large, was very attentive. As it takes several days to arrange all things pertaining to the comfort and pleasure of such a large gathering of people, it is but justice to say that the success of the efforts of the First Association has been very gratifying and satisfactory. The half-hundred little cottages with their bright colored awnings, the new dancing pavilion, which will shelter over two thousand, and the many other quaint and gaily painted buildings beneath the canopy of nature's leafy forest, combine to form a programme very pleasing and enchanting. Sunday the attendance always being very much larger than through the week, the anticipations are for a big crowd, and ample preparations are being made for all. All are praying that the weather may be propitious and that the Gods may favor us with pleasant Sundays.

July 20, 1883. HELEN MAR.

Curious Phenomena.

On Sunday July 1st, a large audience in San Francisco witnessed phenomena which are worthy of record in the transactions of every scientific society in the civilized world. And, lest this statement may seem exaggerated, the following statement of facts is penned. These phenomena occurred in the presence of Mrs. Reed, of San Jose. The lady had two slates mounted with wooden frames, each about four and a half by seven inches. The lady would rub the slates clean, put a bit of pencil as large as a grain of wheat on one, place the other on top and invite any one in the audience to take hold of one end of these slates with both hands, and she would hold the other end in the same manner. This would continue from one to five minutes, when the slates were opened and found to be partly covered with writing, intelligible and pertinent to some one present, generally the party holding the slates. One message was as near like this as memory serves: "I am getting along well. I have outgrown the conditions surrounding me previous to the great change. Signed, your grandson." A man stepped forward who appeared like a business man of the world. He held the slates, which on opening contained this writing in a bold hand quite different from that of other writing: "I am happy to meet you—your old-time friend, Wm. C. Ralston." The man appeared to be confounded, but collecting his thoughts, he turned to the audience and said: "I am a skeptic as to everything I do not see demonstrated, but I have no longer doubts of that," pointing to the slates. It is not necessary to detail other examples. The writer was sitting close by and watched things closely and is satisfied that trickery or fraud is out of the question as an explanation. It must therefore be done (as it purports to be) by the spirit of some deceased persons, or by some law of mind wholly unknown to science and even in direct conflict with the recognized laws of matter and mind. These phenomena can be repeated easily, as the writer has demonstrated through mediumship of three other parties extending back eight years.

As a stimulus to ferret out the fact, law and significance of these phenomenon, I will give a hundred dollars in gold coin to any member of the Academy of Sciences, or any professor of the University of California, who will prove these phenomena to be done by trickery or fraud, or any law of mind or matter other than the spiritual hypothesis includes. A friend at my elbow, who is able to fill his engagements, says he will give a thousand dollars on the same terms.—JOHN ALLYN *in Helena (Cal.), Star.*

Organization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read with interest your report of the National Convention; also your editorial, and while the Declaration of Principles and The Constitution, may be in the best form that could be devised under the present state of the existing conditions of the mass of Spiritualists of the country, are we ready to formulate? Now, suppose I wish to join the Association (an Association, the lives of whose members are supposed to be all that is needed to promote the best interests of the Association, both materially and spiritually in all of its bearings), who is to be my censor, and determine whether I can pay the pittance of a dollar, sign the Constitution and be declared a member in full fellowship with the good and true? Again, suppose I should by the full Board, or by a majority of one (as the Book of James was declared good) be admitted to the ranks, and then I should be suspected of thinking and acting differently from the main body on some of the fundamental principles of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as I understand them, is there a Board of Censors to cause my name to be stricken from the books of the Association, and be anathematized? Should I not square my life to the best interests of the Association in all its bearings, according to the Declaration of Principles and the Constitution, if I allow myself to become one of its members?

I believe in organized work, and feel that great good may be accomplished, if the real earnest and true men and women in the Spiritualists ranks, those who have the good of humanity at heart, could be brought into local organization, in cities and towns throughout the the country, and would commence the work of regular meetings and aid societies. Surely such work is needed in this section of the country and in all probability throughout the nation, but whether the time has come to organize on the plan of the sifting process taking only those whose lives are such as are in conformity with the constitutional article on membership I am not fully persuaded. One thing I can say, and that is, I had much rather be individualized with the whole mass, than to be organized with the whole mass.

In my individual capacity I feel at perfect liberty to criticise any persons whom I know to be sponging off the people under the holy name of Spiritualism, though they may be real believers in spirit communion, while their lives and actions are anything but what I could be in sympathy with; hence the query, are we prepared to organize on the sifting process, and take the consequences? W. W. CURRIER.

Old Pan Cottage, East Wareham, Mass.

Opening Oysters with Prayer.

There is a certain class of people who take a very gloomy view of religion and declare that we ought to do everything as though we were to die the next minute. What a long-faced community we should be if that rule were carried out. A man couldn't laugh at a joke; indeed, no one would dare to make a joke for people to laugh at, and life would become a slow march to the grave. If to-day were to be our last we should not lay in a stock of provisions for to-morrow, we should not want to go over the Brooklyn Bridge, and we should not pay the note that becomes due to-day because our creditor won't need it. The best way, in spite some gloomy souls, is to live gladly, honestly and happily as long as you can, to cry at the things that ought to be cried over and to laugh at things that ought to be laughed at. There is no good reason why a man should have crow's feet before his time simply because he is religious and wants to do the right thing. We are reminded of a story in this connection. "You ought to engage in nothing," said a solemn saint, whose soul was like a squeezed lemon, "that you can't open with prayer." The wag to whom he addressed himself replied irreverently, "Well, suppose I want a dozen of oysters, can I consistently open them with prayer?"

P. Beach writes: I have taken your paper almost from its earliest publication, and would feel lost without its presence every week. The number of July 14th is one that ought to be in the hands of every one, though all are good.

Wm. A. Way in renewing his subscription writes: We prefer the JOURNAL to all other papers. The Mexican letters have an interest for all, and we hand the JOURNAL to our friends, feeling sure they will read the letters and profit by them.

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed by Three Important Interviews.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y. *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred:

"That article of yours, doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra headed monster and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly open in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishops Haven and Peck, and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids, he had provided a vial, the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe, then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty, I thought there was little hope, and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying, 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

THE LAST MIRACLE.

How It Was Wrought by the Abbe Upon His Philosophic Nephew.

The Abbe Miryex, says the *Argonaut*, was born three centuries too late. Thin, with a prominent forehead and puffy eyes, he clearly had to make a continual effort to moderate the sound of his voice and to restrain his gestures. He would have done well in a convent; as a country parson he was out of place. He preached against the impiety of this generation, he threatened doubters with the lightnings of heaven, and loved to paint the fires of hell and the worm that never dies.

A nephew of the abbe, Monsieur Charles Brenier, was a product of the Normal School. At thirty-six he was professor of philosophy, and had gained a great reputation by his book, "The Nature of the Soul."

Four or five years ago Brenier, exhausted by his labors, had a severe illness, and his medical man advised him to pass a month or two in the fresh air, beautiful scenery and quiet life of the Pyrenees.

He determined to go to Paris, and on his road through he would visit his uncle.

The abbe loved his nephew. He had deeply loved his sister, who was some years older than himself, and who had been his "little mother." She had been pious, and had made, as he phrases it, a good end. Her son he loved also; although he regarded him as a backslider, he could not help feeling some pride in the reputation he had gained. He, therefore, received the young professor with pleasure. In fact, the fanatic priest was, at heart, not sorry to see an enemy of the faith. He resolved to question him, and see what he really had in him.

Brenier arrived, and, after recalling some reminiscences of his infancy, and shedding some tears to his sister's memory, the abbe insisted on the nephew staying to dinner.

The dinner was plain but good. The guests were two neighboring clergymen. Until the dessert appeared the conversation was decidedly commonplace.

Suddenly the abbe arose and opened the window. "Look at the heaven!" he exclaimed; "contemplate those millions of stars which shine there for the glory of God! The hand of the Creator is everywhere—in the trees that rustle in the wind, in the perfume wafted from the lilacs, in the worm that crawls beneath the sod we tread, in the moth that flutters round the lamp, in the spring that murmurs as it flows, in all things great, in all things small."

The two country clergymen at this period crossed themselves.

"My dear uncle," said Brenier, "I respect your faith, but I do not wish to enter into any controversy."

"I am curious, on the other hand," replied the abbe, "to hear the views of a philosopher, a free thinker. These gentlemen, like myself, would like to know the weapons employed against the faith."

"Science," says Brenier, "pursues her course and seeks for the truth."

"Well, go on; we are listening."

"Do you want," said the professor, with a smile, "a course of philosophy?"

"We want your ideas on the government of the universe."

"There are two possible interpretations of the government of this world," began Brenier—"the continual intervention of God and the immutable action of law. The priests incline to the first, because it is their function to act as go-betweens between the man who prays and the Providence which acts. In pagan Rome they inspected the entrails of victims; in modern Rome they work miracles. They therefore deny the omnipotence of law; they must have a God who can be influenced. You accuse us of excluding God from the world he has created. There is no such thing as creation."

The two country priests looked at him with a frightened air. The uncle raised his eyes to the ceiling and nervously crumbled a piece of bread.

"The word creation," continued the philosopher, "implies sudden appearance. To our views there is only a gradual appearance, a transformation, a progression, development, unchanging order. Warm-blooded animals could not exist in the atmosphere charged with carbonic acid, which covered the earth in early days. The absorption of this substance by vegetation under the action of the sun rendered their existence possible. Examine our own life from birth to death; is there any intervention of Providence at the passage from infancy to youth? Nations are born and die like individuals, and worlds are born and die like nations. Nothing has been the subject or the object of any miracle."

The abbe could restrain himself no longer.

"Miserable blasphemer!" he cried, "do you not fear that God will crush you?"

"No," replied Brenier quietly.

"You deny that he has the power to kill you?"

"I deny it absolutely. See here. I am recovering from a sickness. I may die of apoplexy, or rupture of an aneurism, or of any other sudden attack. Well, I take my chances. I defy God to kill me in the next ten minutes!"

The priests crossed themselves again. The abbe looked at the clock and smiled.

Brenier remained calm. The abbe fixed on him a gaze like that of a magnetizer. He was invoking God to punish the impious one.

Brenier still smiled. What increased the exasperation of the abbe was that he saw in the faces of the other priests that they had not the slightest belief in any miraculous intervention.

The minutes passed slowly.

The clock went tick-tick: the tenth minute was nearly ended.

Just as the hand was on the figure, Miryex seized a knife from the table, plunged it into the bosom of his nephew, and cried:

"Here is the miracle! It is not I who kill the son of my sister—it is God who arms my hand!"

Brenier fell, bathed in his blood; his last words were:

"Miserable age, when men must do their miracles themselves."

Notes and Extracts.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.—*St. Evremond.*

Evil is wrought by the want of thought, as well as by the want of heart.—*Hood.*

Let all seen enjoyments lead to the unseen fountains from which they flow.—*Halyburton.*

A man who can not mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.—*Saville.*

The charities that soothe and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.—*Wordsworth.*

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers, on the clouds and stars.—*Luther.*

Wealth may not bring happiness, perhaps, but it manages to make appearances agreeably deceptive.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

Man passes his life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present and in trembling for the future.

MM. S. Wroblefski and K. Olszewski have announced to the French Academy of Sciences the complete liquefaction of nitrogen. Nitrogen cooled in a glass tube down to 136 degrees, and submitted to a pressure of 150 atmospheres, remained gaseous; nothing could be seen in the tube. If the gas is allowed to escape slowly and the pressure is not allowed to fall beyond fifty atmospheres the nitrogen is completely liquefied, presenting a very distinct meniscus and evaporating rapidly.

Hard-Earned Wages.

(British Architect.)

An artist employed in repairing the properties of an old church in Belgium, being refused payment in a lump, was asked for details, and sent in his bill as follows:

Correcting ten commandments, $5.12; embellished Pontius Pilot and put new ribbons on his bonnet, $3.02; put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended comb, $2.20; replumed and gilded the left wing of the guardian angel, $4.18; washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheek, $5.12; renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned moon, $7.14; reanimated the flames of purgatory and restored souls, $3.06; renewed the flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned, $7.17; rebordering the robe of Herod and readjusting his wig, $4.00; put new spotted dashes on the son of Tobias and draping on the sack, $2.00; cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him, $3.02; put earrings in the ears of Sarah, $2.04; put new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs, $3.00; decorated Noah's ark, $3.00; mended the shirt of the prodigal son and cleaned his ear, $4.00; total, $59.07.



The Wanderer.

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say,
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not, far from its native sea
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide—
Sang of the awful, vast, profound, and wide—
Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell, upon the mountain's height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home—sing O my home—of thee.
Helena Modjeska.

Scientific Predictions. B. G. Jenkins, F. R. A. S., writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette*: "It would appear, then, that the cholera which visits our shores is not Indian, but Arabian—diseases generically the same, specifically different. There are, as I endeavored to show eleven years ago, when I stated that the next great attack would be in 1883, as a matter of fact, seven different species, which descend from the atmosphere at seven different points, situated equally distant from each other along the tropic of cancer, and move in a northwest direction. The Indian and Arabian streams intersect in England. As a matter of fact, the Indian, from its much longer course, exhausts itself in Russia and Germany, and in all probability we have never had an attack of it, unless perhaps it be when the north of England suffered in 1831. As regards the assertion that one so often hears, that all cholera can be traced to the Ganges, what is to be said about the cholera which commenced last July in Mexico, and last January was carrying off by fearful ravages an immense number of victims? Before the present year closes I expect to hear that cholera has broken out in every quarter of the globe."

Gen. Tom Thumb. The death and funeral of Tom Thumb probably attracted more attention than the obsequies of the mightiest potentate in the world might have done. A correspondent at Middleboro, Massachusetts, says: "His married life was truly a happy life. The dwarf couple had more pleasant conjugal relations than the average of grown-up people. His wife knew how to handle him; she had tact, and everything went smoothly. He was a perfect man physically, and had more strength than the average full-grown man, but his muscles were flabby because he wouldn't exercise. He would at first sit or ride when at leisure, but the riding he didn't like, because wherever he went a crowd of boys followed him. And he couldn't walk much; it was difficult for him to keep up with an ordinary man, and then there was the usual interfering crowd pointing at and sometimes jibing him. So he sat down, smoked, played billiards, ate, and grew fat. He was always healthy and pleasant. This sort of an existence could have but one end."

Death from Fright. The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter Penteman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a picture in which were represented several death heads, grinning skeletons, and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for the vanities and follies of the day. In order to do his work better he went to an anatomical room, and used it for a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing these melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded, he fell into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around him like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panic-stricken he rushed from the room and threw himself headlong from a window onto the pavement below with crushing effect.

A Singular Phenomena. A Bolognese gentleman writes to the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia* that during a terrible storm he and many hundreds of persons observed a thick coal-black cloud gather and settle upon the slopes of the Appenines. It burst over the paper manufactory of Maglio and the neighborhood, and was found to have been chiefly composed of a countless number of leaves and small twigs torn by the furious hurricane from the chestnut trees, and among them was a vast quantity of tiny toads. The correspondent sends to the journal a specimen of the leaves and some small toads found in the upper rooms of the paper manufactory, and he adds that this singular phenomenon was observed at many points along the range of the Bolognese hills.

A Wonderful Clock. George O. Hermann, of Newport, has just finished a wonderful clock after 1,700 hours' labor. The clock has one movement which runs nine dials, indicating the time at Newport, New York, St. Petersburg, San Francisco, Boston, Geneva, Mecca, Rome and London. The mechanism is very intricate, and the works of each dial can be removed without disturbing the others. The woodwork is carved to represent the order of Odd Fellows.

An Extinct Monster. The alleged remains of an extinct monster were exhumed the other day near Syracuse, New York. A portion of a tusk about five feet long and a tooth of immense size were dug up, and local scientific gents are a good deal interested therein. As, however, the stupendous hoax of the Cardiff giant was conceived and executed in the neighborhood of Syracuse, the present discoveries are regarded with a good deal of suspicion.

A petrified forest was recently discovered in the Buckskin Mountains on the Arizona side of the Colorado River, near which the latter cuts through the range. Petrified trees were found twenty inches in diameter, and it is said that there is not a bush, piece of sagebrush, or grass in the entire forest—some 300 acres—that is not turned to stone.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly, then do the other thing without letting any moments drop between.

By no process of discipline or education, by nothing that can act upon our outer conduct, or that can reach us only through our senses, can impurity be transformed into purity. As the power of sin is inward, rooting itself in the very substance of the soul so the power of sanctification, that is to extirpate it, must also be inward, and mingle with the secret fountains from which our being issues.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

Mr. Emerson wrote to a friend in 1829: "I suppose that prosperity is always dangerous, especially for the very young. In college I used to echo an ejaculation of my wise aunt: 'Oh, blessed, blessed poverty!' when I saw young men of fine capabilities, whose only and fatal disadvantage was wealth."

I look with scorn upon the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity on the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence upon the obscure man who suffers for the right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause.—*James A. Garfield.*

Mackonochie, the ritualist, has been sentenced by the English Court of Arches to deprivation of his ecclesiastical preferment, with costs.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

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SCENES FROM BEYOND THE VEIL.

An Interesting Chapter from the New Work by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten.*

Some ten years ago there resided in New York, U. S. A., an aged lady of German birth, the widow of an eminent American merchant, by name, Madame Walter. This lady having become deeply interested in Spiritualism, communicated to Mrs. Hardinge-Britten the particulars of her own early experience, at a period of her life when she had been a patient of the renowned German physician, philosopher, and writer, Dr. Justinius Kerner. The circumstances of her case were so remarkable that Dr. Kerner had noted them down with a view of incorporating them with other narratives of a kindred character, in a forthcoming volume. At Madame Walter's earnest request, her experiences, which seemed to her at that time too sacred to be entrusted to a cold materialistic world, were simply recorded in MSS., but not published. At the time when the strange tale was communicated to Mrs. Britten, the narrator deemed it her solemn duty to offer her record as a contribution to an age better prepared than formerly to receive it. It need only be added that in addition to the high and unimpeachable character of the venerable lady from whom Mrs. Britten received the history orally, she is also in possession of Dr. Kerner's MSS., from which she has already drawn some details for her published sketches, and which she now deems worthy of being presented in more complete form.

Dr. Kerner stated that it was in the year 1827 that a medical friend of his, residing in the neighborhood of Weinsberg, expressed a wish that he, Dr. Kerner, would take charge of a singular and interesting patient, a young lady who had been placed under his care for medical treatment.

To this proposition Dr. Kerner assented, and thus he became acquainted with Mdlle. Olga Schwartzenberg, the daughter of the Baroness M——, of Vienna.

At the age of twenty, Mdlle. Olga had become the victim of a severe nervous and epigastric disorder, which had determined her mother to send her to Weinsberg, to the care of her trusty family physician.

The mother herself was a gay, heartless, fashionable widow, who had just contracted a second marriage with an immensely wealthy, but very aged man, the Baron M——, who had become captivated with the fair widow's remarkable personal attractions.

Under the treatment of Drs. Kerner and Moran, Mdlle. Olga not only began to recover her health, but she displayed, to a wonderful degree, the faculty of clairvoyance, and, by the magnetic passes administered to her, became a somnambulist of extraordinary lucidity.

In the magnetic sleep she could speak in several foreign tongues she had not studied; play on any instrument presented to her, though entirely unacquainted with music, and discourse most eloquently on various scientific subjects. Besides these interesting results of the sleep waking condition, Mdlle. Olga, in her normal state, could see, and accurately describe, the spirits of many deceased persons known to those around her, yet wholly strange to herself. Notwithstanding the peculiar excellence and accuracy of these descriptions, Mdlle. Olga treated the whole subject of spiritual existence with the utmost scorn and derision, and insisted on attributing the apparitions she perceived to the reflex action of the minds of those with whom she came in contact.

As this young lady had been brought up by a worldly-minded atheistic mother, Dr. Kerner was at no loss to account for her total disbelief in immortality, and her contempt of all religious ideas; still it pained him to perceive that her rare gifts of seership made no other impression on her mind than to furnish food for ridicule, and denial of spiritual agency.

It was on a certain night in October, 1827, that Mdlle. Olga was left by her physician in a peaceful magnetic sleep, her maid Anna Matterlich occupying a couch in an adjoining apartment, to restrain—as her mistress gaily alleged—any undue flights of her somnambulic wanderings "beyond the confines of earth."

At a very early hour the next morning, Dr. Kerner was summoned in haste to attend his patient, and he then received from her pale lips the following astounding statement:

"Dr. Kerner," she said, "the sleep in which you left me must have been of very short duration, for the moment after your departure I became so wide awake that I heard and could have counted the number of your retreating footsteps. At the instant that you closed the door behind you, I felt irresistibly impelled to rise from my bed, throw on a dressing gown, and seat myself by my writing table. Whilst I sat, abstractedly gazing at the still blazing fire, to my unspeakable astonishment, my door was opened noiselessly and my mother entered the room, and without attempting to salute me, took a chair, and sat down by the fire on the opposite side to myself.

"If I was astonished at her unexpected appearance, I was still more so at the extraordinary change manifested in her person.

"Her dress—the splendid lace in which she was married to the Baron M——gave me the idea of a cold so intense that it froze my very marrow to look at her; indeed, I felt, though she did not complain, or shiver, that she was perishing with cold. I had always been accustomed to hear my mother spoken of as a very beautiful woman, and I had often gazed at her myself with admiring wonder, but oh! what a contrast did she now present to the loveliness which had so fascinated all beholders! Her hair was loose and hanging around her shoulders in disorder, but to my amazement I perceived that it was nearly all false, and from its lack of arrangement failed to conceal the grey locks which it was designed to hide. One cheek was coarsely patched with rouge, whilst the other was deadly pale. A set of false teeth was in her hand, and her neck and arms were only half smeared with enamel.

"I had never seen my mother at her toilette, and these disclosures fairly overwhelmed me; yet all this was forgotten, totally overlooked, whilst gazing on the unutterable expression of woe which marked every lineament of that wretched face. I had never seen despair, rage, and remorse so awfully depicted on a human countenance, nor did I deem it possible that those passions could find such a fearfully vivid expression.

"I seemed to see, moreover—and wonderful it was for me to perceive it—my mother's entire past history, all written—I could not tell how or where—yet impressed clearly, upon her, and obvious to every eye. And, oh Heaven! may I never again witness the naked deformity of an ill-spent life, thus indelibly imprinted on the form!

"Aghast and speechless, I listened in silence whilst my mother spoke to me; but her very tones were changed, and instead of the soft silvery accents of other days, her voice was hollow and faint, and seemed to come from an illimitable distance off, and in no way to proceed from the forlorn figure that sat before me. It said: 'Olga! I have come to tell you of a very, very terrible dream I have had, a dream you ought to know, and one which, if I had realized *before*, I should have been happier—happier now!' She sighed; and, oh! what a sigh of anguish was that! then motioning me to the writing table by my side, she bade me take down the words she was going to speak.

"Mechanically I obeyed her, when she continued as follows, speaking so slowly and with so many pauses, that, though I never seemed to possess the courage to address her, I was enabled to transcribe her words faster than she uttered them:

"'I was dressing, as you see, to go to court, when a sudden faintness seized me, memory fled, and consciousness only returned in the form of this horrible dream.'

"Here a shudder of agony seemed to shake her frame, and after a long pause she said:

"'I found myself on the brink of a dreary, high cliff, overhanging a wild and stormy sea. The air was thicker and heavier than night; yet it was not night. All was lonely, wild, black, and dreary. It seemed as if I had stood in that awful solitude for ages, yet why or how I came there, I knew not.

"'Suddenly, the ground rocked and parted beneath my feet. Shrieking in mortal terror, I caught at the earth, blades of grass, the very motes in the air, to stay my fall, but all in vain. Down—down—I was hurled! oh, how long I was in falling! Surely I must have spent years in that awful descent, for the whole of my past life, even to its minutest details, passed in solemn march before me as I fell. Not the vivid flashes of sudden remembrance, but the stately panorama of every year, hour, and minute unrolled itself before me as clearly as in the time when each event was enacted. I saw my own pale mother sinking into an early grave, but the bitter causes of that untimely death came with her; my disobedience, ingratitude, and desertion. Every unkind word or act of folly I had committed against her was engraved on the funeral pall from which her faded form seemed to emerge.

"'I saw dim effigies of young, timid hearts that my idle coquetries had broken. I saw the charms of beauty and intellect with which God had endowed me, first adorning, then disfiguring my own phantom likeness, with the semblance of reptiles and loathsome animals. I saw faces of many a weary drudge whom I had sacrificed to my service; and those who had bowed to me and cringed before me, now reviled me and pointed with foul grimaces to my unfinished toilette.

"'All this and more, more than tongue can speak, I saw, and knew, and felt, during that tremendous fall.

"'I tell you, girl, a thousand years must have passed in that downward flight. At length I landed—landed on a distant shore, where thick haze clouded at first my straining vision, and the cold winds swept around me with such a piercing, icy chill as I never dreamed to exist before.

"'As I shrank and shivered in their tempestuous cruelty, myriads of ragged forms flitted before me, and I knew they were wretched creatures whom I had passed by unnoticed in my town drives, and then I wept to think I had never done anything to alleviate their misery. They mocked at me now, and then they passed away. I would have helped them, but the bitter blast sighed out "*Too late! Too late!*"

"'Lies I had spoken, and trivial follies long since forgotten, seemed now to assume tangible shapes, and rose up to meet me so palpably that I felt with shame and horror they were fastening themselves upon my form—my very dress, and would be seen and known by all beholders.

"'I strove to hide myself for very shame, but millions of eyes were upon me, and all seemed to read me through and through.

"'Then arose the wild and agonizing wish since I could not conceal my true self, that I were changed.

"'I screamed aloud a frantic prayer to return to earth and lead a new life; do something—anything to begin life over again, and be a better, truer, and purer woman; but again the bitter winds sighed out the doleful cry, "*Too late! Too late!*" In my despair I cried to those who surrounded me that I was not fit to be seen, I must and would be something better; and then I remembered what the priests had taught; how they had preached that the blood of Christ would cleanse the worst of sinners and redeem all who believed in Him from the penalty so justly due to ill-spent lives. I had never believed this; I had never been taught to believe, but I would do so now, and then with frantic haste I sped on to find a priest. With the wish came the realization. A celebrated minister of the Christian Church, long dead and gone, started up suddenly in my path alive again, and offered me a crucifix. But, oh, horror! As I gazed upon this man I saw he was worse than I was. He was a hypocrite, a base deceiver, and his changing form was marred by the wild, despairing images of thousands of shipwrecked souls whom his false teachings had misled. Still a shadowy hope was left. I would cling to the crucifix. Pictures of faithful believers thus redeemed, flitted before my eyes; but even as with outstretched arms I strove to clasp the image, it *spoke*, and in sweet, though relentless tones it said: "'Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord! but he who doeth the will of my Father who is in Heaven, he shall be saved.'" Then I shrieked out: "'Is there then no salvation?'" The answer came: "'Work out thine own salvation.'" "'But how?'" "'In action.'" "'But,'" I cried again, "'I am dead, there is no hope, no repentance after death.'" "'There is no death,'" answered the voice; so still, so soft, yet so full of power, that it seemed to fill the spaces of infinity. Confused and overwhelmed, yet still aroused and stirred by the strange new thought that there *might be progress* even beyond the grave, I asked: "'Where then is hell?'" No answer came, but yet I felt that answer, and it impelled me to look around through the murky air, on the bleak and barren prospect, and the dreary stunted forms of beings on whose faces I read images of mis-spent lives like my own. Then I cried, "'Lo, I am in hell, and I myself have made it!'"

"'Then I *thought*, but did not dare to ask, of Heaven.

"'Thought in spirit life is action, reality, and with the thought came a view! Oh, that I could speak of the radiant visions that one brief glance presented!

"'The brightest and highest flights of ideality on earth fall short, far short of that blooming, sunlit land, and the happy, lovely people who inhabit it. And yet I saw what they had been, as clearly as I saw the evil lives of my associates. Some had been crippled, blind, starved, worked to death, or worn out with cares and toils, but all had been true and faithful unto death, and good to one another. All those that dwell in those heavenly spheres, those lands of light and beauty that even to look at for a single instant is worth a thousand years of suffering, had been kind, patient, brave, or helpful.

"'Oh, what a glory it was to look upon the good! Oh, that I had been good, ever so little! Oh, that I had left some record behind, to bless mankind! that single blessing would have saved me! But whilst I sighed in heaviness, with Milton's fallen angel, "'Me miserable!'" the sweet, soft voice breathed in my ear: "Up and be doing! prepare, and commence thy life anew. Work out thine own salvation. Arise, and go to thy Father."' I thought—for it was but a dream, Olga—I thought, and said, *I will arise;* and I did go, and I came here, as the first fruit of my new life and new resolution, for I found, that is, I *thought* I found, that the only way to help myself was by helping others, and so I came hither to warn my child; to tell her, that not in church, in pulpit, or in the good deeds of another, does the path to Heaven lie, but in her own strivings after good; in her deeds to her fellow mortals, in pure thoughts, good acts, kind words, and the motives for good, which move us through every second of our mortal pilgrimage. Heaven and hell are states, my child. No foot can tread the path by which we reach them, but our own; no mouthing hypocrite can teach us how to find the way, or save, or guide us, only the impulses to good and truth, which God has given to every human soul, if we would but heed them. These are our saviors, Olga. Arise! and save thyself!'

"She ceased, and gaining self-possession from the cessation of the agonizing tones that had so long rung in my ear, I cried out:

"'Oh, mother! tell me one thing more. In the name of Heaven, tell me how and when you came here!'

"Raising my eyes as I spoke, I sought to meet her glance, but I gazed on vacancy. The empty chair alone remained; the pen, ink, and *wet writing* inscribed with the fearful tale, were the only mementoes that remained of that awful interview!"

The lady concluded her narrative by adding, that after the disappearance of the apparition, she remembered no more, until she found Dr. Kerner and her maid bending anxiously over her. As a sequel to this terrible vision, Dr. Kerner stated that the Baroness M——died at Vienna on the very night in question; she had been found at her toilette half dressed, but covered with blood. The sudden rupture of a blood vessel had robbed her of life, in the very act of preparing to ensnare all hearts in the meshes of her unreal charms.

The appearance of the corpse in all respects corresponded to the apparition witnessed by her daughter, *even to the set of false teeth* still clutched in the hand of the mute but eloquent dead. It need only be added that to the last day of her earthly life Madame Walter's terrible vision bore fruits in her chastened spirit, by inciting her to ceaseless acts of benevolence, holy thoughts, and words of tender sympathy, which made all who knew her in life, and remembered her after death, "rise up and call her blessed."

*See third page for particulars in reference to her new work.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notes from Onset Bay.

Monday the 16th was reserved for camp and wash day and general recreation. Tuesday the 17th was devoted to conference at 10 A. M. Dr. H. P. Fairfield spoke at 2:30 P. M. Wednesday the 18th, conference at 10 A. M. Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood spoke at 2:30 P. M. Thursday the 19th, conference at 10 A. M. Mrs. Maud E. Lord spoke at 2:30 P. M., Anthony Higgins using a part of her time. Saturday the 21st, conference at 10 A. M. Dr. H. P. Fairfield spoke at 2:30 P. M.

The general camp meeting interest was manifested through the week, but nothing of an especial interest. All available lodging rooms are fully occupied; parties should secure rooms in advance of coming to Onset.

EVENING.—One of those good times proverbial at Onset was enjoyed at the residence of Ex-President W. D. Crocket, Saturday evening, on the occasion of Mrs. Crocket's 63rd birth-day. About thirty of the immediate friends made an informal call to extend congratulations and best wishes. The occasion was one of more than ordinary pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Crocket were in their best mood and perfectly equal to the occasion. Music, song and interchange of good feeling filled every moment of the time. Late in the evening C. B. Lynn appeared in the midst of the assembly and was received with becoming congratulations. He said that he was sick with pneumonia, the effects of the Neshaminy meeting, and, of course, he was excused from any extended remarks.

SUNDAY the 22nd. The morning opened with indications of rain, which fortunately cleared away, and before 11 A. M., the arrivals by railroad and steam boats had increased the number in attendance to nearly four thousand people. J. Frank Baxter was the regular speaker of the morning, commencing at 11 A. M. He talked to that vast audience for an hour and a half, on this question, "The Enigma of Life." He arrived at the conclusion that from a practical stand-point of every-day life, the real object is the development of character. After holding his listeners for the seeming uncalled for length of time, an hour and a half, they were doomed to be disappointed by being dismissed without song or public tests, but with the promise of the latter at the close of the afternoon's lecture, if conditions should be favorable.

AFTERNOON.—Band concert from 1:30 to 2:30 P. M., by Middleboro cornet band. At 2¼ o'clock, President Storer introduced Cephas B. Lynn as the speaker of the hour. Brother Lynn stepped forward, having fully recovered his natural condition of health by the few hours' enjoyment of the Onset air. He said he had two announcements to make—one being his agency for Messrs. Colby and Rich, and the other was a report of the amount of work he had done for the Onset Bay Association during the twelve months past—a report which would form the basis of his remarks for the afternoon. After singing by the choir, Mr. Lynn gave one of his best efforts on the general work that had been accomplished by and through Spiritualism, and an account of its present status. It was a very careful and candid statement of facts as they exist at the present date, with an appeal for honest, thorough work for the future.

After another song by the choir, J. Frank Baxter gave a very effective séance, describing with perfect accuracy some fifteen persons that were perfectly recognized. Among them was Mr. David Danforth, of Philadelphia, who gave a communication to his wife, addressing her by her christian name (Lephe) and closing with his own christian name, David. He said he preferred to give the communication in that way. Mrs. Danforth arose and said that the spirit announced was her husband; he had given her christian name and his christian name.

C. W. Sullivan is doing the best he can in the absence of the organist that had been engaged for the full camp, who has failed to be on hand.

Harvey Lyman and wife, of Lake Pleasant notoriety, are enjoying the invigorating sea breeze of Onset for a few days; also T. W. Coburn.

Among the Western arrivals at the Grove are Elisha Morse (Minneapolis, Minn.), Harry Parker (Milwaukee, Wis.), J. W. Tyler and wife, O. W. Tyler, W. S. Robinson and wife, Dr. Wm. Brown (Cleveland, Ohio), E. Judson (Concord, N. H.), Mrs. L. P. Danforth (Philadelphia, Pa.), Mrs. E. Shannon and son, and Mrs. Sarah Newhall (Boston, Mass.), Hon. Warren Chase and wife (California).

Dr. George Dutton, of Boston, opens with a class in Anthropology at Griffith Hall this A. M.

Henry Slade, slate-writing medium, is located at Hon. George Robbins' cottage, South Boulevard.

Mrs. L. H. Parmenter, of Lowell, Mass., a medium for spirit communion, is located at cottage No. 6, Prospect Park.

Prof. Cadwell gave a lecture with experiments on the science of mesmerism at 2½ P. M.

Monday the 23d, general conference at 10 A. M.

Of the class of persons who seem to think that the world must inevitably fall very short of attaining the extreme high position that it should attain in their estimation, in the social relations of life, that are making themselves conspicuous at Onset Bay this season, and who appear to be hail fellows, well met, with the present incumbent of the chair, we notice Mr. and Mrs. Severance of Western notoriety, Anthony Higgins, Hon. Warren Chase, Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood, Mrs. Abbie Cutter, and a full company of lesser lights.

The friends of Spiritualism are expecting a feast of wholesome truths from E. S. Wheeler, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, and A. B. French, who are to speak here.

I judge by receiving an order for a full gross of slates that Henry Slade is meeting with good success in the slate-writing business.

The Eddys and Mrs. Huntoon, materialization mediums, have not arrived up to present time of writing.

W. W. CURRIER.

Old Pan Cottage, July 25.

To the Spiritualists of Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Michigan Association of Spiritualists was organized last March under the following circumstances: It being apparent that owing to certain informalities and delinquencies in the holding of annual meetings for two or three years past, that the organization of Spiritualists and Liberalists had lost its legal status; it was thought best by the Spiritualists assembled at a State Convention of said Spiritualists and Liberalists at Grand Rapids last March, to organize as an independent body under the name and title as above indicated. The object of the organization was briefly stated to be: "To better obtain and diffuse a knowledge of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism."

Officers elect and serving: President, J. P. Whiting Milford; Vice-President, H. M. Caukin, Greenville; Secretary, Dr. J. A. Marvin, Detroit; Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Sheffer, South Haven; Trustees, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Disco; Mrs. F. E. Spinney, Detroit; S. L. Shaw, Saranac; David Sloss, Dearborn; Silas Bigelow, Kalamazoo.

Already so many of the leading Spiritualists throughout the State have signified their approbation as to the organization of a purely Spiritualist Society, that those who have been the most active in the matter, have reason to feel that it was not only timely but in full harmony with the demands of the better classes and those who most earnestly seek the greatest good and highest development of the spiritual cause. That an opportunity might be afforded for a free and harmonious exchange of views and the better and more general development of high and lofty ideas and aspirations that comes in the harmonious assemblage of those earnestly bent on the attainment of that which is good, and that an opportunity might be better offered for the investigation of the phenomena and teaching of Spiritualism, the officers of the Association have thought it wise and best that a camp meeting should be held under the auspices of the Association.

Not being able to make arrangements at a central point in the State, such as might insure the comfort and accommodation of those who might attend, and also provide the means of paying the necessary expenses, they have availed themselves of the opportunity offered at Island Park, in Orion Lake, Orion, and have made full arrangements there for such a meeting, commencing Aug. 10th and ending the 20th.

The best of speakers and mediums have been engaged and will be present during the entire meeting, and no pains will be spared to make it interesting to all and a decided success.

The following railroads have already agreed to reduced rates of fare, as follows: Mich. Central, D. G. H. & M., D. L. & N., and F. & P. M., for one and one-third single fare rate for round trip. L. S. & M. S. R. R., the same for parties of five. On the Bay City division the M. C. will give single fare rates for round trip tickets to party of five or more. D. G. H. & M. R. R. will do the same to their junction with Bay City division of Central, to parties of ten or more. Those who pay full fare rates to Orion will receive certificates on the ground for return tickets at one-third usual fare.

J. A. MARVIN, Secretary,
Michigan Association of Spiritualists.
Detroit, Mich., July 26, 1883.

In his Phi Beta Kappa address, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., gave the experience of John Adams in reading Plato. After laboring through the tedious toil of reading him in the Greek, with the aid of two Latin, one English and one French translation, Mr. Adams thus described his impressions: "My disappointment was very great, my astonishment was greater, and my disgust was shocking. Two things only did I learn from him. First, that Franklin's ideas of exempting husbandmen and mariners, etc., from the depredations of war were borrowed from him; and, second, that sneezing is a cure for hiccough. Accordingly, I have cured myself and all my friends of that provoking disorder, for thirty years with a pinch of snuff."

I have never seen genius succeed without labor, and I suppose it is the inseparable quality of genius that it will never neglect activity in the special branch of science or art to which it is inclined.—*Helena Modjeska.*

How beautiful is that simple prayer, which it is said, the Brenton sailors are wont to utter when launching out upon the heaving ocean: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide!"

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE — DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY — ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

PRAYER AND FAITH CURE.

An Address Delivered by Adam Miller, M. D., before a late Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Chicago.

Numerous statements have recently been made on the subject of curing the sick by prayer and faith, and many of them so well authenticated by responsible witnesses that it becomes a matter of interest to Christians as well as to those who do not claim to be Christians, to look at this subject in its physiological, psychological and theological aspects. In looking at it from a physical standpoint we find ourselves in a world of suffering from numerous and complicated diseases, from which none can claim an entire exemption, and consequently we are inclined to look in various directions to find remedies for our diseases and to lengthen, to the utmost possible extent, the span of our earthly existence. In looking at it from a psychological stand-point we find that we have in close connection with this physical body a psychic or soul-life, that may be affected by the condition of the body, or the body may be affected and controlled to a great extent by this interior life, which is but a transient dweller in the body and from which it will finally be separated, in so far as its crude materials and identical particles are concerned. In looking at it from a theological stand-point we find that this physical body and this living soul so mysteriously united, have their origin in the infinite source of all life and being. And as there is this intimate relation between the soul and the body—mind and matter, and consequently a controlling influence of one over the other, we can readily conceive that physical suffering will produce mental depression, and a joyful state of the mind with favorable influences and surroundings will sustain the body under affliction, and even relieve bodily pain and permanently cure some forms of disease. There is nothing mysterious nor miraculous in this. It is an order of the divine government to relieve the afflicted in body and mind by favorable surroundings. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." "As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." And what can be more encouraging to the afflicted in body or mind than to have his thoughts and his heart turned to the great Ruler of the universe, and either for himself or on the part of his friends, to offer up prayers and supplications to this almighty being who has promised to hear and answer prayer.

A hope for deliverance through the intervention of a power above us is planted in every human heart. We cling to it as the last refuge when the hand of affliction is laid heavily upon us. Now, to deny that help can come to the sufferer in body or mind, in answer to prayer, would compel us to change many of our forms of prayer found in the Bible and formulated in the creeds of orthodox churches; and to admit the teaching of modern materialists, our creed would run something like this: We came from next to nothing by chance, and there is not much of us now—nothing but an animated clod, destined to pass away with no higher power to care for us here or hereafter; vassals of blind chance without one ray of hope for the future.

We may admit a great deal of what science teaches in reference to the laws and forces of Nature, and still believe that a firm and an unwavering faith in a power above all natural forces, and earnest prayer to this power will bring comfort and deliverance to the afflicted, or if not direct deliverance from any one particular affliction, there will be such an overruling of events that all things will result in good to the prayerful and believing soul.

In looking at this subject we must avoid two extremes; we must not claim too much for faith and prayer on the one hand, and thus run into a wild and unwarrantable fanaticism; and on the other hand, we must not yield too much to a scoffing skepticism which denies all supernatural power over the concerns of human life. While we may justly claim that the burdens of affliction are sometimes lightened or altogether removed by faith and prayer, we must also admit that there are very many remarkable cures effected where no prayers have been offered and no faith in a higher power has been exercised. If it can be satisfactorily proved that faith and prayer have effected these marvelous cures that have recently been published to the world, it cannot be justly claimed that because some have been cured in this way, therefore all other remedial agents and appliances should be discarded and that faith and prayer should alone be relied on.

In a careful examination of the numerous cases published, where it is claimed that diseases of severe types have been cured by faith and prayer, we find a great diversity of mental emotions and a great variety of methods on the part of those who are cured. This, however, should not be regarded as an objection to this process of healing the sick; but the difficulty in our way of attributing all these marvelous cures to a direct answer to prayer, is found in the fact that equally marvelous cures are reported, referring to names, places and responsible witnesses, where no prayers have been offered and the exercise of faith is left out of the question. We have only time to notice a few amongst the many cases that have recently been published.

In the case of Miss Maggie H. Scott, as published in the Toronto *Globe*, we have not only a record of a marvelous cure, but an equally marvelous array of Scriptural quotations from the Old and New Testaments to prove God's power over nations and kingdoms; and these are all applied to this obscure case. The patient claimed that she had been called to serve God as a bed-ridden sufferer and that he would "soon call her to more active service for him," and at the appointed time she was cured of what her physician and friends had considered an incurable disease.

The same paper of December 13th, 1882, gives a whole column detailing cures of cancers, tumors, paralyzed limbs, fistulous ulcers, curvature of limbs and numerous organic lesions, such as any doctor, acquainted with the nature of these affections, would pronounce incurable. These cures are vouched for by responsible neighbors and friends whose testimony would be taken without doubt on any other subject.

We now come to another phase of this subject as reported in the New York *Tribune*, where we have extended accounts of cures as remarkable as those above referred to, performed by "Brother Simpson," who anoints with oil when he offers prayers for the sick. The report says: "Mr. Simpson simply places a little oil, usually olive oil, on the finger and applies it to the forehead of the supplicant, asking if he accepts it in the spirit of true faith." In prayer he frequently rests his hand on the applicant.

The performance of the so-called Dr. Monck of Brooklyn, gives us another phase of this modern miracle working. He claims that power passes into his patients from his body by an electric shock, and yet he professes to cure in the name of Christ. He also publishes marvelous cures of apparently hopeless cases of disease. He has, however, been pronounced a fraud and been driven from one public hall to another to carry on his manipulations with the sick. He is placed at a considerable discount among thoughtful and sober-minded people.

The Chicago *Tribune* gives an account of five different cases of severe forms of disease cured in Western Pennsylvania, in answer to prayer where there was no especial instrumentality employed outside of the persons concerned. Finally, under this head of the different methods, we briefly notice the eccentric Frenchman, Mr. Coran, of Troy, N. Y. The *Northern Budget* of January 21st, 1883, publishes an article of three columns, giving an account of the cures this spike maker had performed. He is a Roman Catholic of the strictest sort. He usually performed his cures in the house, but in some severe cases made his patients follow him to some unfrequented part of the neighborhood. After repeating a French prayer he enjoined his patients never to visit that spot again. A Mrs. Mead, who had been cured of a severe rheumatism, was over-persuaded not to be superstitious and to revisit the forbidden place. The report says, "Horrors! Imagine her state of mind when, as a penalty of disobedience, her old enemy, the rheumatism, almost immediately returned and twisted and tangled up her legs in no time. Alarmed and repentant, she sent directly to Mr. Coran and confessing her violation of his injunction and her own promise, she implored him to again banish her tormentor.

"'I vos mad! I vos mad! She be so foolish, I be mad!' exclaimed the irritated Frenchman.

"But again he exercised his powers and once more Mrs. Mead was divorced from her rheumatism."

It is wonderful to see what an influence the mind has over the body; and this may, in a good degree, account for the strange phenomenal changes that take place in the body through the exercise of the mind. We have heard of men's hair turning gray in a few hours from mental emotions or fright. We have a remarkable instance of the influence of the mind over the body in a case recently published in the Chicago *Evening Journal*. The article is headed "The Mind Cure." The writer states that "the daughter of Professor L. O. Emerson of Hyde Park, Mass., had for several years been an invalid. Nervous prostration was followed by a complication of diseases until she was utterly helpless. In despair of medical aid she was induced to try the mind cure. After four visits of an hour each, she felt that she was perfectly well. This was about two months since and there has not been the slightest indication of the return of the distressing affliction. Many similar cases are reported in that community." There is, however, no system of treatment that can promise a certain cure for all diseases. The great apostle Paul himself could not find relief from his thorn in the flesh when the messenger of Satan was pounding away at him like a regular prize fighter, for the German translation says he struck him with a fist. Paul prayed three times and we may imagine that the devil's messenger was still pounding away when the answer to his prayer came in a way different from what he expected. "My grace is sufficient for you." This was altogether satisfactory to St. Paul and he gloried in his infirmity. To believe that every thing will take place just as our fancy may dictate to us, and as we might be inclined to pray for it, would involve us in an unwarrantable superstition and would be contrary to the established order of that Providence which works through varied instrumentalities for the accomplishment of divine purposes.

The fact that we receive food and raiment in the ordinary course of things, notably by labor and toil, does not prove that these supplies cannot come through extraordinary channels. It would have been presumption in the early followers of Christ to have demanded, as a condition of their faith in him, that he should continue to multiply, the loaves and the fishes for all time, to supply their temporal wants; neither was his beautiful allusion to the lilies of the field to teach that God would miraculously clothe his followers in beautiful garments. As soon as the children of Israel found the ordinary means of support the manna ceased to fall. The healing of the sick by miraculous superstition on the part of Christ and his early disciples was not intended to supersede the ordinary method of curing disease; neither are we warranted in the conclusion that it is not proper and right at all suitable times and places to pray for the sick, and to ask for the divine blessing upon the means employed for the restoration of health to the sick.

There appears to be a divine order as well as a divine harmony in nature, and when there are any changes in the ordinary course of events, they only occur to prove to us that there is a power above Nature and Nature's laws; and that this power holds the reins of universal government, and can accomplish certain things outside of the ordinary course of Nature. History and daily observation teach us that many of the events in individual lives, as well as the greater events of church and States, empires and kingdoms, cannot always be accounted for by the ordinary operation of natural laws. Many things, however, may appear miraculous to us only because we do not understand the nature of their existence, nor the mode of their operation. To the untutored savage, the art of writing by which one person conveys his thoughts to another, is a mysterious operation; the telegraph and telephone are still more so, but a little explanation reveals the mystery.

Some of the Indians on our Western frontier, when they saw the first locomotive dashing along the iron tramways, thought the evil spirit had broken loose from his infernal chains and was about to visit dire vengeance upon them. Even the thoughtful German, in his fatherland, when he for the first time saw the locomotive, whispered to a confidential friend: "There must be a horse in it somewhere."

The Chinaman, when he first saw the cable car in motion, said: "No smoke, no pully, no horsey, no muley—runs like helly." There are many facts in Nature which we must recognize as such, but we must leave the explanation for the future.

The origin and causes of disease are often involved in such obscurity that medical science fails to explain them. The various remedial agents employed to cure disease, differ as widely as the opinions on the questions of politics and theology. It is claimed that the practice of medicine has been reduced to an exact science. This is true with regard to some branches of the medical profession, such as anatomy, physiology, botany and chemistry, but the therapeutics of medicine are based upon empiricism and experiments with drugs upon the human body. And with all the light of science and experience and careful observation, doctors continue to differ in opinions with regard to the best methods of treating disease. We have in our country three different schools of medicine strongly advocating their peculiar theories and sometimes attacking each other in no mild terms, and yet all claiming to have the true and the only reliable method of curing disease, and point with satisfaction to the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place under their treatment.

It is a strange fact, and yet it is true that we may select any ordinary case of disease with such complications as are common in almost all diseases, and let every Professor of the different medical colleges of Chicago examine the case separately and prescribe for it without any knowledge that some one else has done the same, and not one time in ten will these different Professors write the same prescription in every particular, and yet the patient might recover under any of them in spite of the mistakes some might contain; and each one would most likely claim that his was the only prescription that was appropriate to the case, and that the patient would not have recovered without it, and this is called medical science. I always have great fears for the safety of any distinguished man when he is taken sick, and a number of the great doctors are called in consultation. It is then that medical science becomes a fearful and really dangerous thing.

Once upon a time there was a great statesman, and withal something of a warrior, beloved by the people over whom he was a chosen ruler; but in an evil hour a miserable crank shot him. The great doctors were immediately summoned to attend him and a consultation was held. It did not take long to find the hole where the bullet went into the man, but what course it took they could not tell. It is to be presumed that the most scientific methods known to the profession were employed in an exploring expedition to find the ball. They were certain that it had lodged in the body somewhere, but as they could not find the hole the ball had made in its passage, they concluded to make one for themselves, and down they rushed their probe into the lower part of the bowels. We may well imagine that these savans of the medical profession thought they had done something considerable when they had made this artificial canal through the suffering president, whether the bullet was at the end of it or not. It was a hole that would be worth a great deal to the doctors in the long run. This was the most expensive hole for the size of it any government ever paid for. It was a horrible bore in a wrong direction, but the doctors made a good thing of it. They nursed it and worked with it night and day until they made some $20,000 out of this scientific blunder.

But now to the subject under consideration: Christians were called on to pray for the recovery of the distinguished sufferer. Churches and individuals all over the land engaged in prayer in the exercise of all the faith they could muster. It was said by infidels and scoffers, if the prayers of Christians cannot save the life of one so dear to his country and so important to the welfare of our government, then we can have no confidence in the efficacy of prayer. But while Christians prayed for the life of the president, the scientifically purblind doctors were torturing their helpless victim with one hand, and pouring in morphine with the other hand to such an extent that nothing short of a most stupendous miracle could have saved the patient, and I think the Lord is not performing such miracles now for the accommodation of mistaken doctors.

God's ordinary method of accomplishing his divine purposes is to work through the ordinary and established laws of nature. Yet as the author of these laws we must admit that he has power to suspend or change them when some important end is to be accomplished by it. All properly applied instrumentalities have their proper place in the divine government; but when wrong headed and wrong hearted men will adopt injurious methods, and life and health are lost through the mistakes of men, it does not seem altogether proper to say, "The Lord has done it;" yet in a certain sense all the events of human life are under the control of the Almighty Ruler of the universe. When we take into account the almost endless variety of methods employed for the cure of disease, and the numerous recoveries that take place under these different kinds of treatment, we are compelled to acknowledge a superintending power over human destinies, and that this power will be especially interested in behalf of those who by faith and prayer put themselves under its guardian care. This is in accordance with the teachings of the Bible, both of the Old and New Testaments and in harmony with the conduct of the pious followers of the sacred precepts in all ages. The old prophets and the psalmist poured out their souls unto God in prayer. The New Testament saints did the same. Men everywhere in all historic times have turned their longing eyes and hearts to a power supposed to exist above and presiding over the temporal and spiritual concerns of men.

The ancient Egyptians had their Isis and Osiris. The Eastern nations followed the teachings of Zoroaster, Buddha and Confucius. The Mohammedans bow before their Allah, and earth's suffering millions are looking with tearful eyes in different directions, to find some open ear and some superhuman power before whom they can pour out their complaints; and who will say that these millions, like children who have missed their way in a dark night crying for help, will not find deliverance, although mistaken in their religious theories.

> "Among the pitfalls in our way
> The best of us walk blindly;
> O man, be wary, watch and pray,
> And judge thy brother kindly."

Prof. Alex. Winchell in his reconciliation of Science and Religion has the following beautiful lines. I will repeat them from memory:

> "Who shall say that to no mortal
> Heaven e'er oped its mystic portal,
> Gave no dream nor revelation
> Save to one peculiar nation?
> Souls sincere, now voiceless, nameless,
> Knelt at altars fixed and flameless,
> Asked of culture, asked of reason,
> Sought through every sign and season,
> Seeking God through darkness groping,
> Waiting, striving, longing, hoping,
> Weeping, fearing, panting, pining,
> For the light on Israel shining;
> Oh! it must be God's sweet kindness
> Pitied erring human blindness;
> And the soul whose pure endeavor
> Strives toward God shall live forever,
> Live by the Great Father's favor
> Saved by an unknown of Savior."

Our suffering race is to be pitied when we take into account the cruelties practiced in different ages and among different nations, in the name of medical science, as well as the horrible rites of superstitious priests in the name of religion. It is said of the sick woman healed by Christ that "She had suffered much from many physicians." And Christ said to the priests, "Ye bind heavy burdens and lay them on men's shoulders." But amid all this wrangle and jangle—these discords and contentions—these rival theories, that are urged upon our attention by ambitious leaders, we should rejoice to know that there is a power above all human power to which we can look in the hour of our affliction and find deliverance from the threatening danger. God can save in spite of the doctors. I have a good illustration in my own experience. In the third year of my ministry, 45 years ago, while traveling on Guyandotte circuit in Western Virginia, bordering on the Ohio river, I was taken with a severe form of bilious fever. The doctor was called. He gave me calomel and quinine, put on five Spanish-fly blisters, all at one time, and a seton in my side. I got worse of course. Was not allowed to taste cold water for many days. When all human aid appeared unavailing, I felt a strange thrill go through me—a supernatural influence appeared to take possession of me, and I recovered in spite of the doctor and his horrible practice. It may be that some kind ministering angel came to me in my helpless condition and rescued me from the hands of the doctor. Wesley, in his sermon on the ministry of angels says: "When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable, that this is effected by the ministry of angels. And perhaps it is owing to the same cause, that a remedy is unaccountably suggested, either to the sick person or some attending upon him by which he is entirely cured."

It is astonishing what confidence different doctors express in their favorite methods of treating the sick, and still the tide of death moves onward. The old regular allopathic physician comes with his sheet anchor remedies—calomel, opium and quinine; the homœopathists with their aconite, belladonna, and nux vomica; the eclectic, with his podophillin, leptandrin and stillingia; the hydropath with his wet sheet and blanket; the electrician with his battery and belts; the magnetic physicians with passes and manipulations over diseased parts; and finally the Spiritualist claiming to be controlled by the spirit of some departed doctor or Indian. He claims to see disease clairvoyantly and to hear prescriptions clairaudiently, and thinks his is the only safe method. Now all these different doctors tell of the wonderful cures they have performed by their widely different methods of treatment, and if it were not for the confidence that patients have in their doctors by which the mind is affected, the results would often be far different. And now, after an experience in the practice of medicine for 35 years, I am free to say that very many of the cases where doctors are called and sickening and nauseating drugs are administered, would have done better and recovered sooner by careful nursing, proper diet and cheerful company.

Again, many cases get well through the cheerful presence and magnetic influence of the doctor, in spite of the blunders he makes in his prescriptions. Here is where the magnetic healer has his advantage. He demonstrates before his patient the wonderful power of human magnetism. He will show that the mere passage of the human hand over a piece of paper will produce magnetic attraction, that will overcome the force of gravity at the rate of from one up to sixty pounds an hour, under favorable atmospheric conditions. In this way he gets the confidence of his patients and remarkable cures are effected. And who will say that there is not a power for good in this magnetic influence that one person may have over another? I have myself had some singular experience in this direction: some two years ago a German woman came to my office crippled in both lower limbs, swollen to the utmost capacity of the skin and in a high state of inflammation. I passed my hands over the affected part about ten minutes when the inflammation subsided and perspiration appeared, and she expressed great relief. She walked two miles to her home and has not had a return of her lameness. Now this was neither a miraculous cure nor a prayer and faith cure, but a natural result from a natural cause. In one sense, however, it was a faith cure, for she came with the greatest possible confidence that if she could only come to my office she would be cured, and she was cured. As I have already remarked, strong confidence and agreeable surroundings will do much toward restoring health to the sick, even where no prayers are offered and no faith is exercised in a higher power. But shall we on this account cease to pray for the sick or cry to God when we are

Continued on Eighth Page.

Plain Words on Organization.

BY S. BIGELOW.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am moved to write a few plain words, expressive of my own thoughts and feelings. I will be glad to send them forth through the JOURNAL for criticism and comparison, to all those who love freedom of thought and frankness in expressing it.

Since beginning this communication the JOURNAL of the 14th comes to hand with grand thoughts upon this subject, which I have read with interest. This much mooted question of organization deserves a calm and deliberate consideration from every Spiritualist. The over-sensitiveness of some, in opposition to all forms and to every semblance of creed, has driven them to the opposite extreme of a perfect lack of all system, organization or even intelligent co-operation. The extreme independence and love of individuality, produce in a large class a perfect repugnance to all authority, and lead them to oppose all organization. The indifference and lukewarmness of others, and the fear of giving offense by still others, who are really in favor of organization, *per se*, and the unwillingness of a large class to meet opposition and combat the views of friends and defend their own; these and other considerations combine to present Spiritualists to the world as a disorganized, heterogeneous, inefficient, self-repellent mass of individuals (highly individualized), self-assertive, numbering millions, but devoid of influence and effective strength, socially, politically, religiously, morally or otherwise. What a spectacle! Millions of intelligent, thinking, reasoning people, shorn of their strength and power for good by means of their whims, and waiting, Micawber-like, for "something to turn up," and expecting that spirits will do their work for them.

I have said, "devoid of influence;" as a body, we are, and are unable to protect or defend ourselves from the slanderous attacks of enemies, or the still greater evil, the vileness, stupidity, foolishness and dishonesty of pretended and wouldbe friends. If any system or class of persons could ever, with propriety and fervor, utter the prayer, "Save us from our friends," it has been, and is now, Spiritualism and Spiritualists. Nay, good friends, do not accuse me of being too severe. Truth is ever the severest of weapons and I would use it not rashly. Do not taunt me with self-righteousness or call me a "sore head." I, like many others, have considered these things in secret, have given my best thoughts to them, and have asked myself, how long must it be thus? Whence will come the light and wisdom to direct us in a better way? I have tried to examine the question candidly, in the light of reason and experience; I have discussed and advised with those who thought and felt as I do, as well as with those who differ with me widely, and I see no other way out of this heterogeneous, inefficient medley, but by sensible efficient organization, upon some basis of harmonious agreement; some common ground of affinity; some characteristic, well-defined and plainly enunciated statement of principles and objects to be attained, and let those who can thus fraternize and act harmoniously have sufficient system and cohesive strength to provide means of protection against foes without and foes within, and with authority (yes, I mean authority), properly guarded and invested in suitable officers to enforce wholesome rules and regulations. "Oh! Church! Priestcraft! Pope!! Inquisition!!!" I seem to hear coming up from those afflicted, mortal terror of organization, and who have a perfect dread of sinking the great "I" in a strong, joint, community interest.

Spiritualism has developed independence and individuality to a wonderful extent; and that is one of its first and best fruits; but what shall we do with it? What use shall we make of this splendid material lying around loose by the million? Can we, can the Spirit-world, can the cause of truth and progress afford to let it lie around thus like the floating debris of a flood, or the stones ready fitted in a thousand distant quarries, and suited to be joined together into a grander temple than was ever yet built by hands human or divine? Where and who is the master builder who can direct so grand a work? Where is the Roebling to plan and the willing hosts to fall into line and execute this wondrous work? The time has come to consider these questions well, in the light of reason and experience.

The brave Patrick Henry, in that matchless flight of inspired patriotic oratory, said, "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." What says the past to us—guided by reason—as to the comparative efficiency of well organized effort and disorganized, individualized, unsystematized heterogeneity? Compare a well disciplined army—the very emblem of strength—to a purposeless, unorganized mob of helter-skelter, go-as-you-please, independent individuals. Such, to-day, are the millions of Spiritualists, while before them awaits a grander work than ever yet engaged the hands, mind and heart of humanity. A richer harvest than was ever garnered now calls for reapers. The Macedonian cry goes up from every land and clime and is joined in by our loved (but not lost) ones, looking out from their spirit homes,

> "Ho! reapers in life's harvest,
> Why stand with rusted blade?
> Thrust in the sharpened sickle,
> And gather in the grain."

Dropping all simile and metaphor, what, I ask, is the duty of these millions of Spiritualists, in view of the great work which has been done for them, and of the crumbling, disintegrating condition of old institutions?

Mankind have been accustomed to society, to joint interests, to organization, to social advantages and privileges, and to seeing the wise and strong direct and lead the ignorant and weak. Continued, well-directed, persistent, systematic, joint effort is what has ever been most successful. Shall Spiritualism form an exception to all precedent, ignore all experience and work by contraries, or shall its adherents be guided by reason, and, like intelligent builders, seek to utilize the material at hand, husband their resources and make the most of opportunities presented?

Because churches have been based upon creeds, true or false, is no proof that other and equally efficient associations may not be formed upon other and more rational bases. Because the masses in the church have, in the past, been the willing dupes and obedient slaves of an arrogant priesthood, does not necessitate a like imposition upon the more enlightened thinkers of to-day, who may unite in some suitable plan of co-operative work.

Who will dare to say that the spirit intelligences who have inspired and directed the disintegrating and iconoclastic work thus far, are now not moving upon the troubled waters of thought and impelling and inspiring noble souls on to self-sacrifice preparatory to the nobler work of reconstructing and building anew the temples of society upon a broader and grander scale than ever before, and worthy the intelligence of the time and the inspiration of spirit friends.

I respect the views and feelings of those who fear to move in this matter, lest they shall seem to be taking the work out of the hands of spirits. I, too, would seek their guidance and co-operation, and I think the time has fully come for a united, determined effort in favor of efficient organization; no sham, bogus affair, which shall prove in the future like a rope of sand against any strain from without or pressure within; I mean, in short, societies with well defined principles, that the world may know what kind of folks these Spiritualists are, and with competent, well-guarded authority, and suitable discipline that will insure self-protection and guard against the inherent weakness of immorality and insubordination; societies with character as well as reputation, and with the ability to protect it before the world. Let those (if such there be) who are unwilling to submit to the wholesome restraint of such societies, stand aloof upon their own records, and let those who prize morality, purity and a good name, not longer suffer under the load of filth and slime, fraud and dishonesty, which Spiritualism has been obliged, thus far, to carry.

The time has come (in my opinion) for an assorting, a taking of sides, a showing of hands to the world, and I am ready to bear the taunts and jeers of the "unwashed," who consider it a disgrace for any one to assume to be better than any vile pretender. What if it does stir up antagonism. It existed before, and was only dormant because let alone in its baseness. The pure, the good, the true and aspiring, have ever been chained to their opposites and held down and made to suffer unjustly. I expect to be criticised for my plainness and have my motives misconstrued, but I care little for this, if thought is evoked and action supersedes indifference, and wholesome friction follows and works out conditions suited to precede a permanent repose in the sweet serenity based in purity, self-respect and wholesome regard for the rights of others.

The movement already inaugurated, and which received a good impetus at the late Sturgis meeting, seems to me to be in the right direction, and may, if taken hold of in earnest, and pushed forward until it develops and evolves into something tangible, forceful and efficient, prove to be the beginning of the long-deferred, but now much needed work; but, as yet, it seems to lack the very essentials of strength and lasting efficiency. Who will take in hand the work of pushing it forward and rounding it out into completeness, so that it may become a power for good that shall overshadow this land like the ægis of Liberty, and have its branches in every city, village, town and hamlet—one united, invincible host, destined to revolutionize, evangelize and fraternize the race, fitting them thus to enter upon a still grander and broader field of labor after the transition to the spirit land. But, friends may ask, what would you have us do? That is the one all-important question which every one must answer for himself; in the main, I can only suggest, and shall be fully satisfied if this humble effort is instrumental in awakening thought and evoking opinions and suggestions from others. "Come, let us reason together" and ask of those who are in positions to know, "Watchman what of the night?" and "What its signs of promise are?" Our speakers, mediums and writers, and especially editors who are in correspondence with persons in all parts of the land, I hope they will speak out plainly, "in no uncertain sound." They are in truth the watchmen upon the walls of our Spiritual Zion, and can with propriety suggest and advise.

I am pleased to see the JOURNAL come to the front so nobly and readily in this good work, as indeed it has in every movement for good, purity, truth and honesty, until the better class of Spiritualists are learning to look to it as a beacon light, always ready to show the danger signal as well as the battle flag of the true. Go on, brave old JOURNAL, continue to lead the way till the willing hosts gladly and joyously fall into line. We are with you to conquer.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Letter from Mexico.

Chihuahua, Mexico, July 22nd, 1883.

When the heated term shall have passed in the United States, large immigration therefrom is expected in Mexico, and though unwilling personally to become the guardian of anybody, the JOURNAL may desire to save its readers from mistakes, when possible, even though the experience might be desirable for many.

In many country newspapers in the Western States, may be seen advertisements for mechanics and laborers for various departments of railroad work, mining, milling, etc., the readers being given to understand that the wages are liberal and employment steady. It is true that many men are being employed, but at wages which net them less than they could make in the United States, where they can have the comforts of life, and in case of sickness, good attention and care.

It is said that the advertisements mentioned are for the purpose of bringing a very much larger number of men here than can possibly find employment, and thus reduce the price of labor; at all events that is the effect produced, therefore again we say, this is a poor country for any man without money, and not much better for one with money who is without a practical knowledge of the language, but with both requisites, the opportunities for money making open on all sides.

The language is not difficult, and to one who has a knowledge of Latin is very easy of acquirement. This reminds me of a statement recently made in a newspaper of the United States, that Charles Francis Adams was opposed to the teaching of "the dead languages" in the schools and colleges, because they were of no practical benefit. Can it be possible that such a man should make so great a mistake? He surely must have traveled in countries where another language than the English was spoken, though perhaps his knowledge of "the dead languages" is so complete, that he did not appreciate the fact that without that knowledge or an intimate one, with the language being spoken, he would have fared badly.

If a New England boy is never to leave his native country, nor engage in any of the professions, he may get along comfortably without a knowledge of Latin, but otherwise he will regret the lack of it his whole life. In my humble judgment, no time can be more wisely employed by a youth of either sex, than that required to obtain a thorough knowledge of Latin. It may well be doubted if without it, even a proper understanding and appreciation of the English language can be had; therefore it seems most reasonable to believe that Charles Francis Adams made no such statement; however, those desiring to visit Mexico, should purchase a copy of "Monsanto" and study it carefully a few weeks before starting, and they will find it of great advantage from the commencement, and greater as they progress in a knowledge of the language.

So important is a thorough knowledge of the language to professional men here, that none from foreign countries attempt to practice here with the exception of now and then a physician. The Mexican lawyers are excellent and the priests in their way probably are also, but the physicians of foreign descent claim that the native physicians are very incompetent, which compliment is returned by the native physicians. Nobody knows or cares here whether the physician is "regular" or not. The law requires the diploma of one having graduated, say in the United States, to have it certified by the Governor of the State, that the diploma is genuine, and was issued by an institution empowered by law to issue it; also certified to by the Governor of the State where the party last resided, that he is the individual to whom the diploma was granted; a certificate from the Secretary of State of the United States that the respective signatures of the Governors are genuine and were at the time acting as Governor of their respective States, and a certificate from the Mexican Minister that the signature of the Secretary of State is genuine.

With a diploma so certified, the party may be examined here by a Board, who, of course, use only the Spanish language, and if he passes, must have the diplomas and certificates recorded at the National Capital and in each State where he desires to practice. If he lives long enough to secure the accomplishment and has money enough to make a show in books, charts, instruments, etc., he will get a business during times of epidemics, which compose most of the business in this country.

A benefit for the poor was recently given at the theatre here, a young lady making an address in Spanish, presenting a testimonial to the Prima Donna. The following translation may interest your readers, viz.:

"I have the honor and the sweet satisfaction of addressing to you, words expressing the gratitude of the destitute; for the benefits received through your magnanimous heart. You have with a charitable hand, dried the tears of the poor and to the credit of your name, I come to ask, that you guard those tears, as they will be a decoration of your soul of greater value than the brilliants which adorn the crown of kings, and are the exquisite coinage which can be compared to the 'Reign of the Heavens.'

"God desires that there may be poor persons, in order that there may exist upon the earth, the saintly virtue of charity; wishes that there be tears, that may exist the enchanting hand which dries them, and that there may be great miseries, in order to bring out in our lives, efforts worthy the archangel of charity.

"On this night, when you have redoubled the protecting power of guardian angels, by descending to the lowly huts of the necessitous, to divide with them the fruit of your sacrifices, it seems to us only comparable with the angel of Providence which strives with renewed energy, to bring the direction of God upon the disinherited of the earth.

"Accept, then, for yourself and for the illustrious artists who accompany you in this act of benevolence, the benediction of the poor, and the admiration and appreciation of all generous hearts.

"You leave in our souls the enchantment of the sublime, the seduction of acting power, and the grandest and happiest sentiments among those we treasure.

"The pleasure with which you have supplied our poor brothers, compels us to procure the consecration of your name by the unfortunate, though it be impossible to repay you justly.

"Receive, lady, this small testimony from my hand, modestly presented you for the Directory of the Benevolent Society of Chihuahua, which you will please kindly retain as a reminder of our profound respect."

The poor are very numerous here, and are allowed to beg everywhere, so far as I can learn. There are no public institutions to care for them. Even the physicians do not care to be annoyed by dissections after death, and though a cadaver seems to be wholly valueless here, the laws prohibit a body being taken out of the country without a permit, which costs about $125. The law was passed many years ago, when there was no means of conveying a body in this climate without being dangerous in a sanitary point of view, and there it stands to-day—too much trouble, probably, to repeal it.

A funeral recently took place here of an old, prominent and respected citizen, which revealed the peculiar custom in such cases. The coffin was borne from the residence to the Cathedral on the shoulders of men; after the service, placed in a hearse, which was followed by the male friends of the deceased to the grave, on foot, while behind came carriages without occupants. It is the practice to send one's carriage to a funeral instead of going personally. The ladies even of the household of the deceased, never attend the funeral, and for nine days, the house is kept closed, even the gentlemen giving no attention to business, all receiving calls during that time from all who consider themselves friends of the family.

Etiquette rules the mourning also; a year for a parent, a less time for brother or sister, and time decreasing as the relationship becomes less close. Those who pass away seem to be forgotten as quickly here as elsewhere; unless they had provided plenty of stamps for which masses are to be said, which is seldom the case here now, as the male portion of the community do not bank very heavily on the inherent purity of the priest. It is said that very many have prohibited their wives and daughters from attending confession, but it may be, that this is too strongly put by the Protestants.

The Bishop of this Diocese has issued a Pastoral Letter, threatening excommunication upon all who attend service of the Protestants, or in any way aid them either in attending their service, by renting them property for religious or family use, or selling them furniture, etc. It is probable, however, that, except with a very few, the letter has no influence; these people begin to think for themselves, and as they have heretofore believed too much, they now believe too little and are slow to have anything to do with any church. There are quite a goodly number of Spiritualists here, but none very enthusiastic. Everybody is just now trying to make some money, and the styles brought in by the Americans have likely compelled many an one of these "D ns" to provide more liberally the "ways and means" for dresses, hats, plumes, etc., than ever before, for these ladies are like all others; are without happiness when not in full dress.

Houses, which before the railroad was finished thus far, rented for $14 per month, now are occupied by the same tenants at a rental of $45 per month. Laborers who formerly received 12½ cents per day now get $1.50 and have no end of praise for the Americans who brought about this state of things.

CAROL.

English Bishops.—Pious Nonsense.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have long thought that conservative bigots of the clerical order can be more stupid and absurd than anybody else. Here is a new proof that I am right: A bishop's speech in the English House of Lords, against the awful idea of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, is reported by "G. M. S.," the able London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. It is fortunate that Mr. Smalley has the moral courage to make such a report, and fortunate that the world can thus see how utterly silly and shallow is the pious (or impious) cant of a Bishop. The bill allowing such marriages was defeated by a small majority, made up of the Bishops solid against it. Here is the *Tribune's* report on that part on this matter:

"So long as the Bishops are merely ridiculous, they are tolerated. If they become offensive, they will be swept aside.

"Yesterday they were both ridiculous and offensive. As a spectacle they are unique. The House of Lords is not commonly what would be called an imposing body. The chamber is an imposing one, if you like, but its red benches are usually tenanted, during the sittings of the House, by half a dozen, or possibly, on special occasions, by twenty gentlemen, mostly middle-aged, or past middle age, whose proceedings reach the uttermost depth of dulness. The able men among them display ability on great occasions, but it is for great occasions that they reserve their abilities. A section of the house on the right of the Lord Chancellor and behind the front Ministerial Bench is assigned to the Bishops. It is generally empty. Last night it was nearly full. There sat some seventeen elderly persons in Episcopal robes, their puffed lawn sleeves suggesting in a rather curious way that a feminine element, not youthful either, had somehow found its way into the house. Look at their faces. The stamp of their profession is on them. Nobody would say these are men of the world, or men of business, or men of affairs. The pinched lips the eyes mostly too near together, the skin drawn firmly over cheek and chin, the sloping corners of bitter mouths, the air of sanctimony, the air of always posing before the world as superior beings with a divine mission and a divine sanction for acts sometimes certainly not human—all this and much more you may see,—the most casual observer may see, as he glances at this phalanx of spiritual legislators. Good men, of pure lives in their vocation, and useful as ecclesiastical administrators they all are, I freely grant. But their whole teaching, their studies, their lives of pastoral labor, have utterly unfitted them for the business of law-making, and it is this unfitness of which I read the signs in their faces and bearing. Intolerance is branded on almost every brow. A Bishop could hardly be a Bishop if he were not intolerant. His vow binds him to recognize but one church out of many, and outside of the pale of his one church nobody has any rights that he, as a functionary of the Church, is bound to respect or permitted to respect. What sort of people are these to intrust with authority over the interests of a whole community, made up of members of many churches, and of no church at all?

"The Bishop of Lincoln is speaking as I go in; notoriously one of the least tolerant of his order. It needs only to shut one's eyes to fancy one's self in a cathedral, or, I will add without meaning to be rude, in a conventicle. The tone is greasy—there is no other word for it. The manner is the manner of the pulpit. He conforms to the custom of the place in addressing his audience as 'my lords,' but my lords sounds in every ear as 'my beloved brethren.' His argument—but of argument he has none, or none that is calculated to reach any ear less spiritualized and unpractical than his own. He was firmly convinced that this bill was an infraction on Divine law. Marriage was grounded on Holy Scripture and maintained by the Christian Church. Its laws had been unhappily banished by the secular powers of Germany and America, but had found a refuge in England, and a shelter in their lordships' House. Germany and America had made terrible havoc in these divine laws, and were reaping a miserable harvest from their own acts. To follow their example so far as to pass this bill would affect, affirmed this Bishop of Lincoln, the national institutions of England; nay, its results might be felt in their lordships' House, and even by the monarchy itself. Hence in the Divine name, he raised his voice against such a measure sure to be followed by visitations of Divine punishment."

Such a Bishop can be of but one possible use in this world—to show the priestly capacity for stupidity.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

A Texas Curiosity.

A Well the Buckets of Which Descend Empty and Ascend Filled Without Any Known Cause.

FRANKLIN, Tex., July 26.—[*Courier-Journal.*]—Inclosed is a letter stating some remarkable facts. I heard of a well in this State in which the empty bucket would descend and its mate ascend without any known force being exerted. The well and buckets are arranged as is common here, with pulley rope, and two buckets. I denounced the story as untrue when told me, but wrote to Judge M. D. Hines, owner of the property on which the well is situated, and received in response the following letter:

BURKEVILLE, July 25.—*S. P. Hurley, Esq.* DEAR SIR: Yours of the 19th inst. to hand, and contents noted. I have to say in reply that the well you inquire about belongs to me; that some ten years since it commenced drawing water—that is, the empty bucket would go down and a bucket of water come up and remain at the top of the well without any known cause. It has been kept up ever since at intervals. There is no regularity about it; it will as often draw at any hour of the night as at other times. It has been known to draw three or four times per day. There seems to be no difference in it as regards weather or the seasons of the year. It has never been known to draw up water when there was water in the top bucket. There is no cause known for this strange occurrence. As to the truth of the above, it can be established beyond doubt by the testimony of a number of persons who have been about my house outside of my own family.

Yours truly,

M. D. HINES.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks be to God! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voiced trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower;
And for the sable cloud, that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly lingering night
In music's tone;
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all Thine own;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below;
Each sunrise that encardines
The cold, still snow;
Thanks for the light of love that shines
With brightest glow.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

WHAT "THEY SAY."

Mr. Ruskin, in his journal, *Fors Clavigera*, gives a long rhapsody about courtship. He advocates it should last from three to seven years, before the contracting parties can reasonably decide whether they ought or ought not to marry. In the course of his advice he gives utterance to the following: "In a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight and limelight—and any thing but daylight—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle, and whisper and wimper, and sneak, and stumble, and flutter and fumble, and blunder into what they call Love: expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in danger of losing all the honor of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident."

These wise words are by a writer in the *Youth's Companion:*

"The London *Medical Record* lately gave the case of a lady, the mother of eight children, who was seized with acute mania. The husband, when asked for the cause, replied that there was no possible reason. 'She was a most devoted mother, was always doing something for us, was always at home; never went out of the house, even on Sundays; never went gadding to the neighbors, gossiping and talking; was the best of wives; had no ideas outside of her home.'

"'This husband,' says the superintendent of the insane asylum, 'has furnished a graphic list of the causes of his wife's madness.'

"Dr. Holmes somewhere comments on the amount of misery and melancholy which escapes through the fingers of women on the keys of a piano. We hear them jangling on the streets of every village; a torture and discord to the ears of passers-by, but what a comfort and outlet is in that poor music for the discontented souls who try to speak through it!

"Miss Yonge, who is a shrewd observer of the ordinary course of women's lives, tells us that her favorite heroine, after a long and cruel grief, kept a novel in her work basket for 'repairs.'

"Women are too apt when prostrated by sorrow or worn out by long mental strain to keep close to the damaging grief or work; to try to fit themselves for every day duties by hugging the thorn nearer to their breasts, and by prayer. They find to their dismay that they grow weaker and more irritable; their prayers are not answered; consolation and strength do not come. This is usually the case with young girls who are having a first heavy disappointment, and who have no imperative labor to drive them from the contemplation of it. The fact is, it is the physical brain that needs relief, which can be given to it only by total change of thought and occupation, by getting away from the exciting trouble.

"Women, young and old, should plan a 'recess' for every day of their lives, when for a brief space they could return to their individual, natural tastes, uninfluenced by thoughts of husband and children. They will be all the stronger to help husband and children when they take up the routine of life again."

Thanks to a kind Eastern friend, we are the recipients of several Boston *Commonwealths*, each with its good word for women's work. One contains a discourse by James Kay Appleton, given last spring in the Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, on "Virtues for every day Wear," which is full of good things. He has said nothing very original, but he has uttered sterling truths in a pertinent manner. Here are some extracts: "When I use the phrase 'equality of the sexes' I do not mean that woman is man over again. I mean, simply, that a ripe womanhood is every whit as excellent in its way as a ripe manhood is excellent in its way. There is not and there never can be between the sexes an equality of condition, of nature, but there can be, and there ought to be, a perfect equality of *right*. The woman has a right to the development of her nature as a woman which is just as sacred as the right man has to the development of his nature as man. It is the man's glory to become a ripe man. It is the woman's glory to become a ripe woman. The only difference between them is a difference of sex—a radical difference that never can be got over. The perfection of manhood is unattainable by womanhood; the perfection of womanhood is unattainable by manhood. The man loves and reveres in the woman that which he can never be himself; the woman loves and reveres in the man that which she can never be herself. Let us recognize the individuality of both. Let us leave both absolutely free. Nature, if not interfered with by impertinent laws and customs, will infallibly guide each into those paths of duty and of ambition which each is most fitted to tread. The way to find a man's place in the world is to leave the man absolutely free to seek it. The way to find a woman's place in the world is just to do the same thing.

"It is commonly assumed that women are only fitted for domestic pursuits. The simple fact is that woman's nature has been so cramped; the sphere of her action in the world has been so artificially lessened—that we hardly know yet for what woman is or is not fitted. There are certain occupations that woman is eminently unfitted to follow. Nature has settled that; and because nature has settled it, laws respecting it are so many needless impertinences. There are other occupations which nature seems pre-eminently to have fitted women for following. Laws, whether statute laws or conventional laws, which prohibit women from following these pursuits are odious tyrannies. Theodore Parker was wont to say that nature, in having made woman a nurse, had made her more than half a doctor already, and that there could be no harm, but much good, in completing the work nature had so well begun. You remember the fine passage in Tennyson's 'Princess,' descriptive of the maidens becoming nurses of the sick:

"A kindlier influence reigned, and everywhere
Low voices, with the ministering hand,
Hung round the sick. The maidens came: they talked;
They sung; they read—till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was became
Her former beauty treble, to and fro,
Like creature native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element they moved."

His concluding is especially commendable:

"The virtue of a girl is emphatically a home virtue—it is a thing that worthily fits her for discharging all the every day and commonplace duties of home—sewing, darning, mending, cooking. A girl has to educate herself, not into a doll, with fashionable fripperies and follies hung about her, but into a flesh-and-blood woman, fit to be an honest, wholesome wife to some honest, wholesome flesh-and-blood man. Home is the solid foundation on which all life rests. The quality of the home makes the quality of the society, and makes the quality of the nation. I do not say, as some do, that the home is woman's peculiar sphere of usefulness. It is man's peculiar state of usefulness just as much. If it be woman's work in the home to nurse and to regulate, it is man's work to sustain and to defend; while it is the work of both to refine and purify, instruct and govern. At the bottom of all life, in the primitive household, there is for the sexes a communion of love and labor. Man has just as much home work to do as the woman. Home duties exist just as much for the one as for the other. The man who neglects his part of the home contract that he may be blatant for reform on some platform, is just as much a miserable pretender and a shameful sham as was Dicken's Mrs. Jellaby who fixed her vacant eyes on Africa while her own children went unwashed, uncombed and untended.

"Duty done at home, the man and the woman may go abroad in the world and do duty there. The man becomes in a wider sense father and brother, sustainer and defender; the woman becomes in a larger sense mother and sister, nurse and help. Through all benevolent affections and binding charities—through all social relations and wide political duties—there is, for man and for woman, a communion of labor. Not only in one direction, but in all possible directions they may work together for mutual improvement and for the general good. Home work for both comes first of all. A well-ordered home is for both the sufficient justification for any endeavor they may make to order the great world aright."

The *Commonwealth* has many items run together under the heading of Woman's Progress, from which we cull the following:

"The railroad offices in Austria employ upwards of three thousand women. They receive a salary of from five to thirty dollars a month, and are invariably the near relatives of dead or active male employes of the road. Mrs. Ora Adams, upon the demise of her husband, succeeded him as president, by acclamation, of the Central Normal College at Danville, Ind. Mrs. Sarah Roy, the first white woman who ever dared set foot in Leadville, helped to found the city. She dug in the mines, scoured the plain as a scout, took in washing from the miners, and has accumulated a million dollars. She has one daughter.

"It is pleasant to note the bequests of our sisters. The will of Viscountess de Rio Novo of Brazil, who died in London, gives freedom to her four hundred slaves. That of Mrs. Alice B. Schoomaker disposes of about $700,000. Mrs. L. A. E. Messenger of Akron, Ohio, has supplemented, by $25,000, Mr. Buchtel's endowment of Buchtel College, and it is said that other large gifts will be made that will swell the total to a quarter of a million. Mrs. Mary Little, a wealthy Quaker lady, has made Earlham College her residuary legatee. By the decease of Miss Sarah Burr, the legacies of her sisters, Margaret and Mary, each near eighty, become due as well as her own. About $3,000,000 go to charitable purposes. Those to persons amount to $200,000. Her income was over $100,000 a year; yet she scarcely spent $5,000. Mrs. Charles Turner, a widow of Liverpool, has given $200,000 for the erection of a home for incurables, and will arrange for its maintenance. Mrs. M. B. Stevens of Hoboken, N. J., widow of the inventor of the Stevens Battery, has given $10,000 towards the erection of a new chapel for the St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. In 1871 Mrs. Augustus Hemmenway furnished a building for the Tileston Normal School, at Wilmington, N. C. and has continued for its support an annual contribution of $5,000, aggregating, thus far, $80,000. The 'Nurses' Home,' the headquarters of the Bellevue School, N. Y., is a large and handsome building, erected for the purpose and given to the school by Mrs. W. H. Osborn. The history of this whole undertaking and its progress is fraught with exciting interest. The late Mrs. Henry Edmonds left the Technological School nearly $100,000. Mrs. Shaw is a noble instance of doing while alive. Her kindergartens are proverbial. As our friends gain political advantages they will find new channels for their surplus revenues, and lend a hand where most wanted, according, of course, to their proclivities."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THREE SCORE, and other Poems. Geo. H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham.

This clean, pretty volume opens with its title poem, "Three Score," and this healthy assertion:

I am not old, and will not be;
I daily grow, and joys are plied
About my life as when a child
I blossomed into eter-city.
* * * * * *
Each morning is a buoyant birth;
Daily I rise up from the deep
Of bounteous, brood, prolific sleep.
The only death man knows on earth.
* * * * * *
Life is no mouldering sapless swathe
Our clay-clad bones erect to hold;
'Tis flame that kindles worlds untold,
A fire whose warmest pulse is faith.

The poems of most interest to Spiritualists as embodying their doctrines, are "Lisette," a musical ballad; "The Smile," a scene in the after life; and "Her Little Boy." Lisette was a nurse girl who was entranced by the spirit of her mother to play the piano in a wonderful manner. The intensity of maternal love drew so strongly that the little medium gradually withdrew into angel life and angel company. They found her dead one morn and while they wept for her, heard angel music about their heads, proclaiming joy in heaven. The other poems in the volume are of much merit and will interest the reader.

GERMANY SEEN WITHOUT SPECTACLES. By Henry Ruggles. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Octavo, clo. 236 pp. Price $2.50.

In our journey through this life, one thing we find of much worth is spectacles. We hear of the rosy spectacles of youth, the green spectacles of jealous lovers and the goggles of wiseacres, but happy is the man who sees clearly without any such colored obstacles and thus are we invited to look at Germany in Henry Ruggles's very interesting book, "Germany Seen Without Spectacles.

Our stores and libraries are filled with numbers of books about Germany, but the greater part deal in glowing descriptions of castled ruins, palaces of kings and panegyrics of the military splendor of the country of the Rhine. Though picture galleries, beautiful palaces and enchanting scenery are points not to be neglected, yet the practical American mind calls for some plain, unvarnished tale of every-day life, home comforts and daily occupations that comparisons may be drawn and advantages noted.

Mr. Ruggles has written his book in a spirit of fairness, though evidently looking through American eyes, but without spectacles. In studying life in Germany, Americans will find many things to admire, many things to avoid. To us whose newspapers are daily filled with the record of defalcations, breaches-of-trust and the buying off of corrupt officials, it will seem a strange fact that the public honesty of the Germans is such that neither rank nor wealth help a guilty person to escape the just punishment of the laws. Proud as we are of our travelling facilities, a glance at Chap. XVIII will convince the American public that some customs of the railway officials in Germany could be adopted by our railway kings with advantage to their patrons.

The trinity of a German, in the author's view, is beer, music and sauerkraut. Everybody in Germany from babes to octogenarians, drinks beer and quantities of it, too. The student in the universities, who is able to perform the glorious feat of swallowing more beer than his comrades, is the hero; yet they are not drunkards, nor spendthrifts. The economy, thrift and perseverance of our German neighbors are qualities exhibited every day. The Germans know how to get more pleasure and benefit out of life for less money, than any other people.

The dark side of German life is seen in the worthless extravagance of the Princes, building palaces of immense size, furnished with royal magnificence, yet only occupied a few days in the year, or wholly neglected; in the poverty of the lower classes and the fact that they are taxed to support a few privileged ones in unparalleled luxuriousness; and in the hopeless degradation of the peasant women who work in every low, menial capacity for hardly enough to keep soul and body together. The patience, love of ease and good temper of the Germans have allowed these faults to exist so long, but until these conditions are changed there is no hope for Germany. She may conquer with her standing army of half a million men; she may dazzle the eyes by her wealth of valuables stored in palaces, but ruin is digging away at the foundation and her downfall is assured. These are the reasons of the emigration of thousands of Germans every year to America—the reasons why they will continue to come.

Many leading cities are visited, their chief attractions noted and peculiarities pointed out. Leading men are described and characteristic anecdotes related. Every chapter is complete and full of interest and information. No one who begins the book, we venture to say, but will finish it and find the last chapter as full of charm as the first. Indeed, in the last chapter a subject is discussed evidently full of importance to wealth loving Americans, viz., Beet Growing in America, which, in the author's opinion, could be very extensively entered upon with incalculable benefit to farmers and manufacturers.

Magazines for August not Before Mentioned.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.) Contents: Frontispiece; The Runaway Rings; A Summer Sketching Club; Jojo's Petition; The Light of Paris; Mr. Any-Time The Spaniard; Chief of His Tribe; The Boy Bishop; Cacique John; Decorative Plaque; The Lost Chord; To-day; An August Delight; More than they Bargained for; A Castle in Spain; A Victorious Nine; The John Spicer Lectures; He couldn't say No; Through Spain on Donkey-Back; On Indiana Roads; Boy Blue; Cookery for Beginners; Tangles; Music; Pleasant Authors for Young Folks; Through a Microscope; Famous Trials; A Boy's Work Shop; Anna Maria's Housekeeping; Health and Strength Papers; Days and Nights in the Tropics; What to do about it; C. Y. F. R. U.; Post Office Department.

AMERICAN COUNTING ROOM. (Published at 29 Warren St., New York.) In the last number of the Book-Keeper, June 19th, the announcement was made that the publication would appear thereafter under the title of AMERICAN COUNTING ROOM. It is the intention, therefore, that this magazine continue that character of work to which the Book-keeper has been devoted. The initial number is printed on good paper with clean type, and altogether makes a good appearance. The supplement consists of an illustration of the New York Produce Exchange Building. Price, one year, $2.50, single copies 20 cents.

DIO LEWIS'S MONTHLY. (Dio Lewis, New York.) Contents: A Ride for Life; An Italian City; India; Insane Asylums; Out-of-Door Life for Girls; Herbert Spencer and Grumblers; Health for Women; A Reverie of Forgotten Girls; Prenatal Impressions; A Signal Triumph; Woman's Figure; The Pale and Melancholic Young Man; The "Good Old Times;" The Weight of Brains; Hygienic Department; A Confession and a Hope; Unbalanced Circulation; Rabies; Function of Sunshine; Publishers' Department; How to Cook Our Food; Book Reviews.

MASTERY. (The Mastery Co., New York.) This weekly magazine is devoted to Home Handicraft, Household Affairs, Nature Study, Experimental Science and other entertaining employments for young people.

In the issue of July 26th, is an offer to young people of fourteen cash prizes, amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars, for the best fourteen pen and ink sketches that may be submitted, illustrating any of the International Lessons of the current quarter. The object of this offer is to encourage among young people the study and practice of the useful art of free hand drawing with pen and ink.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: The Castle of Chillon; I Love Thee, Nature; Loyalty; Stories of Western Life; The Railway Junction; At Twilight; Timely Topics; Home and Society; Light Moods.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) This number fully maintains its usual high standard of excellence. Three foreign preachers, Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and Rev. Eugene Bersier, of Paris, are represented by sermons, while Drs. Tiffany, Wynn, Haynes, Hargis, Henry and Weaver represent different sections and denominations of this country. Best of all, Dr. R. S. Storrs' already famous Address at Union College Commencement, "Manliness in the Scholar," has been specially revised by him for the *Monthly*, and appears in this issue. Dr. Ormiston's scholarly "Commentary on the Epistle of James;" Dr. Howard Crosby's "Light on Important Texts;" Dr. Broadus' interesting "Critical Estimate of several Preachers;" Rev. D. C. Hughes' "Homiletic Studies in Hebrews;" Rev. A. McElroy Wylie's "Things New and Old;" and Rev. Lewis O. Thompson's "Prayer-Meeting Service," are all continued, and all profitable.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) Contents: The Rational Dress and Hygienic Exhibition; Water; Panics; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

LOST TIME.—Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility and fidelity; but time once lost is lost forever. The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness, and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, no effort can bring them back.

There was no night there at this season, any more than all the year through in heaven. Indeed we have seldom real, positive night in this world—so many provisions have been made against it. Every time we say, "What a lovely night!" we speak of a breach, a rift in the old night. There is light more or less, positive light, else were there no beauty. Many a night is but a low, starry day, a day with softened background against which the far off suns of millions of other days show themselves; when the near vision vanishes the farther hope awakes. It is nowhere said of heaven, there shall be no twilight there.—*McDonald.*

Paralytic strokes, heart disease and kidney affections, prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

If that thou thinkest be not amiss, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, it shall be better for thee. It may also fall out that each one's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when a reason or special cause requireth it, is a sign of pride and stiffness.

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," she might have reigned on many another bright May day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

To-day we are well, to-morrow sick; to-day in esteem, to-morrow in disgrace; to-day we have friends, to-morrow none; nay, we have wine and vinegar in the same cup. But there is none of this inconsistency in Heaven.—*R. Baxter.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor is safe, agreeable and beneficial. It is the most elegant, and its effects are very lasting, making it the most economical of toilet preparations. By its use ladies can keep their hair abundant and natural in color, lustre and texture.

What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, following feasts and plays.

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

I should like to adopt political doctrines that would live longer than my dog.—*Garfield.*

Myriads of pimples marking of tetter or freckles removed by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Solid fact.

Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what to expect.—*Bacon*

All nervous and blood diseases are invariably cured by the use of *Samaritan Nervine.*

"Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 11, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Change of Base.

The annual hegira has taken place. The city pastor has gone to the country—to fish; the country pastor comes to the city, in hopes of being engaged as a "supply"—to preach! Congregations are scattered and churches closed, perhaps because men do not need saving in hot weather, or else because it cannot be done. Orthodox camp meetings are, or soon will be, in full blast, in desperate efforts to keep church members from "falling from grace," and to create a demand for "lots"—carrying their religion into their business with an absorbing zeal, which has been in the past highly profitable. Why is it that one never hears of a Roman Catholic camp meeting, or an Episcopal? Is it because they are too unemotional?

Within a few years past, Spiritualists have caught the infection—if it can be called so—and nearly all spiritualistic effort has ceased in the cities. Meetings are stopped, speakers and mediums have departed, the industrious gatherers of "facts" must look elsewhere, the speculative philosophers can find no listeners. Spiritualism has changed its base. Its grand army is divided into camps of instruction. To these have flocked, or will gather, a host of genuine, honest mediums, and not a few false and fraudulent ones. "Camp-followers" are these last, needing watchfulness and restraint; great shouters are they for "liberty"—to cheat the public, prompt to cry out "proscription" or "persecution," if their nefarious games are interfered with.

> "No thief e'er felt the halter draw,
> With admiration of the law."

It is not easy to point just how these "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" can be regulated in camp meetings, but this at least can be done by individuals persistently staying away from all séances held by mediums known to be fraudulent, and giving all possible aid, countenance and recommendation to those known or believed to be genuine or above suspicion. It will not do to be indifferent in this matter, for to each Spiritualist camp meeting come thousands who are not Spiritualists, some for the sake of the trip, some out of curiosity, some because of the large opportunities for investigation these meetings afford. It is necessary that these visitors have *genuine* phenomena to study; that they be assured that, if there are frauds among our mediums every honest Spiritualist denounces or ignores them. If this be done in all the Spiritualist camp meetings, it will be found that honesty is the best policy; it will not pay to cheat. So shall the Spiritualists' change of base enable their grand army to win many victories for the truth, true facts proving true principles; false mediums with their pretended facts being relegated to the obscurity they sprang from, or held up before the world,

> "A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
> To point its slow, unmoving finger at."

Let Spiritualists be always conscientious. Don't laugh at discovery of fraud and then pay to have the trick repeated. As a matter of sacred duty, let all fraudulent mediums severely alone; test thoroughly as is possible for you, all manifestations produced in your presence; proclaim the true, denounce the false!

Thos. Harding says, after reading "Home Circles:" "The pamphlet is excellent; it has given me much information and pleasure; it is just the thing for educated people who place a wrong estimate on Spiritualism."

EDITORIAL NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Leaving Chicago on the evening of the 25th by the way of the Michigan Central, twenty-four hours in a palace car brought the editor and his wife to the City of Salt, sometimes known as Syracuse. Owing to the perfection to which the Michigan Central and connecting lines have brought the art of making travelers comfortable, the journey is made without fatigue or discomfort. At Syracuse we were cordially greeted by our old subscriber, Captain Austin, who, as proprietor of the Globe Hotel, is the presiding genius of the best hostlery in the city. His benevolence is only equaled by his intelligent, active interest in Spiritualism, and many date their happiness to a time when this genial host called their attention in a discreet way to spirit phenomena. We take the more pleasure in speaking of the Captain and his house, because having paid our bill like other folks, there can be no suspicion of advertising in this reference. Indeed, we have such a thorough contempt for "deadheads," that "pay as you go" has been our rule of conduct and we have found it the cheapest way in the long run.

In Syracuse we met several old acquaintances, and more new ones; among them Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Ryder and daughter. Here lives John W. Truesdell, who just now is being cursed by some Spiritualists, applauded by others, patted on the back by unreflecting "Christians," who fail to see that if his "Bottom Facts of Spiritualism," are truly the bottom facts, they strike a harder blow at Christianity than at Spiritualism. Mr. Truesdell stands well in social and business circles, but is regarded by Syracuse Spiritualists, even of the JOURNAL's way of thinking, as one who has done a stupendous amount of lying during his many years of mixing up with Spiritualism; and that though his book be the truth, he was not justified in his methods of obtaining it. This position, however natural, begs the question. Detectives often evolve the truth by sinuous methods repulsive to the average man, yet the truth is none the less valuable and useful to the world. Many of the JOURNAL's readers have heard of Joe Caffray and the wonderful phenomena manifested in his presence. Mr. S. J. Chesebrough volunteered to favor us with an exhibition of the diakka, whom he thinks have gained sway over his protegé. Mr. Chesebrough says Joe was his bootblack and errand boy when he kept a hotel, having taken him at ten years of age. Some dozen or more years since Mr. C. discovered Joe's medial powers and took great interest in developing them. His testimony of the young man's powers was corroborated by Captain Austin and others, all admitting, however, his trifling character and untrustworthiness. On the other hand Joe has of his own accord and with apparent sincerity gone to other intelligent Spiritualists in the city, warned them that all his "manifestations" were tricks and explained to the satisfaction of his listeners how they were done. At the time fixed we dropped into Dr. Chesebrough's office, expecting to meet Truesdell and Caffray. Neither were present, but momentarily expected. Soon Truesdell came in and from the twinkle in his eye we felt certain that Joe, well coached and ready for the séance, was not far off. Neither were we disappointed, for soon the door opened, and Joe with his hat artistically balanced on his left eyebrow, his eyes partly closed and with the air of a man who had just come from an interview with the spirit of N. E. R.—our Boston contemporary will recognize the initials—staggered in. "What yer wan o' me? Why'm I sen fur?" growled the "control" in a coarse maudlin voice. At this exhibition of the control of an "evil spirit," Chesebrough was in ecstasies, his eyes glistened with the satisfaction of victory as he exclaimed: "I haven't seen him for days as I told you, but I knew *they* would bring him." Joe shuffled to a chair and continued to delight Chesebrough by the evidences of control, but a critical observer, free from any bias, could not have failed to notice the twitch of Joe's weak mouth and the occasional furtive look of cunning shot toward Truesdell, and these signs were laid up as part of the record on which the merits of the exhibition were to be judged. "Chese," said Truesdell, "why don't you let Confucius cast out the spirit?" No sooner said than the tall spare form of Chesebrough bolted straight up to the height of six feet and with outstretched arm applied the fingers to Joe's temple. At the magic touch the "influence" departed and the real Joe tried hard to appear dazed. In his eyes there was a strong conflict between the spirits, Mirth and Deceit, as to which should manifest, sometimes one and again the other gained the mastery for a moment; finally they compromised, Mirth took position in a corner of the eye nearest Truesdell and frequently telegraphed to him, while Deceit gazed in a vacant way at Chesebrough. A quick convulsion and another of the diakka was in possession, who stood the medium on his feet and with loud imprecations and shocking profanity declared that Spiritualism was a fraud and Chesebrough the biggest fraud of all. Again Chesebrough, seemingly under control, by his magic touch routed the demon, and Joe was once more Joe. A third time the diabolic impersonation was enacted and this time the control told that he was about to set Joe up in the "exposing" business. Upon doubts being expressed, the medium's hand was thrust into his pocket and a written contract produced showing an agreement on the part of one W. S. Rice to play Joseph Caffray in "Exposure of Spiritualism," for thirty per cent. of the receipts, the other party taking seventy per cent. and footing the bills. What share of the thirty per cent. was to go to Joe the "control" failed to state. The "control" further said that Joe's kit was packed and the listeners could by going to his boarding place see a large box, marked "Grand Exposure of Spiritualism," containing the "paraphernalia" needed to make "suitable conditions." Upon coming to himself, Joe denied that he was about to go into the exposing business and declared he had applied for work in town and should begin on Monday. On the plea of "wanting to see a man" he started to leave, stopping at the door long enough to accommodate another of the diakka a moment and then shuffling along until out of view of Dr. Chesebrough, when his whole manner changed and he tripped lightly down stairs. Dr. Chesebrough now turned his attention to Truesdell, whom he insists is a great medium, endeavoring to get him under spirit control. After vainly striving for a while he rose with a determined look, placed his right hand on Truesdell's head, extended his left to heaven and silently invoked the spirits; but all to no purpose. Truesdell proved refractory and failed to do what Chesebrough said he had promised. "You might as well," said Truesdell, "stop this nonsense, this man (meaning the writer) can't be fooled by such chaff." Whereupon the mesmeric operator gave it up. Thus ended a sitting, which for ludicrousness we have seldom seen surpassed. Mr. Chesebrough is a striking specimen of the Yankee, his face and figure clearly show his Puritan origin. He is an enthusiastic and credulous observer; apparently his mind is wholly engrossed in the subject to the exclusion of worldly matters. An analysis of his character would show a curious conglomeration of contradictions. Space forbids, and we can only say that his face, figure, habits of mind, gestures and speech, all point unerringly to the fanatic; a man who is no doubt a kind neighbor, a good citizen, a loving husband and father, yet most dangerous to quote as an authority on spirit phenomena. Concerning the exhibition by Caffray, there was not the slightest evidence of spirit control, but strong indications that he was making it all, in keeping with a prearranged scheme. But as an "exposer" he will prove a dismal failure and ere long quite likely will once more be a suppliant for the bounty of Captain Austin, Mr. Chesebrough and other benevolent friends.

After the Caffray show we had no stomach for further investigations that day, and spent the afternoon riding about the city. At 9:30 o'clock in the evening we were once more rolling toward Lake Pleasant through a violent storm of wind and rain. While thus safely and swiftly speeding onward to the Spiritualist Mecca, another Chicagoan was rushing all unconsciously toward the Spirit-world. Thomas Hoyne, whose splendid physique and public services made him known by all his fellow-citizens, passed to spirit-life in the twinkling of an eye by the catastrophe on the ill-fated train in Northern New York. It is said, on good authority, that Mr. Hoyne had a strong premonition of danger and had decided not to take that route in consequence, but was over-persuaded and met his fate. Who dare say that his spirit friends were not impressing him with the coming danger, and had he but known more of spirit-influence, might have heeded the message? Instances by the hundred might be cited off-hand where such warnings have been heeded and danger averted.

At six o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the 28th ult., the express train rolled through the deep cut in front of the Camp, stopped at the station on the bank of Lake Pleasant to drop off the two Chicago visitors, and then speeded away in haste to pass beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument, and give its passengers a sight of Boston Common, Faneuil Hall and all the fine sights so abundant at the Hub. Rising the long stretch of steps, we found the forethought of Dr. Beals and his good wife had already made things comfortable for our coming, and while most of the campers were taking their last morning nap the JOURNAL's headquarters were quickly put in order.

More people, it is claimed, are in camp than ever before at the beginning of the season, and every thing bids fair for an unusually large attendance. The opening Sunday was a perfect day. President Beals opened the camp with an address of welcome, which was well received. Mr. Cephas B. Lynn had a good audience to listen to him as he set forth in eloquent and logical terms, the rational and philosophical side of Spiritualism. Those who only know Mr. Lynn from partaking of the dessert of intellectual "floating island," ice cream and taffy which he weekly concocts for the patrons of our harmonious Boston contemporary can have no conception of the vigorous common sense and sound logic usually pervading his platform efforts. He is a man of versatile genius, hence able to furnish sweetening for his paper and solid sense for his hearers. In the afternoon J. Clegg Wright, of England, gave a lecture under the purported control of spirit George Rushton. Although the lecture was fair it was not equal to his usual efforts and very far inferior to the one delivered through his mediumship on the following Thursday; the latter being pronounced a masterly lecture by those well qualified to judge. Mr. Wright contemplates a Western trip. He is commended in the highest terms as a speaker by Judge Dailey and other Brooklyn friends for whom he has been speaking the past few months. Societies desiring his services may address him in care of Hon. A. H. Dailey, 16 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Tuesday, July 31st, Judge Dailey spoke most acceptably. He said: That had any one foretold twenty years ago that he would on this day be advocating Spiritualism from the platform of a Spiritualist camp meeting in his native State, he would have scouted the thought, but here he was and he would not exchange his position in the movement for the grandest crown of royalty. Continuing, the Judge in reviewing the situation, said: What is to be the outcome? It rests in the hands of Spiritualists: if they do not make of it all they should it will be to their shame. The pioneers of Spiritualism ought to know and understand the duties of the hour. What do you propose to do? It is claimed and truly that there are millions of Spiritualists. What are those millions doing to make Spiritualism acceptable and respectable? It is a holy cause! The more holy the cause the greater the obligations of those who espouse it. There should be organization, and the speaker was happy to know that steps had already been taken and a National Organization formed.

On Sunday, the 5th, Judge Dailey is again to speak, and we shall have the speech reported, that our readers may enjoy it with us. On Wednesday, the 1st, Mrs. E. L. Paul, of Morrisville, Vermont, lectured acceptably. Mrs. Paul is said to be a favorite in her own State and is a very pleasant, sensible woman. On Friday, the 3rd, the popular and widely-known lecturer, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, gave a fine lecture. She dwelt forcibly upon the need of self-culture and a cultivated will. She claimed that Spiritualism should be investigated as a science and with all the conditions necessary; that no Spiritualist need fear the truth, for the facts of Spiritualism could not be undermined. Investigators should not demand too much of mediums, and the latter should withstand all undue demands. If the grade of mediumship is to be raised, it must be done by raising the grade of investigators. She said the assertion so often made that the more ignorant the medium the greater the power of the spirit, was erroneous, and urged upon all mediums the absolute necessity of higher culture, a purer and nobler, which would enlarge their powers of usefulness and bring them "*en rapport*" with the highest and best of supernal influences. On Saturday, the 4th, Mr. Austin E. Simmons is the regular speaker, but as this letter must go into the mail before the lecture we decline to draw on our imagination as to its merits, and will speak of him in our next.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord, whose popularity as a medium grows more universal each year, has established herself on the ground in her own cottage, and is obliged to turn away more than she can find seats for at every séance. Mr. Phillips, the medium for independent slate-writing, is on the ground and looking in much better health than last year. Critical investigators who have tested him, speak unhesitatingly of the positive and genuine character of the manifestations. Mrs. Clara Mayo-Steers, of California, has a cottage and good patronage. Mrs. H. W. Cushman, of Charlestown, a musical medium, has many friends, and is accounted a good medium by those who have known her for years. There are many other mediums on the ground, of whom the length of this letter prevents present mention.

As usual with all camps of the kind, fanatics and adventurers are to be found. The following copy of a hand bill freely circulated about the camp will show to what base uses Spiritualism may be prostituted:

"EXTRAORDINARY MATERIALIZATIONS AT THE——

"ANCIENT ROMAN EMPERORS, PAGAN PRIESTS AND PHILOSOPHERS FULLY MATERIALIZED.

"They emphatically indorsed the——PAMPHLET No. 5, as containing the truth that Christianity was originated by the Pagan priests of Rome.

"Josephus, the Jewish Historian denied that he ever wrote or even knew anything about such a person as

JESUS CHRIST.

"APOLLONIUS of Tyana, the Roman Emperors Vespasian and Galerius CÆSAR, Damis the biographer of APOLLONIUS, Licinius Maximus, Valerius and Fabricius Paternus, Pagan Priests of Rome, PUBLIUS AGRENTIUS, a Roman Augur, Hypatia, The Martyr victim of the Philosophic school at Alexandria, in Egypt, Josephus the Jewish Historian and Zoroaster the founder of the reformed Persian Religion, all testified by these Manifestations their knowledge of the TRUE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY."

Following the above exhibition of charlatanry, appended, apparently, to make the first plaster more binding, as it were, is annexed the vagary of a diseased brain, purporting to be a

MESSAGE FROM PROF. FARADAY:

"The appearance of this force in the field is the signal for the final struggle between truth and error. The Christian influence in mortal and spirit life has been, and is now bitterly hostile to the phenomenal evidence of spiritual life. Because of this obstacle to the spread of spiritual science our efforts to give knowledge to the world have often been thwarted and our work misunderstood by those who imagine their own attitude toward us or the cause, to be of great importance. The enlightened sages of antiquity have not been summoned in vain, and in the light of their wisdom the attempts of men to direct a movement inaugurated for humanity by the Mighty Hosts of Eternity, seem, and are, as futile as would be their efforts to regulate the laws governing the planet. It may seem to them that we are in need of mortal aid to perfect our work, but if so, we think ourselves competent to select without reference to their opinions, our instruments, as well as the subjects upon which we think the age needs enlightenment.

"Lake Pleasant Camp Ground, July 31, 1883."

Then follows the information that the wonderful book may be had at a certain place for fifty cents.

Well may one say with Burke: "Unluckily the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves," or with Zimmerman: "By fools knaves fatten." Yet let us remember for our comfort the sound advice of Dean Stanley when he wrote:

"We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff; on the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain."

We must apologize for the length of this letter and promise to be briefer in future if possible.

Lake Pleasant Items.

Major J. B. Young and family of Iowa, arrived on the 2nd, having come by the way of Neshaminy Falls and Onset camps.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin of Wisconsin, are settled here for the season.

Dr. J. K. Bailey and family are tented here, and the Doctor is healing. He is down for a lecture during the month.

Many regrets were uttered that George H. Geer's sickness prevented his filling his engagement.

M. C. W. Nash of New York, lent his genial face to make the opening more brilliant.

Anthony Higgins having gained wisdom from experience, is about to enter the lecture field once more. He has fine natural ability, is well educated and a superior speaker. Should he confine himself strictly to Spiritualism he would be well worthy of encouragement. Those who know him well tell us he has few equals and no superiors in intellectual and oratorical gifts among Spiritualist lecturers.

David Jones of the *Olive Branch*, with his family and friends are present as usual.

S. B. Nichols is on hand, and with the aid of numerous friends is successfully striving to keep quiet and get well.

Mr. Alanson Reed of Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago, is spending a few days in camp. Also Mrs. Clancy of Chicago, and her friend, Miss Delano of Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard of Mayville, N. Y., have been in camp several months.

The editor is surprised to find so large a representation of the JOURNAL's subscribers. They are here from fifteen States already, and more are coming.

Orthodox Encouragement.

The following letter is from one whose name is a household word in America and Europe, a representative of an intelligent host looking to Spiritualism, hopefully and patiently, expecting in time to see its phenomena accepted by the scientific world as of spirit origin. The writer evidently had not learned that the commission appointed to spend Mr. Seybert's money had been chosen with a view to defeat the object for which it was given. The animus which instigated a packed jury to expend the legacy, is the same that renders it impossible for the writer of this letter to openly avow sympathy with Spiritualism, lest it impair the influence so potent and necessary in a great work. It lies wholly in the hands of Spiritualists to place Spiritualism where it will *compel* the respect of the dogmatic fossils who control orthodox sentiment:

Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal:—

I have read in the Associated Press dispatches of Henry Seybert's bequest of fifty thousand dollars, for the scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and its acceptance by the University of Pennsylvania. It seems to me this marks an epoch in the movement, and I wish to congratulate you as the ablest, most vigilant and clear-headed exponent and specialist I know.

I am confident that if the whole study can be conducted on the plane of *science*—if your paper will put and keep it just *there*, you will find the largest and most intelligent interest not only existing—for that is undoubted—but freely *avowed* by the churches generally.

Yours for light, AN "ORTHODOX."

Walla Walla, Washington Ter., July 16th.

The second annual meeting of the Queen City Park Association at South Burlington, Vermont, as has been previously stated, begins on the 13th and continues until September 15th. Those who have attended the other camps should, if possible, spend a few days at this lovely place on the shores of Lake Champlain. Elaborate arrangements have been made to take care of visitors, and insure them every comfort and facility. A superior list of speakers and mediums is offered. A circular containing full information as to transportation, board, etc., may be had by addressing the secretary, O. G. Bugbee, East Barnard, Vermont, or, the President, Dr. E. A. Smith, Brandon, Vermont.

D. F. Trefry writes: "Last Sunday the Spiritual Light Seekers held a very interesting meeting at Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake St. It was conducted by Mrs. S. F. De Wolf. Soul-stirring music by the choir, good speaking, recital of spirit manifestations by Mr. Truesdell, interesting experiences by Mrs. Dr. Stockham and a soul-stirring address 'What shall the Harvest be?' by Judge Holbrook, and remarks by others, held the meeting two hours and twenty minutes in a perfectly harmonious condition. There is a medium in our choir who is being developed to see and give spirit names to friends in the audience."

The new spiritual camp-ground at Verona, Me., is situated in a beautiful grove on the east bank of the Penobscot River, one mile below Bucksport. Cottages, a pavilion, and other conveniences for public accommodation are being provided. The meeting will commence Wednesday, Aug. 15th, and close Tuesday, Aug. 22d.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.

To R. S. Montgomery: We know nothing of the person to whom you refer.

W. Harry Powell has been at Muncie, Ind. Geo. R. Anderson writes that he "met with great success."

Healing and inspirational messages are given by Miss S. A. Ramsdell, No. 388 South Oakley Avenue.

Mrs. A. P. Brown has been lecturing in West Hampden, Me., for the past four weeks, and is engaged for the next four Sabbaths.

Mrs. George A. Reisner, while insane from religious excitement, committed suicide Aug. 2nd, at Indianapolis, Ind., by throwing herself from a second-story window.

Susie M. Johnson has returned to Minneapolis, Minn., where she is permanently engaged to lecture, and where she has been doing a most excellent work.

J. W. Kenyon of Jackson, Mich., gave us a call last week on his way to the camp meeting at Clinton, Iowa. He has done an excellent work for Spiritualism in various parts of Michigan.

A Jew who was recently summoned to sit on a coroner's jury in London, excused himself on the ground that, being a descendant of the high priest, he was exempt from seeing a body. The coroner ruled that the Levitical law was not binding in his court and fined the Jew forty shillings.

The *China Mail* warns the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in the Celestial Empire to beware of seven converts recently obtained. The *Mail* wickedly suggests that the communion plate may disappear up the ample sleeves of the 'verts unless the deacons are watchful. The *Mail* has no confidence in the Celestial human nature.

Capt. H. H. Brown addressed grove meetings at Norwich, N. Y., July 15th and 22nd. He spoke at Shultzville, July 29th; at Clinton Hollow, July 29th and 31st; at Lake Pleasant camp, Aug. 5th and 8th. He will be at the Onset Bay, Mass., camp, Aug. 12th. His address after that date till the 23rd, is Neshaminy Camp, Oakford, Bucks Co., Pa.

During last year, at Philadelphia, the agent of the Woman's Branch of the City of Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals caused to be destroyed no less than 7,151 cats. They were not shot out of a catapault against a cat-er-wall, but were gently asphyxiated with charcoal gas. Between 200 and 300 a week are thus disposed of during the warm season.

The world came near losing its smallest man the other day. His name is General Pin. He is two years old and weighs five pounds, being the smallest child ever born. His mother is slightly demented and endeavored to commit suicide by jumping into the river with the midget in her arms. The husband and father rescued them.

Col. Ingersoll refuses to deny that there is a God. He only says there cannot be such a thing as the orthodox describes, and is "combating the idea that there is a harsh, bloodthirsty and revengeful deity, who delighted in the pains of the inquisition and derives genuine enjoyment from the tortures of the wicked in the lake of fire known as hell."

J. Anson Shepard, an old resident of Waukegan, Ill., passed to spirit life July 31st, from that place. For several years he had suffered from paralysis, so that his death was not wholly unexpected. He leaves a widow, formerly Mrs. Ophelia T. Samuels, the spiritual lecturer. The funeral services were held at Whittier Grange Hall, at 1 P. M., August 1st; the cortege leaving Waukegan at 11 A. M.

One who was present on the occasion writes: "We were one of those who gathered at the residence of Mrs. Bromwell, 435 W. Madison St., on Thursday evening last to honor the lady, whose birth-day it was. The floral offerings were many and beautiful, and as the perfume wafted its fragrance through the rooms, so our hearts went out in love to the sweet hostess on this occasion. May she have many returns of the day."

At the Orion Camp Meeting of the Michigan Association of Spiritualists the forenoons of August 15th and 16th will be devoted to the consideration of the Michigan Medical Law, with a view of agreeing upon a united plan of action for the protection of healing mediums and clairvoyant physicians. It is hoped that these will be well represented. An interesting time is anticipated at this forthcoming camp meeting.

An example of hard-headedness remarkable even for a negro was exhibited in Philadelphia lately by James A. Jones, who, in the course of an altercation in a drinking saloon, was shot three times in the forehead. Jones was surprised, so much surprised, indeed, as straightway to fall down; and afterwards, when his wounds had been dressed at the hospital, he even went so far as to admit that he felt the bullets in his head. But he didn't mind a little thing like that, and insisted on leaving the hospital. Finally he made so much fuss and noise that he was taken to the police station and locked up.

The Indian Witness sets forth that there is some agitation in Mohammedan circles in Calcutta just now, growing out of a report published in the *Amir ul Akhbar* to the effect that Mohammed had appeared to the guardian of his tomb at Mecca and announced that from the date of the commencement of the next Moharrum, which will complete the fourteenth century since the Hijra, the sun will begin to rise in the west, confusion will break out in the world, many people will die, a great cyclone will deluge the land, the printing in every Koran will be effaced, and the final end of all things be ushered in.

The *Inter-Ocean* says: "At a recent session of the Concord School of Philosophy, one of the pupils inquired if 'the consciousness of the ego was identical with the acute absorption of the actuality,' and the professor answered that he thought it was. This is very much to be regretted. If the consciousness of the ego should somehow or another get mixed up with the actuality of the acute absorption, or the identical should come in contact with the consciousness of the actuality so as to render the absorption of the identical indistinct and incomprehensible from the acuteness of the ego, there might be a fuss kicked up about it. One cannot be too clear as to these important points."

Theodore Thomas's Summer Night Promenade Concerts at the Exposition Building, foot of Adams St., are still drawing large houses and the audiences attending appreciate the classic and popular music rendered by the grandest orchestra. The "Composers'" as well as "Request" and "Popular" nights are hailed with delight and it is safe to say that after attending a performance one will want to have a repetition. Mr. Thomas has done much to cultivate the musical taste of Chicago and it is to be hoped he will come again next year. We regret to announce this is the last week and the programmes offered are varied and popular and no doubt will draw crowded houses.

Dr. Adam Miller, whose address appears on the first page of this issue of the JOURNAL, for a long time occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church. Though preaching or lecturing occasionally now before Methodist bodies, he is a confirmed Spiritualist. As a physician, he has an extensive practice, and all who know him hold him in high esteem.

A Venetian gondolier makes on an average four francs (about eighty cents) a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear a family, and put some money by.

Business Notices.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

[illegible]

Medium's Medical Association of the State of Michigan.

[illegible]

Spiritual Meeting at Omro, Wis.

[illegible]

Fifth Annual Camp-Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists.

[illegible]

Flint, June 20, 1883.

An Explanation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I perceive that the "Address" prepared for publication in a tract form appears, according to arrangement, in yesterday's JOURNAL. This, I trust, is all well, only I do not quite like that it should have been headed, "By the President." It was prepared by me, upon consultation with, and according to the wishes of, the Board of Trustees, and proof sheets of it sent to them all. Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. E. D. Smith, of Indianapolis, responded with their hearty approval, and I hope to receive that of more or all the Trustees, who are widely scattered, and some of them absent. The Address is the property of the Association, and under the circumstances it was thought best to allow it to be issued in your widespread JOURNAL preparatory to its issue along with other matter in a tract form; and it is proper that it be considered as an official paper issued by the American Spiritualist Association, not by the President in an individual capacity as the heading might imply. And it is also desirable that it be considered as still open to amendment and improvement, and that all earnest Spiritualists will consider themselves at liberty to write their suggestions or criticisms to the President or other members of the Board.

Permit me to observe, that this effort at association seems thus far to be opening up brighter and stronger every day, and is likely to meet with the approbation and co-operation of the best minds in our ranks. It will need but earnest, honest and persistent work to make it in time a grand success.

One of the very first steps to be taken is to perfect the organization as a legal body, that all liberal persons, interested in its effective growth, can feel assured that funds contributed by them, will be in safe and reliable hands, sure to be devoted upon wise and business principles, to the advancement of the legitimate interests and success of the Association.

J. G. JACKSON.

Hockessin, Del., July 29, 1883.

Spiritual Meeting in Ohio.

[illegible]

The Connecticut Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association.

[illegible]

Camp Meeting at Island Park, Orion, Mich.

[illegible]

The Nemoka Spiritualists' Camp Meeting.

[illegible]

People's Camp Meeting at Cassadaga Lake Chautauqua County, N. Y., Beginning July 29th, and Closing August 26th, 1883.

[illegible]

Mediums Meeting, Chicago.

[illegible]

Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Baby's Tomb.

In Westminster Abbey there is a cradle tomb over the burial place of the infant Princess Sophia, a daughter of James I. The following poem by Susan Coolidge is printed on a card which hangs in the window near the tomb:

A little rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble primly spread
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,
With royal blazouries bedight,
Hangs as by tender fingers set
And straightened for a last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen as if to bless
The quiet sleep, some grieving one
Had leaned and left a soft impress.

It seems not more than yesterday,
Since the sad mother down the stair,
And down the long aisle stole away,
And left her darling sleeping there.

But dust upon the cradle lies,
And those who prized the baby so,
And laid her down to rest with sighs,
Are turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful, pillowed head
Three centuries brood and strangers peep
And wonder at the carven head,
But not unwept the baby's sleep;

For wistful-mother eyes are blurred
With sudden mists as lingerers stay,
And the old dusts are roused and stirred
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

Soft, furtive hands caress the stone,
And hearts o'erleaping place and age
Melt into memories and own
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies,
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain—

Of common share in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom;
Of Love which flowing round its cross
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

Spiritualism in the Pulpit.

Dr. Laird Collier, Minister at Newhall Hill Church, Birmingham, is now delivering a series of sermons on "The Occult World." The following is an abstract of one delivered on Sunday morning, June 24, entitled, "Second Sight and Modern Miracles:"

Spiritual signs are as much historic and authenticated facts as the reign of Cæsar and the career of Bonaparte. They can be no more blotted out of the pages of history than the reign of kings and queens. To-day the subject is an absorbing matter of inquiry. Scientific investigation has done much godly work for this past half century, and scientific seekers should be hailed as honest workers for God. Religion should widen its views, and openly admit the rational philosophy of science.

He claimed that Jesus used the term "faith" to signify confidence, sympathy, and spiritual relationship; that he was a "spiritual medium and soul seer," and lived in the soul world. Paul made the occult sight the text of his epistles, when he said—"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." To him, also, faith was the eye of the spirit, giving evidence of the substance of things not seen (by the physical eye). Faith is not trust and conjecture—it was never made blind belief until the time of Calvin—it meant the sight of the soul in contradistinction to the sight of the senses. A miracle is not a suspension of law, but the action of an unknown law over a known law. It is an effect produced by an adequate cause; the reverse is inconceivable. Take it outside the domain of law, and it is jugglery and imposition. Jesus promised his followers the power to do greater works than he did. Christianity, then, should be the growth of the spiritual over the material—the subordination of physical life to the higher spiritual life.

Many of the leaders of scientific thought recognize the intimate alliance of the physical with the spiritual world, and all are working in their chosen path; they are on the borders of the great and immeasurable subject—the method of divine action, the doctrine of God.

Religion has ever gone hand in hand with superstition, divination and jugglery. The world is full of it to-day, and many are making gain out of these things. But am I to blot out the whole of the spiritual universe and its phenomena, because of certain mediums? I accept the mischief of the deception, as in court it is evidence of its reality. It is a curious fact in history, that the class of minds that accept the old miracles, reject the new. Did Moses see the burning bush? Yes. Did angels appear to men? Yes. Did Jesus and others heal the sick and give sight to the blind? Yes. Well, if such occurred then, they occur now; if they do not occur now, they did not occur then. The laws that govern all phenomena are the same to eternity. These gifts are nothing new; they have been known to the Indians for hundreds of years. This second sight is given to man to elevate and dignify his life on earth. The glory of the stars and suns, and revolving worlds, and the beautiful order of nature is inconceivably grand to the material eye, as you swing the telescope across the vast domain of worlds. Think of the glory of your relation to them? Then add to that sight the sight of the soul, with its relation to the spiritual worlds—this is clairvoyance.

This morning Dr. Laird Collier delivered a sermon on "Transcendentalism," which I hope will soon find its way into print. He showed that just as materialism became bold and outspoken, it was checked and superseded by a grander philosophy, that embraced the soul world. On Sunday next he will continue the subject of "The Occult World."—A. J. SMITH, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

"Bottom Facts."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The egotism of the man who has in so short a time got at "The Bottom Facts of Spiritualism," would be refreshing, if it were not ridiculous. Why, if each fact of Spiritualism was only the size of a grain of sand, the shores of all the oceans could not find a lodging place for them, and hardly less than Infinity is needed to enable one to get at the "bottom" of them.

I shall be much interested in the result of the slate writing test you propose to Mr. Truesdell. If he has about him any of the quality commonly called "sand," he cannot afford to ignore so clear, simple and profitable an offer. If he can by trick produce a written message on the inside surfaces of two slates held by another, or with no one touching or (visibly) nearer than six feet of them, signed by the name of a deceased person unknown to Mr. T., but known to the sitter, without a pencil or other marking substance between the slates (as was done in broad daylight for the writer at a sitting with A. H. Phillips, and which has been done for hundreds of others in Mr. Phillips's presence), he should in the interest of truth undeceive those alleged misled people who think the messages are written, as they claim to be, by the person whose signature is attached, and in the interest of science to demonstrate by what means a person can produce such wonderful physical effects under such conditions.

If he has made such a discovery, I know you will be only too glad to disseminate the new light so given, letting what is error fall, and holding on to what is true and wholesome. Your friend Savage is evidently in deeper water than he is accustomed to swimming in; has no theological buoy to help him. If he is strong enough, and does not lose his balance he will come out all right, if he does go down once or twice.

D. KIMBALL.

Brainerd, Minn.

Burr Witchel writes: On one occasion when a boy I went to sleep with my face towards the wall; suddenly I felt a hand on my cheek. Judge of my surprise when I looked around and saw my sister, who had passed to spirit life, standing by my bedside. I did not know what to do. I was wide awake and saw her as plainly as I ever did while she was living. I watched her for a while and then she suddenly vanished. After that night, my sister often came and stood by my bedside.

Tests Without a Medium.

BY THOS. HARDING.

Those tests of the truth of modern Spiritualism which are received at home when no professing medium is present, are always more satisfactory than those which are received at public séances or through "professional Spiritualists." One feels a degree of safety in accepting what comes unsought and unexpected directly to one's self in the quiet of his own home, which he seldom has in that which comes from abroad. Phenomena, even of the most startling character, which transpires in a strange house and in the presence of strangers, does not, nor cannot, leave such an abiding conviction as shall not be disturbed by after thought, however truthful they may be or unanswerable they may appear at the time, while that which comes unbidden—perhaps in the quiet of our own chamber, deepens and intensifies the more we reflect upon it.

I have never had a test from a professional medium, I never received any slate writing, never saw a "materialization" except what I have seen at home and alone, if that may be called by the name; I never saw spirit flowers or spirit hands, nor any of those remarkable things one reads so much about. My tests were all got at home; they came unexpectedly, and forced conviction upon me, there being no medium present to complicate the affair. Tens of thousands of the most sincere believers in this and other countries can testify to similar facts; over and over again I have been told of very remarkable occurrences which transpired in private homes, bringing conviction of the leading truth of Spiritualism, although the parties themselves did not know they had become Spiritualists in reality, and affected to smile derisively at the name. I regret that I had not taken notes of some of these experiences, and sent them to the JOURNAL with names, dates, etc., but as I do not think the time of either the writer or reader could be more pleasingly occupied, I shall try to do better in the future.

A Mrs. Huldah Lanning, who lives on her farm a few miles east of White Pigeon, Mich., gave me the following chapter of her home experience to-day; I shall give it as nearly as possible in her own words:

"William Besmer of Ann Arbor and I were old friends; we had agreed that whichever of us died first should (if it was pleasing to God) come back and convince the other. He died about four years ago, and I think he was about one year dead when, one night just after I lay down, he appeared right at the foot of the bedstead. He looked as natural as I ever saw him; he was only visible from the waist up. He wore the clothes I was accustomed to seeing him in, and in every particular he was as perfect to my sight as I ever saw him. Of course I was startled (although I was not a bit frightened), and I cried out, 'Oh, William Besmer!' then he smiled and seemed quite pleased, and faded away before my eyes."

She also told me of her having seen Aunt Jennette Hawley, the mother of ex-sheriff Hawley, who is son-in-law of Dr. D. Hurlburt of Kokomo, Ind. I shall give it as before in her own words as nearly as I can.

"Aunt Jennette was a Methodist, but she believed that she would remain in the grave until the day of resurrection. I told her once that if I died first I would come back to her (with God's permission), and then she would know better; she told me not to attempt to do so, as she would be frightened. Mrs. Hawley died about two years ago, and one night she appeared from the waist up, just as perfect and natural as I ever saw her. As in the case of William Besmer, I was surprised, exclaiming, 'Oh! Aunt Jennette!' As soon as I recognized her she passed away. Now these two cases of seeing people after they died, were as plain to me as you are at this moment," she said; and from her manner I judge she regarded the matter in a very solemn and serious light, exciting to reverence and worship.

She told me of one more little circumstance worth recording. Her little grandson owned a small tin pail, which was exhibited to me; it is a miniature tin water pail—it would hold a pint or quart perhaps; it has a swinging wire handle. The little fellow during his last illness would not drink out of anything but the pail; it was a favorite plaything with him. When he had been some months, perhaps nearly a year "dead," Mrs. Lanning took that little pail and picking some beans, placed them in it. The pail of beans was swinging or hanging by the handle to her hand, when it seemed to be suddenly clutched by some invisible hand and turned up; the bottom edge pressed hardly against her wrist, and it was held in that position until every bean in it rolled out upon the ground, when it again assumed its former and natural position. From that moment the little pail became a sacred thing, and was shown me as a highly prized treasure, not to be used for ordinary purposes.

Sturgis, Mich.

"Opiates"

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of July 7th, Thos. Harding asks, and then attempts to answer the question, "Do opiates affect the spirit injuriously?" His two column article amounts to nothing more than an encomium on morphine, "the deadening drug," as a reliever of pain. I do not think it right to let such an article pass without criticism, because the use of opiates is abused to a great extent by the dominant portion of the medical profession. I know of no evidence tending to prove that opiates or other substances taken into the physical organism, affect the spirit, only as they derange the body so as to prevent the spirit making a natural or healthy use of it. This derangement may be so great, as to compel the spirit to vacate it, an event which Mr. Harding to a certain extent endorses, by arguing that such evacuation or death "is no great calamity after all, and that under some circumstances, doctors or somebody else should be commissioned to assist the exit of the spirit by giving overdoses of opiates," etc. Now, to my mind, that all sounds very foolish. When the forces of life are in equilibrium, the body is in a state of perfect health, and knows no pain. The opposite condition is disease. The pains are the result of, and the penalties for, violated law. In fact, they are benign warnings of danger to the physical body—demands for an abatement of the unnatural influences that produce disease, and call for aid to restore the forces of nature to a healthy equilibrium. To the intelligent physician and healer, every pain is an intelligent voice, indicating the remedy that will aid nature to restore a healthy action.

Opiates rarely cure; they are only expected to palliate, and while they are doing so, they remove the indices by which the physician prescribes, and he is left to grope in the dark. Worse than all, any drug powerful enough to summarily suppress pain and deaden the body, produces pathological changes in the nerve tissue so deadened, and unfits it for all future healthy action in proportion to the over-dose or abuse of the drug; thus new diseases are created, pains are multiplied a hundred or a thousand fold, nature is insulted and trampled upon until the poor sufferer sees nothing better than death, and is usually the person the mistaken philanthropists would hurry to spirit life.

The use of opiates, in the sense of being "deadening drugs," constitutes the worst kind of quackery. In a long experience as a practitioner of medicine and healer of diseases, I have never seen a case that could not be more safely and speedily relieved otherwise. Magnetic passes cure as well as soothe the aching tissues. Willfully ignorant or lazy doctors find it easier to silence the crying nerves by an overdose of morphine, than to find and administer Nature's remedy, which always most promptly relieves, if it does not entirely cure. Laymen, seeing the unvarying prescription, think to save the doctor's fee by buying and taking the drug themselves. Thus it is quite fashionable for people who could not mend a broken cart wheel or darn a stocking, to indiscriminately prescribe morphine, quinine, etc., through the whole nasty, nauseating list, without the remotest idea of what effect the drugs will have on the disease, or how they affect the healthy system. By indiscriminate dosing with opiates, opium and whisky drunkards are made by thousands, all clearly chargeable to "learned" quackery in medicine. In conclusion, it is obvious that the old "saw," "It is better for the shoemaker to stick to his last," is good advice for amateur doctors, as well as cripples.

Sherman, Texas. DR. D. B. MORROW.

P. Heltrich writes: Can any of your able writers tell why Hudson Tuttle and A. J. Davis differ so widely in the location of the "Summer Land?"

We agree before God and each other, that the freely expressed will of the majority shall be the law of all, which we will all obey.—*Declaration of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

WOMANLY WISDOM.

An American Lady Discovers a Secret Which She Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

(New York World.)

Several year ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true Miss Granger that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the eastern and western states."

"Are you confident your health will permitt such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in what ever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theater in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

A Voice from the South.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I hope it may not be out of place for one away down South, and in a great measure isolated and shut out from the benefits and pleasure of a present active working Spiritualism, to express my sanction of the great work of organization—national organization. As in the civil government, the national supremacy and national authority is indispensable in securing permanency of government, the uniformity of laws and the equal rights of all, and thus commanding the respect, and making its power felt for good among men and nations, so with our glorious cause; as a great harmonious philosophy and religion designed for the present and future happiness of mankind, and destined in the near future to be the light of the world, it should have a national government; this will secure a degree of uniformity and concert of action, in the dissemination of spiritual truths and the organization of Spiritualists and societies everywhere. And this vast work in the missionary fields of the South and West will be entered upon by authority through duly accredited agents, lecturers and mediums appointed for the work, and these being sustained in whole or in part out of a fund raised for the purpose, we may hope for progress by stopping the cry of frauds, humbug, etc., and showing the people its harmony and the practical excellence of its teachings.

I spoke of the South as a missionary field; indeed, it is missionary ground in which there is very little hope for Spiritualism to make headway without organized, systematic work. Oh! how I long to see that day in my own native land. I can not stop without expressing my appreciation of the JOURNAL. I would not be without it for ten times its cost. I begin along toward the end of the week to think and look for it to feast upon on Sunday.

Columbus, Ga. E. G. RAIFORD.

Nathan Anderson of Greenville, Texas, writes: The spiritual philosophy is gaining strength in our country, and if we could have some good mediums and lecturers to visit our N. E. Texas District, they could do a good work. The field is ripe for a harvest. I love the cause of Spiritualism because it demonstrates to all who will honestly investigate, that man never dies. I love the JOURNAL because its motto is truth. There is quite an element here that would like to read it, but public sentiment has been a little too strong for them. I hope the time is fast approaching when manhood will rise above superstition and assert its independence. I think the JOURNAL is doing a grand and noble work, and I feel that the Spirit-world will stand by you.

Letter from Oregon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Believing that the readers of the JOURNAL would like to know how the liberal element is working in this far off Northwest, I write to let them know. I am residing in that part of Oregon known as Walla Walla Valley, seven miles from the city of Walla Walla, W. T. Walla Walla River and its tributaries run through the valley, which is being settled up very fast. The old Hudson Bay Fur Company had its headquarters about ten miles from here; the locality is now known as the Hudson Bay Ranche. Many of the trappers of that time settled in this valley and married clutchmen (squaws.) They were mostly French. At that time there were no white women in the country; this was about forty years ago. The trappers settled in the lower end of the valley; the place is known as the French settlement. After the war, emigration began to come here from the States, and now it is thickly settled with thrifty eastern farmers. The city of Walla Walla has about 5,000 inhabitants. There are also many small villages within a day's drive of the city.

The religion of this country is mixed. There are eight large churches in Walla Walla; Catholics predominate. A cathedral was built there last summer, costing $40,000. There are Mormons and Seventh Day Adventists, yet there is also a large liberal element. Not much had been done for the cause until about three years ago, when a Liberal League was formed with only fifteen members. This was in the school district in which I am now living (seven miles from Walla Walla). It was the first effort of the kind, and it was not very strange that it should play out, which it did; yet the cause never died. During the past three years two liberal speakers, Dean Clark and J. L. York, have been with us; both set the people to thinking, thus helping the cause. Last spring a call was made to the liberals to meet at my house. An organization was effected called "The Religio-Scientific Society," with a platform so broad that all could join, Spiritualist, Materialist and liberal Christian. G. D. Sutton was elected President, and Miss Myra Ballou, Vice President. A full set of officers was elected. The society now numbers 50 members. A lyceum has been started for children. It is the determination of the society to establish a first-class library. We have decided to build a new hall. We have raised about $400 for that purpose, and incorporated the society. Two acres of land have been given us. Our influence is being felt. Many are coming to see what we are doing, and good reports have gone out about us. We would like to correspond with speakers and mediums who desire to come here.

HENRY H. NICHOLS.

Secretary R. S. Society, Milton, Umatilla Co., Oregon.

The Horseshoe and Shears.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have recently read the "strange cure," in your issue of June 23rd (p. 6). I have long known that the human breath has strong magnetic qualities, and have often applied it on myself and on others with good effect. I recollect to have heard long since, of whooping cough being relieved by placing the children so as to inhale the breath of a horse, as he was puffing, after hard driving. But I take my pen to relate an incident in my own experience in quite another branch of occult forces, that may be of benefit to others. You know it is called "good luck" to find a horseshoe. Crossing a car-track, last July, (a year since) I picked up a large bright horseshoe, with the thought that I might have "good luck" as well as any body else. It set me to thinking. In my younger days I heard it said, to nail a horseshoe over the door would "keep the witches off." Again it was said, that persons subject to epileptic fits (I think it was) would avoid them by placing a pair of shears under their pillow. I mentioned my "good luck," and the thoughts it led me to, to a lady friend, when she remarked, that in her younger life she was so subject to nightmare she dared not sleep alone. She was told, if she would put her scissor's under her pillow she would escape it. She followed the suggestion, and never had the nightmare when they were there. Now I have been a long, long time in bad sleeping habits. After taking my bed, I would lie awake an hour, then, after a nap of an hour or more, I would wake, and hear the clock strike twelve, one, two, three, before I would sleep again. Now, why may not the horseshoe change this habit? I placed it under my pillow, and from that time, though I might wake often, it was very rare that I heard the clock strike more than once during the night. After a month or so, I laid the shoe aside, and found my habit of sleep entirely changed. But if I find myself getting fidgety and restless, I appeal again to my friendly horseshoe, and always with success. Such has been my experience for a year.

To a lady friend, who complained of sleepless nights, I recommended the shears or horseshoe. Meeting her three days afterward, I asked her about the horseshoe. Said she, "I have had three good nights' sleep!" To an elderly lady in poor health, who was troubled with nightmare, I suggested the shears. Meeting her two weeks later, she poured blessings upon me for the benefit she had derived from the suggestion. Nature has not yet divulged to us all her secrets.

JULIUS A. WILLARD.

327 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Dream that was Fulfilled.

A lady writing from a town in Illinois, after narrating the sad story of her bereavement of her only son, a young man of unusual promise, speaks of a dream of one of his friends, which is in evidence of the power of departed spirits to influence the minds of mortals. One such fact may not be accepted as of much weight, but how dispose of the vast accumulations all bearing in one direction? She says:

"A year ago a young artist friend of my son left here, his home, to try his fortune in the world. Just after my son died, this gentlemen's friends wrote to him of his death; upon the receipt of the same, he wrote to me expressing great sympathy. He was then in New York City. He returned home a few days ago, and called to see me. He told me he knew Charlie was dead before he received the letter announcing the fact. He said:

"I had gone to bed. I then heard a humming, like a voice singing. I knew it was not a buzzing in my head, for it seemed faint and far off when I first heard it; it came closer and louder—seemed at one ear and then to pass over my face and be on the other side; then up above my head. Then the bolt of the press door near the head of my bed, which had a lock but no key in it, commenced turning back and forth; I got up and went to the door, then it would stop, but when I returned to my bed it commenced again moving back and forth. I got up several times, and every time I went to the door, the bolt would stop turning and just so soon as I got in bed, it would commence again. Then I thought that I would go to sleep and pay no attention to it. I did so, and I dreamed that Charlie was dead. I saw the coffin and six of his dearest friends carrying him to the grave. I awoke and was so impressed by the dream that I made up my mind Charlie was dead."

"His dream was true. This young friend received a letter containing Charlie's death in about three days after this happened to him. Had I not known this young man since a little boy, and know that he is truthful I should not have thought his statement true. He regards his word as the apple of his eye."

Not True.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the issue of your paper of July 28th, a friend calls my attention to this paragraph from the *Liberal*, New South Wales, Australia, (and on the same day received my copy of the *Liberal* containing it).

The *Liberal* says: "W. F. Jamieson was at one time one of the best spiritualistic lecturers in America. For some reason or other he turned round on it, and for a long time he was one of its determined opponents. He now seems to be returning to his old love. In his paper, the *Iconoclast*, he gives a long account of a sitting with C. F. Pidgeon, and vouches for the accuracy of the statements made. Among other new manifestations is one of writing obtained on a slate covered by a newspaper, and without any pencil."

Permit me to correct that report. The first part indicates the manner in which my old friends, the Spiritualists, spoke of me when I was one of their number; but never since I became a "cold materialist."

I never, to my knowledge, saw C. F. Pidgeon; so, of course, never had a sitting with him. Never gave such testimony about him nor any other medium. I am less inclined toward Spiritualism, and more firm in materialism as the years go by.

Lake City, Minn. W. F. JAMIESON.

Loraine L. Smith in renewing for the JOURNAL writes: For many years I have read every sentence in the JOURNAL before laying it away, and then wait for the next issue to come. I have cut out and carefully saved all of Mr. Coleman's articles. When I give away a copy I also cut out Mrs. Poole's column, as I consider it a valuable collection of statements, highly commendatory to our sex. I think those who have the privilege of camp meetings must be learning much. I am shut out from every spiritualistic advantage, but reading the good old JOURNAL and this I shall have as long as I can.

Abdicated.

So I step down and you step up;
Why not—why not?
I drained the draught, flung down the cup;
And you have got
The little place I once called mine,
And you will quaff
The wine I quaffed and call it fine—
It makes me laugh.
You'll get so weary of the thing
Before you're through,
The shows, the lies, the paltering
Of all the crew.
I wonder if somewhere beyond
This earthly track,
When we have slipped the fleshly bond,
We shan't look back
With just this kind of glad relief,
And laugh to find
That we have left the grind and grief
So far behind?

—*Nora Perry in the Manhattan.*

Three Wishes. A rather odd circumstance happened recently. Mrs. A. and her daughter of Pynchon Street, called upon her relative, Mrs. B., of Central Street to spend the day and evening. On their way thither they remarked how pleasant it would be if Mrs. B.'s daughter, Mrs. C., of Hartford, could only be there too. This remark was repeated to Mrs. B. upon their arrival at her house, and she said that she thought of the same thing. Then one of the three recalled the old proverb that the combined wishes of three women can bring any person from any place, and the reply was made that if wishing would accomplish anything Mrs. C. would surely come. Mrs. B. prepared a strawberry shortcake for tea, saying that her Hartford daughter, Mrs. C., was fond of it, and that she was going to lay a plate for her at the table just as though she was there. As they were sitting down to tea the door-bell rang, and in came the much-wished-for Mrs. C., greatly to their surprise. When asked how she happened to come, she replied that she had no idea of coming till that day and that she decided to do so because she had been "tormented with the impression that somebody wanted to see her." So, acting wholly on impulse, she started off as she was, without stopping to "prink" and took the cars. She is not accustomed to come to Springfield often, not having been here before for about a year, a fact which makes the circumstance all the stranger. It would certainly seem as though by means of some occult mental telegraphy the wish so fervently felt and expressed in Springfield reached and impressed itself upon the woman's mind in Hartford.—*Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.*

The Wire Worm. An inventive Mexican has been telling a correspondent about the "wire" worm, a pest of cattle. The worm is described as being no thicker than a guitar string, but as tough as steel, while in three nights it will grow yards long. Men use them to hang horse thieves with. Their bodies terminate in two hooks, one at each end. They lie in the grass and manage to hook onto the cattle that are grazing. The moment they fasten on there is no escape from them. They work their way up slowly to the waist of the animal, where one end hooks on and the other end travels around slowly and finally connects with itself and pulls a tight and deadly band around the victim. At first the loop is not very tight, but the infernal thing is so constructed that it can throw out hooks all along its body, and it begins to tighten upon them until it cuts the animal in two. A distressing sight is a healthy steer drawn in at the middle so that it can't breathe, and looking like a walking pillow, with a six-inch ring in the center. The worms can be cut off only with strong shears.

A Witch's Descendants. Nearly 200 descendants of Rebekah Nurse, who was hanged as a witch in 1692, assembled at the homestead of their unfortunate ancestor, in Salem, recently to pay a pious tribute to her memory. Mrs. Nurse was 70 years old when superstition sent her to the gallows. She was a mother of eight children, and a woman of lovely character. She was acquitted once, and after her conviction she was reprieved by the Governor, but "certain friends" induced him to withdraw the reprieve, and on June 19, 1692, she suffered martyrdom on Gallows Hill, probably on the spot known as Witch Square. The province rendered reparation in 1711, when the General Court ordered that the magnificent recompense of £25 be paid to the seven heirs of "Rebekah Nurse, who suffered."

King Pharaoh. A local religious paper says: "One is scarcely prepared to treat as serious the proposal, that has nevertheless been announced, to attempt the recovery from the bottom of the Red sea of the chariots and treasures of King Pharaoh. The learned Abbe Moigno, of Paris, is said to have organized a company with this view. They propose to drag the bottom of the Red Sea and the Bitter Lakes in the belief that what they seek may somewhere there be found, covered with saline deposits. The sum of 750,000 francs has been subscribed—about $150,000. Those who might not care to invest in such an enterprise will, nevertheless, feel a considerable interest in seeing the experiment tried."

Decapitated Insects. Ounestrini, the French scientist, has cut the heads of flies, ants, grasshoppers and butterflies, and observed that decapitated insects retain their sensibility for a very long time. Flies calmly rubbed their bodies with their legs, and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. Butterflies continue to fly for eighteen days, and grasshoppers kicked thirteen days after being decapitated.

Carrier Pigeons. The Chinese have an ingenious way of protecting carrier pigeons from birds of prey. They fasten to the tail feathers a compact system of reeds, eight or ten in number, not weighing over a grain or two, which, in the passage of the pigeon through the air, emits a whistling sound shrill enough to scare the would-be depredators. The plan is so effective that it is coming into extensive use in Germany.

Deluded. Worshipers in St. Bernard's Church Cohoes, N. Y., were amazed when John Rafferty, during the service, walked up to the priest, announced that he was Pope Pius IX., and ordered his reverence to stop the service. Police-Sergt. Smith locked the Pope up.

A new lightning appliance has been invented by M. de Rhodinsky. He directs a jet of coal gas and oxygen on a specially prepared prismatic pencil of magnesia. The coal gas and the oxygen arrive at the point of combustion by two separate pipes inclosed in the same tube.

In Krupp's great gun manufactory, at Essen, compressed carbonic acid is used for the manufacture of what ice and seltzer water may be required by the workmen.

A Sawfish 15½ feet long was taken recently near Halifax, Fla.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Too Much Talking. A South Carolina Baptist church contains in its old record the mention of a woman being excluded from the church for "doing too much talking in the neighborhood." Such a rule universally applied would thin out our churches very much.

Hay-Fever. I was afflicted for twenty years with Hay-Fever, and tried various remedies without relief. I used Ely's Cream Balm with favorable results, and can recommend it to all. ROBERT W. TOWNLEY, (ex-Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

Common sense does not ask an impossible chess board, but takes the one before it and plays the game. —*Wendell Phillips.*

"Samaritan *Nervine* would be cheap at $100 a bottle. It cures fits." J. Sterling, Charleston, S. C. Only $1.50 per bottle, Druggists.

The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.—*Crowell.*

"Cured of aggravated sick headache by Dr. Benson's Celery Pills." Jas. P. Kelly, Tarwell, C. H., Va.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.—*Rochester.*

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HYGIENE OF THE BRAIN,

AND

THE CURE OF NERVOUSNESS.

PART I.

PART II.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Continued from First Page.

in trouble from any cause? We answer, by no means. If it were possible to separate ourselves from a dependence on the divine spirit, then our whole race would drift like a wrecked vessel without sails or pilot, on a dark and stormy ocean, to certain destruction. We are not prepared to withdraw ourselves from the light that beams upon our dark earth from the father of lights; neither should we be willing to relinquish our hold on his almighty power.

The fact that we have many good things in this life without asking for them; and the further fact that we do not always receive answers to our prayers, according to our calculations on this subject, is no proof that it is not right, nor necessary for us to pray. Only let us ask with meekness and in submission to the divine will; not in a dictatorial and boisterous manner telling God what we think he ought to do as we see things from our human stand-point; but with resignation to his will, and with a conscious assurance that there is an infinite presence always around us, and that the pulsation of his great father heart beats in sympathy with human suffering; we should say, "Thy will be done."

It is the meditation of our hearts as well as the words of our mouths that becomes acceptable to God. It is the silent breathing of the soul in its desire for communion with the Infinite Spirit, that brings us into such close relations to him in whom all fullness dwells. Happy is the soul that has found the secret of breathing in a divine atmosphere, and that feels the pulsation of the divine life upon his spiritual nature.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notes from Onset Bay.

Monday evening, July 23rd, J. Frank Baxter and C. W. Sullivan gave a character entertainment at the pavilion, in behalf of the Association, assisted by the following persons: Miss Lillie Fletcher and Mary L. McCrillis, of Haverhill; Mrs. Styles of Worcester; Mrs. Emerson, of Boston; Prof. Crane, of Boston, organist.

Tuesday, the 24th, J. Frank Baxter spoke at 2½ P. M. Wednesday, the 25th, George H. Geer being necessarily detained in other places, Prof. Cadwell occupied the platform at 2½ P. M., with a mesmeric lecture and experiments. Thursday, the 26th, Cephas B. Lynn was the regular speaker at 2½ P. M. Mr. Lynn's arguments in favor of a pure home circle and every day life were well put, and merited the undivided attention of his audience.

Saturday, the 28th, Miss Jennie B. Hagan was the regular speaker at 2½ P. M.

The meetings during the past week have been quite as entertaining as any since the camp opened.

SUNDAY, July 29. A drenching rain ushered in the early morning, causing the meeting to be organized in the pavilion, at which probably not more than one in ten of the number at the grove could obtain even standing room. After singing by the choir, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, of Vermont, was controlled and gave one of her improvisations in poetry, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, spoke on "The Facts of Spiritualism and its Moral Teachings," claiming that the day was not far distant when the ism of our religion would be lost sight of in the acceptation and adaptation of the real facts. Mrs. Byrnes's criticism of mediumship, together with a heart-felt appeal for the better understanding and protection of the same, and also her scathing rebuke to the investigating curiosity seekers, were well put and enthusiastically received. In closing her remarks, Mrs. Byrnes made a touching tribute to the passing on to spirit life of the last daughter of Mr. Nelson Huckins, of Glen Cove House, early this A. M.

AFTERNOON. Middleboro Cornet Band, Carter, leader, gave a band concert from 2 to 2½ P. M. The services were continued by a poem on the spirit birth of Miss Minnie Huckins, by Jennie B. Hagan, after which E. S. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, stepped forward, saying, "Your chairman looked toward me and said, 'You need no introduction to this people.'" Then addressing the chair, he said: "It is not much matter who lectures, but it makes much difference as to what is said." Mr. Wheeler spoke on this subject, "Spiritualism as a Religion, Philosophy and Science." To give even a synopsis of his remarks would be taking too much of your space, and I only ask room to refer Brother Wheeler to his sarcastic remarks relative to the answer he said he gave a person who asked him how to proceed in the investigation of spiritual phenomena to prevent fraud. His reply was, "Get a white oak plank, eight feet long, four feet wide and six inches thick. Lay the medium on the plank; then with four heavy spikes, pinion him on the plank, in four different parts of the body, then sit him up in one corner of the room, and if you get any manifestation, you may rest assured that there was no fraud about it." Without any sarcasm I would like to ask Bro. Wheeler if in the screen cloth test as applied by himself in the city of Haverhill at the house of the writer, the result was not quite as satisfactory and much less brutal? Bro. Wheeler's lecture was replete with logical deductions, and at its close, Joseph D. Stiles gave a séance for spirit communion, that fairly out rivalled any other of his, or any other person's so far as I know, in the same length of time. At ten minutes of four o'clock his control commenced his séance. [Here follows a list of 94 names, all of which were recognized by some one present.]

The time occupied in reporting the names by Mr. Stiles was just fifty-five minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. S. Wheeler are stopping at Glen Cove House.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan and her mother are stopping at Mr. Allen's cottage on South Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wallingford, are stopping at Old Pan Cottage.

A. H. Phillips is stopping at L. H. Baker's cottage, West Central Avenue.

A. W. S. Rothermel is located at C. A. Pratt's cottage, Ocean Avenue.

Chas. W. Sullivan's mother and sister arrived Saturday the 28th inst., and are stopping at his home on West Central Avenue.

Dr. Isaac Rich and wife, of Haverhill, Mass., are located at Sidney Howe's cottage, Pearl Ave.

S. A. Griffin, Haverhill, Mass., is located at Old Pan cottage.

MONDAY, JULY 30th. Conference at 10 A. M., at which time the most latitude possible was allowed to be taken by the speakers, in which Warren Chase, Mrs. Severance and others entertained the audience.

Old Pan Cottage. W. W. CURRIER.

The first European mariner's compass was made at Naples by Flavio Gioja, about the year 1,300 A. D. The magnetic needle was known in Sweden fifty years before and was used by Marco Polo in 1260. The Chinese are said to have used it more than a thousand years before the Christian era.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Waiting by the Gates of Paradise.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We had gone down to Chelsea Beach to get a view of the ocean, and a breath of sea air. It was out of season, being the beginning of October, and the visitors, like birds of passage, had taken their flight homeward. To one who had been there when the smooth sands were thronged with gay life, and the hotels over crowded with jostling sight-seers, the silence which prevailed was almost oppressive. The tide was out, leaving long reaches of sand, and in the slumberous light of the misty air, even the ocean seemed to feel the prevailing spirit of silence, and stretched away smooth and shiny as a mirror, scarcely rocking the white-sailed boats which hung on the enchanted horizon. We heaped up the sea-weeds left in long lines by the receding waves, and sat down in the midst of the wide reach of sands. Who can weary of the sea and the enchanted shore? Its infinitude finds a response in the infinite desires of the soul. The loneliness tells it that it is a child away from its destined home, and lost. The messenger will call, and and with a glad bound of the throbbing heart, it will go home!

There, too, are strange forms of beauty and monstrous shapes to quicken the imagination, the slender frond of the algae, the moss-like leaves, the delicate spiral shells, and the sea-birds like white-robed spirits, on, restless wings. Old friends were there, and after the ice of some years of separation had been once broken, there was a flood of subjects to engage our conversation. When friends meet after many years, it requires time for them to become adjusted to each other. They have to measure each other's growth and direction of culture; to discover how far apart they have grown; how parallel has flown the current of their lives, or how near they remain together. This determined, they unbosom themselves, and recount the past, filling the blank made by the years with careful recitals.

In a pause of our conversation, my companion said playfully to our friend: "I am disappointed in one thing, Elzie. You are not married, and I expected you would not gain more than a respectable age before that happy event." There came no blush on the fair brow of the questioned, nor did she reply, and my companion continued, "We have often expressed surprise that you were not."

Elzie looked up into the face of her questioner with a faint smile, but intense earnestness, and replied: "I am married."

"What," we both exclaimed, "You! why have you not told us before? Why have you not changed your name?"

"Ah," she said, and a serene smile enhanced the beauty of her pure face. "Ah, you would not understand, and what's the good. The ceremony was to have been performed when he returned, but he was buried in the sea."

"Why, then, you were not married after all?"

"Certainly, for he returned to fulfill his promise and then was compelled to go away again, even to the gates of Paradise. There he said he would wait, and I think one so true as to come from the ocean's waste, will also keep this lesser trust."

What strange hallucination was this which had seized on the mind of our esteemed friend. Certainly she did not talk coherently. We remembered the heroic life she had led, and the deprivations she had suffered and the self-sacrifices made, and we queried if her mind had not been unbalanced in some slight degree. When the war first broke on us, she had just reached the threshold of womanhood, and was the favorite of fortune. Every wish of hers was gratified, and it was often said of her, that she had not an enemy. She knew little of care, hardship or toil. As the war continued, and news came of the terrible distress of the wounded, and the need of nurses, we heard that she suddenly had determined to go to the front, where the toil was most severe, and for more than a year she had remained at her post, bravely meeting the most appalling wrecks of the battle field. Many the parched lips to which she had pressed the goblet of water; many the fevered brow cooled by her magnetic touch. She had assisted the surgeons in operations which had blanched the cheeks of strongest men, and received the last words of the dying, to wives or sweethearts at home. We had even heard of her on the field of battle, where bullets rained on the advancing columns, and once as going out in the face of the enemy with water to the wounded.

She was not hardened by the scenes through which she had passed, but like pure gold had been refined by the subtile chemistry of self-sacrifice, and her sharply defined features expressed the intensity and nobleness of the principles which actuated her. That one so practical and earnest should become the victim of an illusion, was the more surprising, and as we could not well conceal our thoughts, there would have been an awkward pause, had not Elzie come at once to the rescue.

"I should not have spoken so enigmatically, and thus confused you, but few people understand or can understand. If two people are truly married, and one dies, that is departs into the next life—no, I will not say depart, I am at a loss what to say—becomes a spirit is better—are they not married the same? The marriage law is to protect certain interests, but a spirit cannot be protected by law."

"Your words are singular," I replied, "but how do they apply?"

"They are singular to those who entertain the ordinary belief. They will sound differently when I tell you my story. You remember when we were together before the war, that a lieutenant came up from the city and remained for a month in our village. We met in society and I found him an agreeable companion, brave and true, as a man should be, and as delicate and sensitive as a woman. I need not tell you that our attachment grew rapidly, so that when he went away, I was glad to hear him say: 'Elzie, I exact no promise of you, but I give you this amathyst ring, which was my mother's, and with it the pledge that I shall return to claim you.' The war came soon after, and I heard of his advancement to posts of honor, and his gallant deeds. A dark presentiment filled my mind. Where there was so much danger, and he always anxious to share it, I felt he could not escape. The days passed drearily, and my morning's task was to scan the records of our scattered navy, and finding no mention of his name, I would say to myself, that no news was good news, and strive to be content. In early June I received a letter from him, saying that his ship would soon be in port, and I might expect him at any time; for he had the promise of a few days' leave. How happy I was in anticipation of his coming. I had looked forward to the event from the hour of parting. Now unexpectedly I was to realize my fond dream. The evening of the day on which I received the letter, I dressed in white muslin with a scarf thrown over my shoulders, and walked in the garden. I rambled on till I came to the rustic arbor, at the extreme limits. Can you remember it?"

"We remember it well, and an event that occurred there. Just beyond the gate on that side was a little Catholic church with an odd little priest."

"True enough, and I am glad you remember so accurately," she replied, "for I have to introduce you to that priest." As I said, I reached the arbor and seated myself, the twilight deepened over the hushed world and darkness came to be dispelled by the full moon, which arose above the distant tree tops and threw a flood of cold light over the world. As I sat there I heard a low prolonged moan, as of murmuring waters, and felt a strange thrill, and looking up, in the full rays of the moon which sparkled on his epaulets, I saw the expected one before me. I do not understand why, but I was not surprised, nor did I utter a word of exclamation. It seemed to me exactly proper for him to appear. He was ghastly pale, but that I thought the result of the moonlight.

"Dear Ferdinand," I said, "you are prompt in keeping your promise, and I am so very glad you have come." "With you I am, and you cannot be more pleased than I."

"Was it not strange he did not approach, nor I advance to him?

"Certainly, but I did not think so at the time."

"I have come," he said, "as I promised, and I will keep my word. Do you wish to marry me?"

"Yes," I replied as one in a dream.

"I, too, am ready, and as the ship awaits for no one, and I must away to night, we will be married now. Come," he said tenderly, taking my arm, "let us to the church." We went through the gate into the church, where the priest stood behind the altar.

"Holy father, unite us," said my companion. We joined our hands and on our knees we received the final blessing. I scarcely heard or sensed the words of the ceremony, and when we arose, Ferdinand turned to me, saying: "I have kept my word. I have returned, and now I must go—not down to the sea, but to the shining gates of paradise."

"Should you go, you will wait my coming?" I said, thinking his words were intended as an expression of his happiness.

"Aye, I shall wait. Before I go I must kiss my bride." He bent down and kissed me for the first time. I was startled as from a reverie. The tangible form grew intangible. I could see through it objects on the other side. It became no more than a phosphorescent glow, and disappeared altogether. Then I fell on the floor as one dead. The good old priest was frightened out of his senses, and after vainly attempting to restore me, ran to my friends, who came and conveyed me home. He was so frightened he could give no rational account of the affair, and it was several weeks, before I recovered. During my illness my mother saw in the paper a notice of Ferdinand's death—washed overboard in a gale, and to save me enjoined secrecy on the family; but I already knew, and vastly more than I thought it wise to tell them.

"You will not believe me, of course, but to me it is true. He will wait for me. Would it not be sacrilege if I did not wait?" There was a strange light in her soft eyes, and a glow on her face such as the old painters gave their saints.

"Believing as you do, with such an experience you could not do otherwise," replied my companion.

"When I recovered I went to the front caring for the wounded and suffering soldiers, and when others stood aghast with fear I lent my aid. When contagious fevers burned in the throbbing veins, I volunteered hoping that I might find my home of rest. They called it bravery and devotion. No! it was carelessness of life. I was spared, and returned stronger and wiser, and with the same conviction, unshaken, I had when I gave my promise and which I still retain."

As she ceased speaking there came up from the ocean a low moan, prolonged into a wail. The gulls heard it, and pausing on their flapping wings, with wild screams flew seaward.

Elzie sprang to her feet. "Hush," she said, "that is the same call of the sea I heard. They say it means a coming storm, but to me it is like an invisible presence!"

The shouts of the children brought us back to more tangible realities. They had taken off their spare wraps, their shoes and stockings, and leaving them on the sand, waded in the edge of the incoming tide. As the beach is slightly inclined, the water rose rapidly, caught their clothing and was floating it here and there. We went to the rescue only in time to save the little shoes and stockings from a watery grave.

The sun was setting in a bank of angry clouds, the smacks which had hung lazily in the distance, as though sensing danger, spread their sails for homeward flight, and we in silence took our way to the city.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting, New York.

The opening day at Cassadaga was a very pleasing success, the weather being very favorable. A stroll around the grounds revealed to me many substantial improvements; new cottages have been built, some of the old ones have been retouched with the paint brush, and all are occupied by friends with cheerful faces and warm hearts. But the glory of the camp grounds is the new amphitheater that has just been completed; it is a grand structure, capable of seating some 3,000 people. It is symmetrically built, and confers honors upon the designers. Now even a thunder storm can not disturb the camp meeting at Cassadaga.

On Sunday morning the cheerful face of our president, Mr. O. P. Kellogg, looked rather more genial than usual as he stepped upon the rostrum with Damon's Band at his right and the celebrated Pettit family, of Alliance, Ohio, on his left. The band discoursed sweet music, and then the Pettit family favored us with a song. They are accomplished singers and a great accession to our camp. Just as the last notes of music were dying away, Mrs. R. Shepard-Lillie stepped forward and offered an invocation. Standing on the platform of the grand pavilion, the lake glistening in the sunshine before her, the waving of trees around her and the quiet expectant audience before her, her voice was tremulous with emotion, and if her prayer did not move heaven, it did the vast assembly that heard it.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg then delivered the dedicatory address; it was replete with good suggestions and full of kindness. He said that any structure reared to teach the doctrine of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the immortality of the soul, was constructed for a noble purpose. There is but one O. P. Kellogg, and Cassadaga has need of him.

In the afternoon Mrs. R. Shepard-Lillie addressed the people, her subject being, "The Religion of Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow." It constituted a grand effort on her part.

Fern Island or Cassadaga is a lovely and romantic spot; several little lakes are resting at the foot of surrounding hills; the air is cool and pure, and its quietude renders it a desirable place for rest and comfort.

July 30th, 1883. MRS. HATTIE MYERS.

Opening Address, Delivered at Lake Pleasant, July 29, 1883, by the Association President, Dr. Joseph Beals.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In calling this meeting to order this morning, it gives me great pleasure to refer to the fact that this is our tenth annual gathering as Spiritualists in this beautiful grove. As I recall the time, nine years ago, I think it was in the month of June, that a few of us, hardly more than a baker's dozen, having heard of this place, but no one of us I think had ever seen it before, came here to "spy out the land" and decide whether this would be a good place to hold a Spiritualists' basket picnic. I well remember the satisfaction expressed by all, at the remarkable adaptability of the place for holding camp meetings. The late Assistant Superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad, Mr. C. H. Comee, met with us and made us such favorable propositions, that instead of making arrangements for a picnic, we talked up the advisability of holding a series of camp meetings. The arrangement then made with Mr. Comee has not only been most faithfully carried out, but many other privileges and concessions have been granted us by the railroad officials, which have not only added to our comfort, but increased the attendance upon the meeting. When we recall to mind the place as it was in the year 1874, and then look upon it to-day, with its hundreds of cottages and hundreds of tents, with our fine hotel, post office and telegraph, with an abundant supply of pure soft water, and this year we have telephones and electric lights. Taking these things into consideration, we begin to realize what a strong hold Spiritualism has taken upon the minds of the people, notwithstanding the scorn and derision that has been cast upon us by those still bound by the old creeds and dogmas. But this is nothing strange; every new idea has been treated in the same manner. You all remember the denunciations sent forth by the Jewish Church, which was the orthodox or popular church in the days of Jesus, nearly two thousand years ago, when he preached the same truths that are advocated from our platform to-day. And when Phillip told Nathaniel of the wonderful teachings of Jesus, his cry was, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And the same cry has been made continually against Spiritualism, and our reply has been like that of Phillip: "Come and see." And of those that have come to see, a majority have remained to investigate, and many have become convinced, as did Nathaniel when he saw Jesus, and received a test from him. Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, "Behold an Isrealite, indeed, in whom is no guile." Nathaniel said unto him, "Whence knowest thou me?" Jesus answered and said unto him, "Before that Phillip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." And how many times we have been reminded of the woman of Samaria, who went to draw water from the well where Jesus was sitting to rest himself, and he asked her to give him a drink of water; she expressed surprise that he being a Jew should ask a drink of her who was a woman of Samaria, whereupon he entered into conversation with her and told her so much of her past life that she was astonished. Among other things he told her was that she had had five husbands, and that the man she was then living with was not her husband. The woman then left her water pot and went her way into the city, and saith to the men "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did."

Who is there of us who have not been reminded of this, when we have received the same kind of tests from this platform, or from the different mediums located for the time in the tents and cottages on these grounds, or that are now found in every city, town or village in the civilized world?

And still we hear the denunciations from the churches, the same now as of old. The idea was, and is, these doctrines did not originate in our church, and they conflict with our ideas, and therefore they cannot be true.

It has always been and always will be, the desire of all earnest, intelligent Spiritualists to have our beliefs, our phenomena and facts, fully, carefully and candidly investigated. And when we take into consideration the fact that it is only thirty-five years since the tiny raps were first heard at Hydesville, near Buffalo, which ushered in the advent of modern Spiritualism, we are amazed at the rapid progress it has made, not only in the United States but throughout the entire civilized world.

In an article upon Spiritualism in Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia, published in 1878 (five years ago), I find this statement: "The number of those who accept more or less unreservedly its phenomena, may be safely assumed to exceed in the United States, 7,500,000, and in the rest of Christendom at least as many more. One might have to double this last amount, reaching 30,000,000, to include all in the Christian world whose skepticism in what is called the supernatural—but what is the law-governed spiritual—has been, chiefly by this movement, more or less shaken or removed." This is from the pen of the late Hon. Robert Dale Owen. There was no one at that time, probably, who was more capable of judging correctly. "The *Catholic Review*, for May last, reports 10,000,000 Catholics and 11,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States." The Catholic organs are generally very correct in their statistics.

According to this, more than one-fifth of the entire population of the United States are Spiritualists, for we number now a little rising of 50,000,000. No belief has ever spread so rapidly as this of ours, and there is good reason for it. Never before has any sect or class been able to demonstrate the fact of a continuous life. That the change we were taught to call death was but a change—was but the opening of the door of a better, a nobler, a grander life, where all the wrongs of this life will be righted; where we shall all be known and appreciated at our just value; where we can pick up the scattered threads of this life, and with the experience we have gained here, make more rapid progress in the upward and onward march towards purity, knowledge and happiness.

My friends, I congratulate you and this Association, that through your efforts this light and blessing of Spiritualism has been brought to the minds and understanding of thousands who might otherwise still be in the dark, ignorant of the cheering influence which this knowledge imparts to the soul. I thank you that by such a unanimous vote at your last annual meeting, I am again, and for the tenth season, permitted to call this great assemblage to order, and I hope by the aid of our spirit friends, who are our guides and co-workers, to so conduct these meetings that they may prove a source of profit to us all and satisfactory to both spirits and mortals. And now with a heart full of love towards all, and malice towards none, and with the hope that all the happiness you have anticipated during your brief sojourn here will be most thoroughly realized, I again welcome you to Lake Pleasant to participate in the exercises and enjoyments of the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting.—*Lake Pleasant Siftings.*

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXIV. CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1883. No. 25

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well-authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

THE CONFLICT OF THEOLOGIES.

The Past, Present, and Future.

An Address Delivered by Hon. A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, N. Y., at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, Mass., Sunday, August 5th, 1883.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Brave men love to live when the natural prowess of the soul can achieve for the world the lasting benefits of wise and fearless action. It is the crowning honor of manhood to be true to man for manhood's sake. Men are coming to know that no man can be God-like who is not manlike; that he who loves humanity for humanity's sake is already a child of God for God's sake. If man does the best he can to serve the God he does know, he may rest assured that he will not eternally writhe under the burning wrath of a God he does not know. The great stock of ecclesiastical commodities is fast becoming unmerchantable. Old sermons of great divines will soon be useless even for young clergymen. The clerical profession, with a few exceptions, for the last fifteen hundred years, has been intensely partizan; and a partizan is always deaf in one ear and blind in one eye. When he holds the scales he is prone to peer from under the bandage. The integrity of the honest politician is best shown when he stands upon the same platform, and side by side with his opponent he discusses the issues of the day. How many clerical gentlemen, claiming to wear the livery of heaven, dare meet in fair discussion our inspirational or trance speakers, who are leading people from the theology of partizan men, to that sublime theology, revealed in the vast domain of universal nature? In the past a vast amount of religious work has been done and money invested on faith. "Faith" is only another word for credit. The faith which has led man to the exclusion of knowledge, will die with this generation. The tree of knowledge is ever in fruitage, and men for a change of diet are eating apples again. This time as before, it was a woman who took the first bite. We are told that it was God who forbade Adam from eating, and that it was the devil who made him eat. Then it was God who declared that man should eat of that tree all the days of his life; and if it is not the devil, who is it, that has been trying to keep man from eating for the last 1800 years? That is a question that the Church and his Satanic majesty can quarrel over; but the devil will eventually put the responsibility where it belongs.

Eden! glorious old Eden! garden of our infancy, paradise of humanity's childhood, what wonderful trees were nurtured in thy soil. Was there ever verdure like that upon thy dewy lawns? No flowers of earth combined form and tint, fragrance and beauty, like those within thy borders to charm the two happy fools, who knew no right and feared no wrong? What luscious fruits the pendant branches bore! How wonderful must have been that Tree of Life! the properties of its undying fruit gave life perpetual to the Gods. They repelled the insidious inroads of time, age and disease, and Adam enjoyed a perpetual morning of manhood; and sweet, beautiful Eve, the loveliness of her young womanhood was not from the druggist's but from this remarkable tree in the garden. No household duties hung heavy upon the mind or hands of our first mother; nor did our ancient sire, while in the garden, stagger under the burdens of a laborious husbandry. No humming wheel spun yarn, no loom clanked, or shuttle played in forming the unfolding web. Our first parents did not know they were naked; and what possible use could Eve have made of a frock, or Adam of pants, while they were in such a blissful state of mental obliviousness? What a beautiful climate it was in those days at Eden! How the wind must have been tempered to the unprotected bodies of our ancestors! They were not blistered by the sun; nor did the blasts of winter come within the precincts of the garden. Then there stood that wonderful tree, the Tree of Knowledge. It stood up beside the Tree of Life, in the very midst of the garden. In imagination I can see it towering far above the forests of earth, and all other trees of the garden. I can see its far reaching branches, like the outstretched arms of a God, bending low with the most luscious fruit that ever tempted the eye of a hungry soul. But this, alas! was forbidden fruit. Yea, verily, this was a wonderful garden, with wonderful fruits. But why not be wonderful? Could it have been otherwise? We are told and have been taught that God himself came down and planted this garden, and that was a wonderful thing for a God to do. We have no record that God planted any other garden. The result of this experiment was certainly discouraging. Our first parents were told that they must not eat of this Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, for if they did that very day they would surely die. Has it ever puzzled your mind, my dear orthodox friend, to find a satisfactory reason for your God's strange command, that he should have gone to the trouble of planting such a tree, of raising such tempting fruit, have given our respected parents such craving appetites and hungry stomachs, and then have commanded them not to taste of it? How did they know what the effect would be if they ate of its fruits? They had the word of God for it, it is true, but what did they know of death? How did they know that it was not better than a sleep? What could have been the object of an all-wise and all-merciful God in making two such beings, and placing before them the most tempting of fruits with appetites constantly sharpened by the wants of Nature, if they could not eat of it? Was it a fair thing to do? and because they did eat of it was it just to damn the whole human race for all time to come, who were innocent of their sin?

Then, again, whence came this personal devil, called Satan, and why did God permit such a being within the precincts of this home of innocence? Why should this demon of evil have been permitted to invade the place God had planted, a place made sacred by his holy presence; and where he delighted to walk in the cool of the day? Why did he not take as much pains to keep the devil out of the garden, before Adam's fall, as he did to keep Adam out after he had fallen? How came he to permit Eve to be tempted by Satan, and how came Satan in possession of God's secret orders and commands in relation to this tree and of its effects upon those who ate of it? From what we can learn of this personal devil he possessed a large stock of knowledge on the subject of good and evil, and must somewhere have ravenously filled his belly with the fruit of this remarkable tree; for he knew of its virtues; and he told Eve if she ate she would not die; and she did eat, and did not die, but lived to be very old, and so did Adam. If God was an omniscient being he knew Eve would eat the apple; he knew Satan would ask her to. He knew Eve would ask Adam, and Adam would eat also. He knew Adam would do as Eve desired. He knew all this before he planted the tree. He did it on purpose, or he did it devoid of purpose; and that does not harmonize with the orthodox conception of Deity. When Adam tried to shirk the responsibility by placing it upon Eve, Eve told the Lord the serpent had beguiled her. We are then told that the Lord became very angry; he cursed the serpent; he placed a fearful curse upon Eve, and all the daughters of Eve bear the penalty of their mother's sin. He cursed Adam; and he even cursed the unthinking ground for Adam's sake. Would it have been surprising if Satan had said to the Lord, "What is the use of getting angry about a matter which came out exactly as you knew it would?"

Now, the object of my saying what has preceded has been to bring before you again what you learned long ago, for the purpose of directing your minds to comparisons of what is to follow; the great points of divergence between Christian Theology and the great Theology of Nature; between the constructions put upon certain biblical phraseology and the revelations from the spiritual world, now made in so many homes in our beloved land.

The absurd scheme for the redemption of man from the effects of the fall of the man Adam, by the vicarious atonement, suffering and violent death of the man-God and God-man, Jesus; the incomprehensible mazes of the doctrine of the Trinity; the institution of the Christian Church, Catholic or otherwise, as the only doorway to heaven, you may think are virtually abandoned; but let me assure you that all of these doctrines, dogmas and absurdities are reaffirmed and insisted upon by many of the leading teachers and divines of the Christian Church to-day. The ecclesiastical hold upon the masses consists in its ability to maintain in the popular mind a belief in those doctrines. Suddenly uproot them, and the whole fabric will be shaken into a mass of the most majestic ruins that ever followed a popular convulsion. The Gods of the temples which have for so many generations been pictured as holding the symbols of meekness, love and omnipotence in one hand, and the enraged furies of anger and destruction in the other, as objects for men to fall down and worship, to love and adore, will be cast down, and the men who created, fashioned or formed them, pretending them to be in the likeness of Jehovah, the loving Father, will cease to misguide and mislead poor hungry souls, who are longing for substantial manna from heaven; who are thirsting for pure water from the River of Life. "Ruins," did I say? let me recall the word; the human soul is never ruined. It lives more eternally than the stars in the firmament of heaven. These may wane in the uncounted ages of the cycles yet to come; but the soul-man shall brighter glow as time rolls on. That universal light of which Jehovah is the centre and the circumference, of which the soul of man is a divine part, is fixed in principle, and is an eternal part of the Godhead.

Knowledge is the essential oil of human progression; it is the food from that Tree of Knowledge, which is represented in universal nature. You may liken the principle of life to a tree that never dies, if it please you better, to give some show of reason for the story of the garden; but when you come to attribute to Jehovah a command at war with Nature, you defame him and his works, and the whole outcome is the work of men for selfish, slavish purposes; and from such doctrines the world has too long hoped and prayed for this hour of deliverance.

To make known to you what the attitude of the acknowledged leaders of the Christian Church in this country is upon some matters now being considered, I have taken from the *North American Review*, of January and February last, a few extracts from articles written by these divines over their own signatures, and thereby you may judge them. We will commence by quoting from the Rev. Dr. Abbott, who says:

"The changes which have taken place in Theology are of two kinds; they are changes in the form of expression of the facts of religious life, or they are changes of opinion respecting the proper philosophical explanation of those experiences. Our Church creeds are, for the most part, statements, not of religious facts, but of religious theories; and our theological controversies, are almost entirely about, not facts, but the theories; to illustrate: there is no doubt in any thoughtful mind respecting the fact of sin and its universality. The expression in the prayer of confession in the Episcopal Prayer Book, utters the universal experience of all spiritually minded men: 'We have done the things we ought not to have done and we have left undone the things we ought to have done and there is no health in us.' . . . How are we to account for this fact, how reconcile it with the all but universal belief, that the world is the product of, and subject to, a wise, beneficent and Divine Ruler? To this question two antagonistic systems of philosophy make two antagonistic answers. The traditional philosophy of the Church replies, 'God made man perfect. The first man fell into sin, and all his descendents have inherited from him sinful proclivities.' The modern philosophy of evolution replies, 'God is gradually developing higher forms of life out of lower forms; the intellectual and the spiritual out of the animal, and the sensuous, and it is in this process of gradual developement, that the supremacy of the lower over the higher, *i. e.*, sin, shows itself.'

"To illustrate again: the fact of the forgiveness of sin is unquestionable. That there is an experience of succor from remorse, and of peace in a sense of pardon, is not doubted by any one who has given a thoughtful consideration to the history of humanity. This is the fact which the oldest of our church symbols, the Apostles' creed, represents by the declaration, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' How this forgiveness of sins is brought about . . . . in other words what is the nature of the atonement, is a question upon which conflicting schools of theology have contended from the earliest ages, and will probably go on to the end. Again, that there is a Divine Spirit, that he influences the spirit of men, that he comforts us in our troubles, strengthens us in our weakness, helps us in our temptations, and guides us in our perplexity, redeeming and uplifting men, and changing by his beatific influence, the whole course and current of their lives, is as certain as any fact of history. What this mystic influence is, how it is related to the Divine Father of us all, whether we are to call it an influence or a person, what explanation in other words we are to give of this phenomenon, by what theory we are to account for it, these are questions on which philosophers and theologians have disputed from the beginning and probably will continue to dispute to the end."

My friends, can any of us consider these words from this gifted and educated leader and teacher, and not in his heart deplore that one who is so near, should yet be so far from that knowledge of divine truth, borne on the lips of angels, and proclaimed in the ears of all who will listen to their teachings and testimony. No, there will not be contention unto the end over these questions or matters affecting the philosophy of the progression of the soul of man. The light of truth will solve these problems for those who are in uncertainty now.

Rev. Dr. Potter asks, "Is it not a fact that creeds differ greatly from the opinions of a majority, or at least of many of the men who hold them? They were doubtless profoundly true to the men or the ages that produced them, but later ages have seen the truth more broadly and more justly, and later teachers have been unable to accept them *ex animo*, or teach them cordially. And here, too, we have the clew to the modern dissent between the pulpit and the pews. . . . It is a grievous disadvantage to any teacher that he must seem to be affirming or holding dogmas which do not express his inmost belief, and it is inevitably injurious to any people to be bound by 'confessions of faith' which they suspect their teachers to have outgrown and which have no potential voice of authority to themselves. . . . If creed-revision as applied especially to the leading reformation symbols, is virtually an impossible thing it would seem to be an opportune question, whether there may not be some earlier and simpler formulary to the use of which Christians of every name might wisely return. Christianity is supremely the words and life and spirit of Christ, and these may not be comprised or expressed within the compass of any creed or confession of faith whatever. It may be said that all this assumes the Divine character of the founder of Christianity and the inspired character of those records from which the story of his life and death is drawn, and that these are among the very questions concerning which some Christian ministers and more Christian laymen are in doubt. For one I do not believe it. Many a Christian minister may be transiently perplexed by the last skeptical book he has read, and many more laymen may be loosened now and then out of an earlier and hereditary hold upon the substance of Christian truth. But such doubts concern more often the accidents of the Christian faith than its essence, more often its modern or medieval excrescences than its primary truths. The man who has power in the Christian pulpit to-day is the man who believes these firmly and affirms them courageously, and such men had never so many attentive listeners as now.

"Doubt is a disease, of which there may seem to be many conspicuous indications in the air, but it is not an incurable nor always a harmful disease."

This divine would have a simpler creed, and yet the cardinal points upon which his Church to-day is at war against the convictions of the men who sit in the pews of his Church, he moves glibly around and falls back upon the general teachings of the New Testament as containing the creed of the future. With wary words he hints at, but with extreme caution avoids the perplexing questions, the solution of which would reveal the fact that in ten thousand households in this land is Christ again made manifest, even more wonderfully than in the Pentacostal feast, to his immediate followers and disciples.

Rev. Dr. Crosby goes directly to the subject, and his letter, like his sermons, is brief. He says:

"I know of no creeds differing from the beliefs of those that hold them excepting in very small and unimportant points. I know of no Presbyterian minister, or person who does not accept them as an entirety, although they think some of the wording might be improved. . . . As regards the great subjects that have agitated the public mind of late, namely, the atonement of Christ by a sacrificial death, and the eternity of future punishment, I know of no Presbyterian minister in our country who does not accept them both; and I think that all the talk about making new creeds because of the errors of the old ones, is the talk of men outside of the Church, or of worldly minded men inside the Church, who seek a philosophical rather than a scriptural religion. The talk of the opposition of science to the received views of religion appears to me to have no deep or extended source. Scientific discoveries have helped to interpret, but that they have in the slightest degree contradicted the Scriptures, I deny *in toto*. . . . The theories of evolution are only theories so far as any general application of them is to be considered, and like many other scientific theories will be forgotten in another generation. The Bible and creeds have been assailed by worldly men in the name of science in every age, but they have never been harmed and never will."

Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck thinks the formula of the creed of the Methodist Church elastic enough to give free scope to varied thought, and closes by saying: "It would be no benefit to the Church of Christ to attempt to modify her creeds in deference to outside clamor, or to revise her doctrines in the vain hope to harmonize them with newspaper theology."

Rev. Dr. Krotel of the Lutheran Church, says: "There is no necessity for the revision of the creeds of the Lutherans."

Rev. Dr. Chambers of the Reformed Dutch Church, says: "There is no necessity for a revision of the creed of that church. In regard to future punishment, I do not know of a single minister of the Dutch Church that doubts it, and the same is true of the old fashioned, sacrificial theory of the atonement."

It is refreshing to turn from these to more liberal views of more receptive and progressive minds. Rev. Newman Smyth says:

"An important and well established development of philosophy and science, may bring a new crisis to creeds. The ancient and solid masonry of systems once held impregnable, may not answer at all the necessities of modern warfare. Christian faith may be called to meet the alternative of marching out from ecclesiastical fortifications, or else being buried beneath their ruins."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher declares that there is no present creed by which he will be bound, as the ultimatum of wisdom. These are not his words; they are the sum of his conclusions recently given from his own pulpit. Say what you may of the course pursued by Mr. Beecher, in the education of his people and the manner in which he has led them to an acceptance of the doctrines, or better, the philosophy, development and progress of the soul of man as we understand it, without declaring that his theology is in many respects like the theology so familiar to ourselves; I incline to the opinion that he has acted wisely even though he may have acted selfishly or even cowardly. For after all, men are like sheep; they must be coaxed and baited and carefully led, for they are easily frightened even by their own shepherd, and will break away and run into thickets and dark places, at the very entrance to fertile fields.

Who can estimate the cost of Christianity up to this day? Judging the lives of men according to the standards set, as essential to salvation by the Christian Church, how many souls have been saved? How many have been put to the sword or rack in the name of Christ? How much treasure has been expended? Summing it all up, we must conclude that had the theology of the Christian Church been a theology consistent with reason and the revelations of nature, nearly the whole civilized world would have been converted to its truths. As it is, not one man in five among nations denominated Christian, receives it as convincing to his reason, or acceptable to his soul's highest sense of justice.

As a reasonable being, possessing in his nature a sense of justice, whenever a man has attained to freedom of thought and his nature has caused him to break away from the narrow limits of a mere creed; when man has gone up from the deep vales of ignorance and grappled with the sublime truths attainable to all; when he has plunged with his thirsting soul into the infinite realms of thought, inspired from the Infinite Over-Soul of the Father, he has been forced to feel, and if he was a courageous man, to declare that for a parent to beget a child well knowing that child would violate a law, the penalty of which was eternal suffering, would be an inexcusable crime; and if a God did such a thing, that God lacked the humanity he put into the being he created.

Just so long as men are soaked in the blackness of ignorance, so long the lamp of intelligence gives no light. Knowledge is the birthright of all mankind. It is to the soul of man as the light of the sun to the physical world. The time is close at hand when men will find themselves looking with amazement down into the narrow ravines where thought was bounded by creedal walls, built up by dwarfed and selfish minds; where the voice of science and divine revelation was smothered by the self-constituted officers of Jehovah, who have regarded themselves as commissioned to protect his domains from the incursions of wicked men prying into the mysteries of his wonderful works. Within the pale of the orthodox church a man who advances a thought at war with its creeds is looked upon as tending to heresy; and so completely has the book of Divine revelation been supposed to be closed, that for any man to attempt to peer into it has been regarded as a species of burglary in the highest degree, for which men have been punished by the rack and torch. I say to you to-day, yea, I warn you, beware of the enemies of the Divine truths you have received and now teach, and of the sacred liberties you now enjoy. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" without it you are not sure that a year hence your mediums will not be declared and treated as criminals and public offenders. Such was the fate of the first followers of Jesus; and that of his disciples at his second coming may be like unto the first.

Man's conception of the Deity is limited by his intellectual capacity. There is a vast difference between weak intellects and narrow minds. The whole mentality may be constitutionally weak, but narrow minds are the natural result of the limitations placed upon mental action. Educate a man to the idea that the earth is a flat surface floating upon a boundless sea and he will call the man a fool who tells him it is a globe circling around the sun. For how many thousand years did the most advanced of men believe this world was the only one created? that the sun went around it every day excepting one, when it stood still at the command of Joshua to enable him to exterminate a people with whom he was at war? How many thousand years have a large number of very intelligent persons believed that the sole office of the sun, moon and stars was to give light to this world. Science has revealed the fact that the earth is less than 8,000 miles in diameter, while Jupiter is 80,000 and the sun over 2,000,000; but that you know does not disturb such men as Dr. Crosby. He seems to think these facts of science help to interpret, not to contradict, the Scriptures. Long before the days when Moses led the children of Israel from Egypt, the Egyptian had discovered, or scientific men had, that one of the offices of the sun was to give light by day, and the moon and stars they supposed were created to give light by night, as they could be best seen then; they had studied the movements of planets, and apparent changes of the sidereal heavens occasioned by the annual voyage of the world, and had by this means divided the seasons, named many of the stars and constellations; and it needed but the suggestion of an Egyptian priest to assure the Egyptians that God had created these lights in the

Continued on Eighth Page.

A Week at Neshaminy Falls Camp Meeting.

BY GEO. F. A. ILLIDGE.

After a pleasant week at the Spiritualists' camp meeting, now being held at Neshaminy Falls, Pa., I have just returned home and will give the readers of the dear old JOURNAL a brief resumé of my experiences and observations.

Neshaminy Falls are located on the Bound Brook Railroad, within twenty miles of Philadelphia, and are admirably adapted to the use of camp meetings. The word "Falls," however, is a misnomer and wrongly impresses the traveller, for there at present exists no indication of a water fall, such as one would naturally suppose to exist. I believe, that in years gone by there was an artificial dam over which the water, comprising a beautiful lake, situated in a rather picturesque grove some three miles in length, once fell with increased velocity. Traces of this are now extinct. The shrewd observer can readily perceive that by judicious management on the part of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia and the co-operation of Mr. Griffith, the proprietor of the grounds, there is a grand possibility of making Neshaminy a very popular resort and establishing, in course of time, as popular a camping ground for Spiritualists as Lake Pleasant or Onset Bay, for there are many advantages which, if utilized, would be productive of highly satisfactory results.

It is not my intention, however, to dwell upon the adaptability of the place and its surroundings to camp meetings, but rather to give a necessarily condensed outline of the occurrences of the past week, together with such mental memoranda as I took at the time.

As is doubtless already known to the readers of the JOURNAL, the camp meeting is held under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, composed of staunch Spiritualists, who are noted for their fidelity to the cause, leaving no effort unmade to promulgate the grand and glorious truths of the philosophy of Spiritualism; apart from this the Association is also noted for its financial soundness. I have within the past few years attended many camp meetings, principally those of the Methodists, and I am proud to state that at none of them did I note the good order and strict decorum which characterizes the one of which I am now writing.

The arrangements for maintaining order, protecting visitors and excluding rough and dissolute characters from the grounds are admirable and at once force the conviction on the impartial observer that the Spiritualists are indeed a law-abiding, God-loving and progressive sect—if I may be excused the use of the word sect.

The grounds are under the superintendence of Capt. F. J. Keffer, a genial and courteous gentleman, full of energy and vigor—quick to perceive the wants of the numerous throngs that frequent the grounds and equally quick in meeting them, and at all times ready to grant a favor and speak a kind word; he is the right man in the right place and thoroughly understands and executes the responsible duties involving on him. There is a force of five or six uniformed policemen always on duty, and in addition thereto a private detective is always on the alert for intriguers and violators of the rules of the camp. A jail constructed of stone occupies a prominent position below the rostrum, thus continually serving as a reminder to would-be offenders, that the majesty of the law must be protected.

The arrangements as a whole are admirable and the most sensitive and refined can, with propriety, enjoy a few days at Neshaminy Falls without fear of insult or molestation, which is more than our Methodist friends can say of their camp meetings (I assert from a positive knowledge). There is but one important feature which has called forth the criticisms of a number of visitors to the camp, and which I mention here with the hope that the Association will be benefited thereby—the insufficient and very poor accommodations for mealing. The dining pavilion, instead of being controlled by the Association, is managed by Mr. Wm. M. Griffith, who shows a lack of the knowledge of catering to large numbers. There are accommodations to seat but one hundred and twenty people at a time when frequently there are from ten to twelve thousand people on the grounds, numbers of whom are clamoring for something to eat. Instead of clearing the tables as fast as guests are through and seating new arrivals, he keeps the crowd in abeyance, refusing to admit any one until the tables have all been cleared and reset, thus causing unnecessary delay and frequently a jam of human beings who press and force each other forward in the vain hope of gaining egress to the dining room. The quality of the cuisine is also very poor while the prices for single meals are equally as high as ordinary hotels. It is to be hoped that next season the Association will take this matter in hand and see that the culinary department is on a par with the other accommodations of the camp.

On Tuesday, July 24th, I had the pleasure of hearing an able address delivered by Mr. O. P. Kellogg, an orator of no mean pretensions. He took a few verses of the 19th Psalm as the basis of his discourse and completely enlisted the attention of his hearers. He has a peculiar way of enforcing every word to which he gives utterance, at the same time winning the respect and confidence of his auditory. I took a few stenographic notes of this discourse, also of one or two others by noted lecturers, but the lack of space prevents their reproduction.

On Thursday, July 26th, Walter Howell of England, delivered an interesting discourse on "Does Spiritualism improve the requirements of the present day?" The arguments in the affirmative, were logical and philosophic, but I failed to discover any originality, they merely being an aggregation of the facts and proofs adduced by the advanced thinkers of our philosophy.

That veteran and time-honored Spiritualist, Lyman C. Howe, is also now filling an engagement at Neshaminy. He is profound and philosophic and, while entranced, pours forth a stream of living truths from the rostrum which imparts new vigor and life giving properties to his vast audiences and fully demonstrates to them the power of spirit over matter. On Sunday, July 29th, at 11 A. M., he lectured to an audience of between three and four thousand persons. The subject on which he discoursed ably was handed to him on the platform: "If God made man and wished him to be happy, why did he make the devil to make him miserable?"

At 3 o'clock, P. M., of the same day, Mrs. C. F. Davis Smith of Brandon, Vt., delivered an eloquent and interesting discourse to another large and appreciative audience. She is the first female lecturer who secured my undivided attention; her discourse was deep, impressive and, as already stated, eloquent. She is quite an original thinker and possesses marked intellectual characteristics which at first sight impressed me favorably. Owing to the dense and continually increasing crowds it was found essential to have Mr. Howe deliver another lecture in the dancing pavilion whilst Mrs. Smith was lecturing from the rostrum in the grove, so that two vast audiences numbering in the aggregate about 12,000 individuals, were spiritually provided for at the same time.

As is usually the case at camp meetings, a number of mediums are to be found at Neshaminy Falls. I regret, however, to state that there are really no first-class ones there at present. In fact I could learn of but a few who were really supposed to possess medial gifts, and even then sparingly; Mrs. S. E. Patterson of Pittsburg, Pa., being one of the best. She is a medium for independent slate-writing, but does not appear to have very strong powers. I had several sittings with her and obtained highly satisfactory results, which the manifesting spirits claimed was partly attributable to my having strong mediumistic powers, and which were in fact the means of my conversion to Spiritualism some years ago. She is an elderly lady with a frank open countenance, and I believe her honest; I found her so during my sittings with her and at all times ready to grant reasonable test conditions; but of course with the JOURNAL I maintain that each séance must stand on its own merits, no matter who the medium may be. There are a great many incidents connected with my week's stay at Neshaminy which I would like to narrate, but refrain as I do not wish to encroach on your valued space. I cannot omit, however, giving an instance of the ignorance and narrow-minded bigotry of some of the many Christian (?) prelates and dignitaries of the Church who attend Sunday school excursions to Neshaminy Falls (for this place is a resort for church people as well as Spiritualists). I was informed by good authority that a day or two previous to my arrival there was a Sunday school excursion there in charge of a deacon or some other officer of the church. Calling Capt. Keffer aside, the learned (?) sage asked if the Spiritualists would hold any services that afternoon. He was informed that Mrs. R. Shepard-Lillie, of Philadelphia, would lecture at 3 o'clock. Seeking an interview with the lady, he audaciously requested that she would promulgate no immoral doctrines from the rostrum, as he had the members of the excursion under his charge and felt it a duty encumbent on him to prevent their imbibing any impure teachings. It is needless for me to say that the accomplished Mrs. Lillie alluded to this in her discourse and gave the gentleman, who was within hearing, a much needed reprimand, mingled with some wholesome advice. Mr. Kellogg also opened fire on him with victorious results, for the sympathies of the audience were with the Spiritualists. The good deacon, however, none daunted after having made a complete expose of his profound ignorance, retreated to the rear of the rostrum and with the sheep of his fold kept up a continued hubbub, or, as he termed it, "praise meeting," singing and exhorting his sheep to keep within the fold until the close of the lecture, thus making another exhibition of the narrow bigotry of the church and many of its followers.

Such interruptions as these are not infrequent on the part of our Christian (?) brethren, but Spiritualists are philosophers and they know how best to act under such circumstances, and they exhibit a spirit of charity and forbearance characteristic of Spiritualists. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., closed a two weeks' engagement on Sunday, the 29th ult. His tests from the platform were many and varied. He is an excellent test medium and I believe him an honest and upright young man with a bright and promising future before him. During a brief conversation with Mr. Champion, the President of the Association, he informed me that it (the Association) had addressed a letter to the Committee appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, offering to procure mediums for all of the phases of the phenomena. It remains to be seen whether or not they will accept and honestly investigate our claims or make a farce of the investigation.

I availed myself of every opportunity to speak well of the JOURNAL, for I believe it to be the best exponent of Spiritualism in this country—a friend to honest mediums, but a terror to charlatans.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritualism in the Light of Christ's Teachings.

1887 years ago a child was born of humble parents in Bethlehem of Judea; his birth was presided over by the Holy Spirit, and in that sense he was born of the Holy Ghost, according to the statement laid down in the Bible and believed by the church. That he was less human than others we do not believe; but that he was more perfect in his mental and spiritual development, more endowed with the divine nature possible to man, we do believe. Without other teaching than that ever present intuitional guidance of his thought and observation, he looked upon Nature (and man as a part of it) and studied from that great book until he grew wise in his possibilities of expression under the control and guidance of the spirit. Working humbly at the carpenter's bench, like many others in his time, he could still think quietly upon the pastoral scenes about him and familiarize himself with those homely illustrations which were used to make his teachings plain to the people.

Not until he was some thirty years of age did his real life begin; that life which was to be a typical one for all mankind; a life which substituted love for the fear of the old Mosaic epoch, and taught self-sacrifice as the ruling principle of life, to that extent that he exemplified it practically by giving himself up to die upon the cross, that through him—his life, teachings and self-sacrificing death—man might finally be saved. At one time, speaking to his disciples, and through them to mankind at large, he said: "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now;" they were not sufficiently developed along the line of their mentality or nervous system to comprehend the truth or reason of things and must wait, therefore, until he should come again in spirit to teach them when they were better prepared to understand him.

The race has been developed physically and mentally, and now the true spiritual knowledge is coming to build up the righteous or perfected man. Spiritualism is nothing more nor less than the second-coming of Christ as the head and organizer of the movement. The teachings and phenomena go hand in hand; facts are given now, as then, to build upon, but this time it will remain with us forever, because men are ready to receive it, and understanding it, they will put its teachings into practice. It comes at a time when the church is broader and more liberal than ever, so that while Science and Rationalism are still at work in this direction, Spiritualism comes in as the leaven that shall finally leaven the whole lump.

At first, Spiritualists seemed to throw over the church, God, the Bible and Christ; but now they are gradually beginning to see their true meaning and import, and placing the phenomena and teachings of to-day side by side with that greatest of all Bibles except Nature, thereby finding a true explanation of its mysteries and hidden meaning—a truer conception of God the Father, and of Christ the Son, a special son through his development and mediumship.

Spiritualists can form an idea of one constantly under spirit control in all his words and acts, better than any other class of people or thinkers. So it was with Christ Jesus; he was ever an expression for the Spirit-world to act and speak through as a typical character, and so God was "manifest in the flesh" through him in a rational and comprehensive way; for is not the world of spirit about us an Infinite God, when we consider that embraced within it are minds which were infinite in extension when on earth, and that when combined in harmonious action toward a given end, such minds become infinite in breadth as well—especially when we consider their progress in the natural element and home of the spirit after death?

I am acquainted with one party, a clairvoyant physician and powerful psychologizer, who believes there is no god higher than man or than man may become. I believe that man may become a God through fitness of development and progress in spirit-life, even as Christ is to-day, but when he has reached such an altitude he has but attained unto "the image of his Maker"—a God it is true, but a personal one.

So looking upon the movement from this standpoint, I would have it "purified as with fire" in all its ramifications. I would have mediums strive to imitate this typical life set for us all by him who died upon the cross. I would have all professing Spiritualists do likewise, so that to be a true Spiritualist may in time come to mean a true Christian as well. When Spiritualists show in their lives, as Christians do not, the fruit of their teachings, then, and not till then, will men believe and come over to our side to learn of us humbly the way of life—the way that leadeth to life everlasting.

W. J. CUSHING.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Spirit's Message.

BY REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

"And he said unto me. Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee. And the spirit entered into me when he spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, that I heard him that spake unto me."—EZEKIEL 2 1. 2.

The extracts from this sermon delivered before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Wednesday, May 16, 1883, in London, are worthy of note, as showing how the Spiritualist ideas are finding their way into many places. Mr. Hopps, an able Unitarian clergyman, has a warm side toward Spiritualism as is well-known:

Here then we are brought to the special message for to-day—a message symbolized by the incoming of the Spirit to call us to our feet.

Is it not true that many in these days have been so far affected by the leadings of the times as to be now less vividly conscious of the reality of the unseen universe, and of the persistence there of the human life and love that have been developed here? Is there not something in the air that predisposes even to the gradual effacement of God? The critical habit—which, remember, we largely share—and the modern scientific methods and conclusions—by which we are largely affected—are apt to give a bias that way, though only, I believe, as one stage in a glorious journey which is destined to land us, not in denial of life beyond the failure of the flesh, but in the demonstration of that life.

Concerning this momentous subject, of such profound gravity, and so tenderly related to the most touching, sacred, and heart-searching events in life, it seems to me that we have something to do. The old belief in a glorious heaven as a vast pleasure city, and of a gloomy hell as a tremendous penal settlement and torture-chamber, is rapidly passing away. The belief in the resurrection of the body is still more rapidly fading, and with it the belief in the final judgment day must go; and so we seem at this very moment to have arrived at the parting of the ways, where all must make a choice, and where the voice of mere authority and the quotation of ancient assurances will be of no avail.

It is overwhelmingly evident that something must be done to occupy the ground from which the ugly idol is being taken away—that something is needed to take the place of the old heaven and hell, of the old mode of securing eternal life through the resurrection of bodies, dead and turned to dust, of the old machinery of retribution turning on a dramatic judgment day—and that, if faith is to remain with us, we must satisfy the rationalistic and scientific state of mind of the present time. What, then, if we can be of specific service to the world in this emergency! We are free to say frankly that we do not believe in a life of progress beyond the grave because the Bible asserts it, or because Jesus promised it, or because his dead body came to life again. We are free from these entanglements. We are free to stand on our feet and let the Spirit speak to us—to say that we believe in the glorious unseen world because the living soul makes faith imperative; because nature reveals it in her highest creation, a living, loving, aspiring, confiding soul; because the testimony of a mother's hungry heart is at least as imperative and as authoritative as the testimony of any prophet, seer, or Christ.

In every direction, science, even the science that seems most materialistic, is leading to the very verge of the unseen, into which it is ever seeking to pursue the causes that elude its grasp, but the well-spring of whose life it can never find. The dim, mighty ocean it has never explored; the surf of its tides alone we know. So that even it confesses, though it may be in other words—"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." What, then, if we can make common cause with science? No church in Christendom is more able to do it, because no church in Christendom stands more clear of survivals of mediæval tradition. What if we can take the torch of faith, more and more becoming the torch of knowledge, and flash it across the boundary line where science is groping—ay, carry it beyond the grave, beyond the fabled gates of hell, beyond the fabled gates of heaven, and so light up the world beyond that it will be known as only an orderly continuation of life here, and be comprehended as the scene of the further unfolding of the great process of evolution which here has made us men militant, and there may make us men triumphant!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Asylums for the Insane—Prophetic Dreams.

First let me thank the editor for the extended notice given last September of my brutal arrest and imprisonment at Utica. It was the means of bringing me many valuable letters from correspondents in England as well as in different parts of our own country; one of which from an honorable lady in London I inclose for such use as you may see fit to make of its contents. The Hon. Jno. L. O'Sullivan, a noted Spiritualist and accomplished gentleman, formerly editor of the *Dem. Review* and U. S. Minister to Portugal, wrote for full information about my case, saying if I were to be imprisoned because I am a Spiritualist, that he ought to be in the next cell. "And a whole corridor of cells might be peopled with the most eminent men of science, literature and philosophy of Europe and America. It is but a few weeks since a gentleman similarly accused by interested relatives got his release through *habeas corpus*, after two years of false, cruel and wicked imprisonment in an asylum," etc., etc. Mr. O'Sullivan very kindly came and spent the day at Poughkeepsie, and offered himself as a witness at my trial on the return of the writ of *habeas corpus;* but Judge Jos. F. Barnard would not listen to any testimony *pro or con* relating to my religious belief. Even the doctors at Utica said there was not a single inmate there whose insanity was occasioned by Spiritualism.

I was in Albany during the greater part of the last session of our legislature, pursuing the investigation into the abuses in the supervision and management of the Utica Asylum, and was supported while there by a few of my college class-mates and some of the leading philanthropists of this city and of Yonkers. I am confident that good results have followed from the exposures then and there made. The testimony taken, when printed, as ordered by the Assembly will cover about 1,000 pages; and when it comes to be read, will open the eyes of the public to a clearer inside view of that Bastile, than all previous investigations have done. I have been invited to speak on the subject in large towns in the Western, the Northern, the Eastern, the Central and the Southern parts of this State, and expect to do so as soon as the heat of the summer is past.

Again: While reading up for the benefit of a visit with my younger children to the historic and hallowed ground where Washington Irving has located the scenes of his most interesting legends at Sleepy Hollow in Tarrytown, where also Major André was captured, I came upon some interesting facts in connection with the history of the accomplished spy, which I think worth reproducing from the new edition of Bolton's "History of Westchester County," facts, which I think every Spiritualist will be glad to preserve as sumulating scientific bases of our spiritual philosophy. Bolton was a very worthy man and a very modest industrious Episcopal clergyman. It was in 1773 while Major André was preparing to leave England and join his regiment in Montreal, the 7th Foot or Royal English Fusileers, that he paid his final visit to Miss Seward who "had made arrangements to take him to see and be introduced to her friends, Cunningham and Newton, both gentlemen of a poetical turn. While these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that, on the preceding night he had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him and, whilst looking about he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket, and seizing the bridle, hurried him away after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city, amongst thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood, brought out and suspended to a gallows. When André and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antitype of the man in the dream." Major André's arrest occurred about seven years after these dreams and he was hung on the 2nd of October, 1780.

But there is yet another series of dreams connected with André's romantic and tragic career, which occurred at the time of his death: "Miss H. B. was on a visit to Miss André, and being very intimate with the latter, shared her bed. One night she was awakened by the violent sobs of her companion, and upon entreating to know the cause, she said: 'I have seen my dear brother, and he has been taken prisoner.'.... Miss B. soothed her friend and both fell asleep, when Miss André once more started up exclaiming, 'They are trying him as a spy;' and she described the nature of the court, the proceedings of the judge and prisoner, with the greatest minuteness. Once more the poor sister's terrors were calmed by her friend's tender representations, but a third time she awoke screaming that they were hanging him as a spy on a tree, and described his regimentals with many other circumstances! There was no more sleep for the friend; they got up and entered each in her own pocket-book the particulars stated by the terror-stricken sister with the dates; both agreed to keep the source of their own presentiment and fear from the poor mother, fondly hoping they were built on the fabric of a vision. But, alas! as soon as news in those days could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came; and to the deep awe, as well as sad grief of the young ladies, every circumstance was exactly imparted to them as had been shadowed forth in the fond sister's sleep-fancy, and had happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream. The narrator thinks this anecdote has not been related by Miss Seward [the eulogist of Major André], Dr. Darwin, or the Edgeworths, father and daughter, who have all given to the public many interesting events in the brilliant but brief career of Major André." Again: I had purposed in this communication to give you a brief account of, to me and other friends of Mrs. Nellie Brigham, a new and most interesting development in her mediumship. Within two months past she has become a most remarkable writing medium, but, for want of time, I must reserve for another letter some of the facts in her experience; also some remarkable phenomena which have occurred to some of my friends in the presence of Slade.

JAS. B. SILKMAN,
Yonkers, N. Y. Secretary Y. S. Association.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

RESURRECTION.

Rejoice, O Earth! across the grave
Love's banner is again unfurl'd—
Love comes not man alone to save
But to redeem and crown a world.

There's not a flower that scents the air,
There's not a tide that swells the sea,
That claims not its immortal share,
O Resurrective Life, in thee.

There is no death; the grand refrain
Peals onward through the countless spheres;
Clearer and sweeter swells the strain
Of triumph with the rolling years.

There is no death; transition bears
Life onward unto higher spheres,
Dispelling doubts and grief and cares—
Removing pains and dreads and fears.

It is not death that sears the vine,
Or bears the blossom from the tree—
'Tis Resurrection's law divine
Setting the vine and fruitage free.

O Earth, upon thy border lands,
The angel ministers of God,
Extend in love their lily hands
To bear away thy cross and rod.

Their jewel'd harps triumphant ring,
Above the planes of care and strife,
Accordant with the song they sing
Of "Resurrection and the Life." —*Anon.*

SUMMER RAMBLES.

It was still early morning when we left the boat at Newport, and took a carriage to drive about the charming old town. Through all the principal streets we went, along places whose owners represented untold millions, dozens of them, hundreds of them, almost, scattered over miles of cultivated country. These are show places, where art and ingenuity have wearied themselves in devising new methods of exciting public admiration. The houses are large and artistic, the passer-by is aware that they are filled with the most luxurious appointments that the most luxurious notion can invent or secure. The streets are narrow and were then very dusty, and the grounds over crowded with trees, many of them old and grand. The shrubbery is as fine as though not exposed to the ocean breezes.

But all save the latest built houses on the Cliff drive, are out of sight and sound of the water, while they have nothing of the rural breadth and expansiveness which could alone compensate for being shut out of a water view at a seaside resort. So beautiful, showy enchanting as Newport is, it is a failure for every purpose save that of fostering artificial and extravagant tastes. These velvety lawns, well trimmed shrubberies, acres of greenhouses, and immense beds of bright leaved plants, surrounding houses which vie with one another in respect to sumptuous and ornate elegance, are show places, where the owners and their families spend three months in dress parade, varying the programme by fashionable dinners and receptions, which are remarkable for their expensiveness, style and artificiality. Everything natural, wholesome, spontaneous, is quickly starved in this external life, and the maiden or matron who goes successfully through the season at Newport, emerges from it exhausted in body and worn in soul. She has become divested in a greater or less degree of all that is Divinely sweet and fresh and pure in taste, habit and aspiration.

It is not in such resorts that the heart is kept fresh and young, that love for humanity is fostered or spiritual growth attained. The workers in brain, heart or body, are not found here, save in inferior capacities. The man of moderate means has here no place, his family no standing. It is the stock-gambler, the railroad king, the wholesale liquor dealer, the inheritor of immense wealth—more or less dissipated generally—the mining king, and the politician, whose villa rises in palatial splendor on one side or the other. Of course there are the intellectual and the progressive, but they are in the minority. It is not a place for such; they need homes which are here the exception.

But, as an instructive phase of modern life Newport is well worth studying. It is a unique spot; were it many times multiplied, the United States would soon cease to be a republic. It is not in harmony with the spirit of our institutions.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD AND NANTUCKET.

The steamer from New Bedford reaches the island of camp meetings in about two hours after starting. We only see Martha's Vineyard as we skirt its shores and stop at two landings; the first the Baptist landing—so the painted and tiled signs attest—the latter the Methodist landing. We observe that the land is low, level and sandy, covered in patches with groves of trees in which the various camp grounds are situated. The hotels are large and modern, with broad piazzas, the cottages are of Swiss style, with large balconies, and altogether the villages look like the abodes of a well-to-do, gregarious population, who like to settle down in gingerbread-finished cottages near enough to each other to hear and see all that is going on at the next neighbor's. There seems to be no sense of personal isolation and privacy among such dwellers; they can never be alone; they are apt to be social, warm-hearted, enthusiastic; they are seldom very refined, philosophic, profoundly religious or developed.

Nantucket has a quaint, interesting appearance, rising from the water to a height of sixty feet or more, on the banks of a large half circular harbor. It was formerly a place of over 9,000 inhabitants, so that it covers a large space of ground. It is now less than a third the size, though improving rapidly as a watering place. It has a quaint old-world aspect, which it is difficult to find elsewhere.

To see how it looks we will imagine a very old New England village, consisting of steep-roofed, unpainted, shingle-covered wooden houses, conveyed by some whirlwind to Nantucket and left stranded on the sandy hillside. They have been set down just as they were blown away, gables and sides turned in every direction with little regard to the points of the compass, or the narrow, roughly-paved streets. The windows are small-sashed and small-paned, the "lean-to's" creep down humbly and darkly at the backs of the houses, and, though scrupulously neat everywhere, there is the old, musty smell that tells of generations come and gone; of age and decay; of fogs and cold storms and months of bitter winds and dampness. There are few trees and there is little room for shrubbery, for all the rambling village is crowded together, as if to give and take shelter from the elements. On the roofs are rectangular platforms, railed and sometimes seated, where families could look out for fathers, brothers and husbands, as they sailed home from foreign ports or from whaling voyages. Altogether, it is a rather sombre, quiet, dreamy spot, though the pony carts and phaetons of New York, and Boston's beaus and belles, are inundating the old town and overflowing to the southern shore, where the waves roll in without a break, from the far Southern main. There seems to be a tendency more and more for prosperous inland dwellers to seek the sea shore, instead of the mountains, and Nantucket is a pleasant spot to visit.

WOMEN OF NANTUCKET.

The island has always been noted for a superior race of women, and their descendants are among the foremost characters of our time. The mother of Franklin was born in Nantucket, and the Folgers; her family are still full of vigor. Lucretia Mott, the sainted and venerable, spent here the first fifteen years of her life, and it was no little thing to have the heritage of such a development as hers. This was the birth place of the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, now Universalist minister of Jersey City; also, of Maria Mitchell, whose first astronomical discoveries were made on this island.

While visiting a friend whose pleasant summer home is a roomy mansion a full century old, I greatly admired the distinguished face and form of an elderly woman in an oil painting upon the walls of the low-ceilinged parlor. This is the history which was told me of the original.

Mary Livingston Griffiths, the daughter of Phillip Livingstone of the Revolution, was the first lady member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The friend of Bryant and Miss Sedgwick. She was herself the author of those bright stories, "What I saw through the Blinds," and "My Opposite Neighbors." Her face was like her nature both strong and sweet.

The Congregational Church of Nantucket is ministered over by Miss Louise Baker who seems to give great satisfaction. She was a teacher, became a lecturer, and is so much liked that for two years she has filled the position of pastor without any desire of change on her part or that of the society. It is seldom a woman has occupied a Congregational pulpit, but in Nantucket woman takes the lead.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

SPIRIT TEACHINGS. Published by M. A. (Oxon.) Author of "Psychography," "Spirit Identity," "Spiritualism at the Church Congress," etc., etc. London: The Psychological Press Association, 38 Great Russell Street, W. C., and of E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane. 1883. Price $3.

This work is a valuable addition to spiritualistic literature and will be read with deep interest. The author is thoroughly practical, has a mind admirably adapted to sifting the wheat from the chaff in his investigations, and what he has presented to the public in book form is calculated to awaken thought and do a vast amount of good. He says: "The Spirit-Teachings must go forth a curious record of an educational influence brought to bear from without and unsought on a mind that endeavored strenuously to sift and probe what was said." The communications which form the bulk of this volume, were received through the mediumship of the author by the process known as Automatic or Passive Writing. This is to be distinguished from Psychography. In the former case the psychic holds the pen or pencil or places his hand upon the Planchette, and the message is written without the conscious intervention of his mind. In the latter case the writing is direct, or is obtained without the use of the hand of the psychic, and sometimes without the aid of pen or pencil. The messages relate to Crime and Punishment, Benefits of Spiritualism, Return of Spirits to Earth, Influence of Debased Spirits, An Unpardonable Sin, Conditions of Communication, The Marriage Bond, What is aimed at by Spirits, What true Religion is, The Spirit Creed, The Cross, Inspiration, Development, Heaven and Hell, The Old Faith and the New, A Spiritualized Religion, The God-Idea, The Devil, Prayer, The Dead Past, Silent Growth, The Incentive to a Holy Life, No Monopoly of Truth in any One Religion, The Great Social Reformer, Suicide, etc., etc.

We give the following message, illustrative of spirit-life:

"The passage from the highest of the seven spheres of probation, to the lowest of the seven spheres of contemplation, is a change analogous to what you know as death. We hear little from beyond, though we know that the blessed ones who dwell there have power to help and guide us even as we watch over you. But we know nothing by experimental knowledge of their work, save that they are occupied with nearer views of the Divine perfection, in closer contemplation of the causes of things, and in nearer adoration of the Supreme. We are far from that blissful state. We have our work yet to do; and in doing it we find our delight. It is necessary for you to remember that spirits speak according to their experience and knowledge. Some who are asked abstruse questions give replies according to the measure of their knowledge, and are in error. But do not, therefore, blame them. We believe that we state what is accurate when we say that your earth is the highest of seven spheres; that there are succeeding the earth-life seven spheres of active work, and succeeding these, seven spheres of Divine contemplation. But each sphere has many states. We have said something to you of the reasons why the voluntarily degraded souls sink until they pass the boundary beyond which restoration becomes hard. The perpetual choosing of evil and refusing of good breeds necessarily an aversion to that which is pure and good, and a craving for that which is debased. Spirits of this character have usually been incarned in bodies where the animal passions had great sway. They began by yielding to animal desires, and ended by being slaves of the body. Noble aspirations, godlike longings, desire for holiness and purity, all are quenched, and in place of spirit the body reigns supreme, dictating its own laws, quenching all moral and intellectual light, and surrounding the spirit with influences and associations of impurity. Such a spirit is in perilous case. The guardians retire affrighted from the presence; they cannot breathe the atmosphere which surrounds it; other spirits take their place; spirits who in their earth-life had been victims to kindred vices. They live over again their earthly sensual lives, and find their gratification in encouraging the spirit to base and debasing sin. This tendency of bodily sin to reproduce itself is one of the most fearful and terrible of the consequences of conscious gross transgression of Nature's laws. The spirit has found all its pleasure in bodily gratifications, and lo! when the body is dead the spirit still hovers round the scene of its former gratifications and lives over again the bodily life in the vices of those whom it lures to sin. Round the gin shops of your cities, dens of vice, haunted by miserable besotted wretches, lost to self-respect and sense of shame, hover the spirits who in the flesh were lovers of drunkenness and debauchery. They lived the drunkard's life in the body, they live it over again now, and gloat with fiendish glee over the downward course of the spirit whom they are leagued to ruin. Could you but see how in spots where the vicious congregate the dark spirits throng, you would know something of the mystery of evil. It is the influence of these debased spirits which tends so much to aggravate the difficulty of retracing lost steps, which makes the descent of Avernus so easy, the return so toilsome. The slopes of Avernus are dotted with spirits hurrying to their destruction, sinking with mad haste to ruin. Each is the centre of a lot of malignant spirits, who find their joy in wrecking souls and dragging them down to their own miserable level.

"Such are they who gravitate when released from the body to congenial spheres below the earth. They and their tempters find their home together in spheres where they live in hope of gratifying passions and lusts, which have not faded with the loss of the means of satisfying their cravings.

"In these spheres they must remain subject to the attempted influence of missionary spirits, until the desire for progress is renewed. When the desire rises the spirit makes its first step. It becomes amenable to holy and ennobling influence, and is tended by those pure and self-sacrificing spirits whose mission it is to tend such souls. You have among you spirits bright and noble, whose mission in the earth-life is among the dens of infamy and haunts of vice, and who are preparing for themselves a crown of glory, whose brightest jewels are self-sacrifice and love. So amongst us there are spirits who give themselves to work in the sphere of the degraded and abandoned. By their efforts many spirits rise, and when rescued from degradation, work out long and laborious purification in the probation spheres, where they are removed from influences of evil and entrusted to the care of the pure and good. So desire for holiness is encouraged and the spirit is purified. Of the lower spheres we know little. We only know vaguely that there are separations made between degrees and sorts of vice. They that will not seek for anything that is good, that wallow in impurity and vice, sink lower and lower, until they lose conscious identity, and become practically extinct, so far as personal existence is concerned; so at least we believe.

"Alas! alas! sad and sorrowful is the thought. Mercifully, such cases are rare, and spring only from deliberate rejection by the soul of all that is good and ennobling. This is the sin unto death of which Jesus told his followers; the sin against the Holy Spirit of God of which you are told. The sin, viz., of rejecting the influences of God's holy angel ministers, and of preferring the death of vice and impurity to the life of holiness and purity and love. It is the sin of exalting the animal to the extinction of the spiritual; of degrading even the corporeal; of cultivating sensual earthly lusts; of depraving even the lowest tastes; of reducing the human to the level of the lowest brute. In such the Divine essence is quenched; the baser elements are fostered, forced, developed to undue excess. They gain absolute sway, they quench the spirit, and extinguish all desire for progress. The vice perpetuates itself, and drags the wretch who has yielded himself to the animal enjoyments further and further from the path of progress, until even the animal becomes vitiated and diseased; the unhealthily stimulated passions prey on themselves; and the voice of the spirit is heard no more. Down must the soul sink, down, and yet down further and further until it is lost in fathomless obscurity.

"This is the unpardonable sin. Unpardonable, not because the Supreme will not pardon, but because the sinner choses it to be so. Unpardonable, because pardon is impossible where sin is congenial, and penitence unfelt.

"Punishment is ever the immediate consequence of sin; it is of its essence, not arbitrarily meted out, but the inevitable result of the violation of law. The consequences of such transgression cannot be altogether averted, though they may be palliated by remorse, the effect of which is to breed a loathing for sin and a desire for good. This is the first step, the retracing of false steps, the undoing of error, and by consequence, the creation in the spirit of another longing. The spiritual atmosphere is changed, and into it good angels enter readily and aid the striving soul. It is isolated from evil agencies. Remorse and sorrow are fostered. The spirit becomes gentle and tender, amenable to influences of good. The hard, cold, repellent tone is gone, and the soul progresses. So the results of former sin are purged away, and the length and bitterness of punishment alleviated. This is true for all time. It was on this principle that we told you of the folly which dictates your dealings with the transgressors of your laws. Were we to deal with offenders so, there would be no restoration, and the spheres of the depraved would be crowded with lost and ruined souls. But God is wiser, and we are His ministers."

Magazines for August not Before Mentioned.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Wm. W. Payne, Carleton, Minn.) Contents: The Rotation of Domes; Sirius; A Method of determining the Index error of a Meridian Circle; Solar Eclipse; D'Arreste Comet; Remarkable Meteors; Cometary Mass; Gravity at the Surface of the Planets; The Sun's Corona; Editorial Notes, etc.

THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE. (Robert A. Gunn, M. D., New York.) Contents: National Eclectic Medical Association; The Missing Science; Notes on Syphilis; Mnemonics for Mother "Old School;" Railroad Surgery; Cutaneous Diseases; An Overlooked Source of Uterine Hemorrhage; The Mirror.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD. (Hay Nesbit & Co., Glasgow.) Contents: Direct Spirit Drawings and Writings; Testimony of Two Earls of Dunraven; Materialism; Case of Spirit Identity; Signor Damiani's Message; The Second Sight; Editorial Notes.

GOLDEN DAYS. (James Elverson, Philadelphia, Pa.) A Magazine for boys and girls, with thrilling stories by the most popular writers for the young.

THE FLORAL CABINET (Published at No. 22 Vesey St., New York.) This Monthly Magazine is devoted to the decorations of the Home, Horticulture, and general Gardening.

Vertigo, Hysterics, Convulsions—all nervous disorders in fact—are cured by *Samaritan Nervine.*

In 1774, Maskelyne, astronomer royal of England, was the first man to weigh the earth. The weight is estimated in the Encyclopedia Britannica to be 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

The National Museum at Washington is regarded by *Nature* as one of the best examples in the United States of the practical application of electricity. Twenty-six telephones are connected by a local telephone exchange, which in turn is connected with the main telephone office in the city. The result is that but three messengers are needed in this vast establishment. The photographic laboratory is independent of the sun, owing to the electric light there used. If one of the 850 windows or 290 doors is opened, a bell rings, and an electric annunciator shows to an attendent at the main office which window or door it is. This system is soon to be applied to every case of specimens. The dials of the sixteen clocks are also run by electric currents.

An earthquake occurred on the Island of Ischia, near Naples, Italy, July 28th, destroying the towns of Casamicciola, Lacco, and Forio. In Casamicciola, a beautiful pleasure resort of 4,000 inhabitants, only five houses remain standing. The Hotel Piccola Santinella, sank into the earth and buried many of its inmates. The Theatre, a wooden structure, was literally torn open, allowing the audience to escape. The centre of the shock was about the same as that of two years ago, but the radius is wider. The shock was felt to the sea, and some accounts say even to Naples. The number killed is estimated at 2,000 by some, others place it at 4,000. Over 1,000 persons were injured.

Queen Victoria's reign of forty-six years is longer by a year than Elizabeth's, and exceeded in length only by those of Henry III, Edward III, and George III. During her sovereignship the world has gained cheap newspapers, cheap postage, telegraphs, transatlantic steamers, and a score of revolutionizing inventions and discoveries. The Queen scarcely ever misses a book of note that comes from the press in England, and, so says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, is fond of George Eliot's works, and keeps a set at hand. A lady in waiting reads the newspapers and marks what she thinks will interest her mistress.

The standard foot of the Imperial Board of Works at Pekin, China, is twelve and a half inches long. A copper foot-measure dated A. D. 81, is nine and a half inches in length and one inch wide. In the course of two centuries it was found that the foot had increased half an inch, and a difference in the dimensions of musical instruments resulted. Want of harmony was the consequence, and accordingly in A. D. 274, a new measure, exactly nine inches in length was made the standard.

The salary of an "ordinary professor" at the German Universities amounts to from $3,500 to $5,000 per annum. Besides his regular pay, he often receives the fees paid by those who attend his lectures. At large universities, these fees may reach extraordinary amounts. At Berlin the Professor on Anatomy is paid $30 by each student attending the lectures on anatomy and the dissecting exercises, during the winter.

Jube tubes for measuring solids and liquids are mentioned in the oldest Chinese documents with the astrolobe, the cycle of sixty years, and several of the older constellations. It is likely that they were imported from Babylon, and in that case the Chinese foot is based upon the Babylonian measure of a span, and should be nine inches in length.

A full feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

SPARTA, TENN.—Dr. W. R. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters and recommend them."

LEWISVILLE, IND.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

Oak timber taken from the bottom of the Rhine near Mayence, evidently the remains of a bridge built by Drusus two thousand years ago, is found, when seasoned, to take a fine polish, and a Berlin man has bought the job-lot to work up into pianos.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

Four to six bottles cure salt-rheum or tetter.

One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles, and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst scrofula.

By druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

The experiment of employing women as telegraph clerks was begun twenty years ago in Finland. In Russia, seven hundred women earn their living in this employment, and steps are now being taken to secure pensions for the disabled.

Ayer's Ague Cure is intended to act as an antidote to malarial fevers, and all diseases generated by marsh, swamp or slough. Science has brought this remedy nigh to perfection. No quinine, no arsenic, nor injurious drug enters into its composition. Chemistry and the healing art have combined to make it the curative triumph of the age we live in.

The German cities have begun to treat American pork as we should treat Egyptian rags. Captains of vessels carrying the forbidden food are surrounded with new rules of procedure, any inattention to which is to cost them dear.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and Geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make one square metre of a light and very warm waterproof cloth, which can be dyed in all shades.

Fair faces marred with pimples or freckles should use Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Use and be happy.

The oldest tavern-building in America is supposed to be the Gen. Wayne Hotel at Elm Station, Pa. It was built in 1704, and was often visited by William Penn when he preached in Merion meeting house.

Egypt's water supply is claimed to be infected with putrid matter from the Mediterranean to the cataracts of the Nile.

Some cotton (No. 2,000) is spun so fine that a single thread contains only four fibres of cotton.

An Italian engineer has prepared designs for a bridge over the straits of Messina. It is to be of steel, and three miles in length.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 18, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Suicide.

Suicide is fearfully prevalent just now; not a daily paper but has its list of cases of disappointed ambition, crossed love, fear of want or pain, and religious excitement—all ending in attempted suicide or murder, and not unfrequently both. In the earlier ages of the world suicide was unknown—life on earth seemed to be the only chance for enjoyment of any sort (for the immortality in which the Hebrews believed was not a joyous one—existence only, not painful, but not pleasant), and men clung to life consequently under any and all circumstances. As civilization advanced, madness and suicide increased. It was three hundred years after Christ, it is stated, before the Church found it necessary to make suicide a sin, and even then without any warrant of Scripture for so doing. Statements like this have been criticised and doubted, so we present the following, taken from correspondence of Baltimore *American*, we believe, but since reprinted in a religious monthly in New York without objection:

"'There is not in the Bible a single commandment against self-slaughter.' This remarkable statement was made by Mr. Samuel Yorke at Lee, one of the most distinguished jurists and scholars in this section. 'I make that remark advisedly and it is literally true. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, there is neither prohibition nor censure of the act. No denunciation or reproach can be found in the Decalogue, nor in the Mosaic Code, nor in the prophetical writings, nor in the historical chronicles; neither in the New Testament, nor in the apostolic epistles and teachings, nor even in the Apocrypha. There are only eight cases of suicide mentioned in the Bible: Abimelech, Samson, Saul, his armor bearer, Ahithophel, Zimri, Razis and Judas Iscariot. In all these cases the facts are simply set forth without comment either of praise or of censure, except in the case of Razis, whose 'manliness' is commended. It may be said that the act of suicide is comprehended by the command to do no murder, but there is no identity between murder and suicide. One is prompted by cupidity or revenge, and is directed against the person of another; the other is a deed of insanity or of despair, directed against himself, and certainly without cupidity or revenge. We are then forced to the conclusion that suicide is no declared, specific offense against God. The belief that it is, inculcated for so many centuries in Christendom, had its origin in ecclesiastical economy."

Some Christian writers, and not a few preachers of the present day, do not hesitate to declare that, under "certain circumstances suicide is right." They say the command, "Thou shalt not kill," means, "Thou shalt not injure another by killing him;" but they can discover no reason why killing one's self should be an injury. The Catholic Church declares suicide to be the "sin against the Holy Ghost, which hath never forgiveness neither in this world nor in that which is to come." They say this, they claim, because Christ has inspired them to say it, and his Church cannot err. It seems very strange that the Bible does not condemn suicide; or would seem so, if it were not so thoroughly human, so expressive of the opinions of those who wrote the different books. But stranger still, as has before been stated, the Christian belief of to-day ought not to, though it does, condemn murder in some cases; for, if a saint be murdered, and thereby admitted at once into the presence of holy angels, to all the joys of heaven, he has not been harmed—the greatest good that he could have, has been forced on him; that is all, according to their theory. True, his family may suffer, but that evil may be cured to some extent. Though murder be for this last reason a crime, it is no greater than stock manipulation, fraud or injury of any sort would be, that would produce similar effects; and yet every one shrinks from murder and execrates the murderer. Nature protests against theology.

The real argument against both self-murder and murder of others is, not that it usurps the power of God, or is a bold contempt of God, rejecting the life he gave, but what, after all, is nearly the same thing, throwing away opportunities of growth in earth-life, interrupting the orderly progression from the material to the spiritual world, so causing the suicide and murdered one to enter into the Spirit-world unfit for progression. It is rarely, if ever, that a Spiritualist commits suicide. With clearer ideas than those of other faiths have of the glory that awaits him on the golden shores, however fortune may frown here, he, at least, waits "All the days of his appointed time, till his change come." Would that all the world had such a faith, such a knowledge. Not suicide alone, but many other mistakes and evils, would then soon cease.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

Saturday afternoon, the 11th, is to hand and not a word written of the history of this camp for the week. Indeed, not much has occurred of special interest to those not on the ground, with the exception of the consideration of the subject of organization in the morning conferences of yesterday and to-day.

On Tuesday, the 7th, the editor and his wife left camp in the morning to visit Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham at her home in Coleraine. Eighteen miles by rail to the smart manufacturing town of Shelburne Falls and a ride with Mr. Brigham of nine miles over a good road winding along the banks of Deerfield and North Rivers, brought the party to the Brigham farm early in the afternoon. As we rode beneath the magnificent old elm which stands guard at the gate, a military figure rose to welcome us and to our surprise we found our old acquaintance, Col. J. C. Smith of Washington, who with his wife and daughter are spending a few weeks in this quiet retreat. As the carriage stopped, Mrs. Brigham appeared to welcome us, and all the thousands who know her, know that she can welcome friends with such a glow of pleasure and such courteous, hearty grace as to make the visitor feel he is completely at home. We found out some of the secrets of the household and propose to share them, confidentially, with the JOURNAL's readers. We feel sure a little gossip from the hills of New England will be more productive of harmony and nearer in accord with "dog-day" weather than any metaphysical or philosophical discussion. Mrs. Brigham has been a medium and lecturer for twenty-nine years, we believe, having begun at the early age of fourteen. During these years she has carried peace and hope to thousands of aching hearts; dark despair has given place to ecstatic joy as she has unfolded to the afflicted her store of spiritual knowledge. Scientists, theologians and scholars, from various walks of life, have from time to time been astonished and dumbfounded at the profound words poured from the lips of this unassuming woman. The general public know her as a graceful speaker on the rostrum, a sympathizing friend at the bedside of the dying, a comforting teacher when the last rites are said and the earth closes over the form of loved ones. It is only the few who know that in addition to these qualifications, she is a competent housekeeper, the life and soul of her own quiet happy home. We had known in common with others that she each year suspended her New York labors and took a rest, but the kind of "rest" she takes is rather unique in its way. Returning to her home among the hills at the season when all who can are leaving the hot and dusty streets of the great cities, she literally rolls up her sleeves and goes to work; opens her house and fills it to the utmost limit with city friends. Understanding all the mysteries of housekeeping and being queen of her own kitchen, she with competent or incompetent help as the case may be, caters successfully to the creature comfort of her summer boarders. And when evening comes, she is queen of the drawing room, the continual centre of attraction; as bright, fresh and witty as though no thought of care ever engrossed her attention. Each Sunday she does missionary work by lecturing in some one of the surrounding villages. In addition to all this she is frequently called to officiate at funerals. Seemingly many old people have arranged to take their departure from earth during her summer vacation, that she may be able to comply with their last request to speak at the funeral. On the day following our visit she was to go by carriage twenty-two miles over a dusty road in the heat of the day to comply with such a request.

Here we unexpectedly found a number of valued friends from New York; among them Mrs. P. E. Farnsworth, whose genial face, set off effectively by beautiful gray hair, is so well known to New York Spiritualists. Her labor of love in assisting to carry on the Steck Hall meetings, is duly appreciated by A. J. Davis's Society of Harmonial Philosophers. Mrs. Milton Rathbone and her two lovely boys are here, and the JOURNAL man enjoyed a game of croquet and a roll on the grass with these future candidates for the Presidency.

After a delightful afternoon and a good night's rest we took the stage for Shelburne Falls. The typical stage-driver of the good old days, now gone forever, is nearly extinct, but fortune favored us with one of the veterans, and Mrs. B. seated by his side, used her time most industriously in plying him with questions. Like many another of his kind he proved a genuine philosopher and calmly submitted to the inevitable. He told the history of every village as we passed, the height of the hills, number of spindles in the several factories, a horse story or two and contributed much other valuable information.

On reaching Lake Pleasant we found that a fire early in the morning had destroyed the engine house and disabled the electric lighting machine.

The regular speeches of the week were made by the following named speakers: Walter Howell of England, Capt. H. H. Brown, Eben Cobb of Boston, where he has done most efficient missionary work for several years, Anthony Higgins of New York, who gave a lecture entitled: "How a Roman Catholic became a Spiritualist," in which he gave an interesting account of his own experience. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, who always speaks well, closed the week's services with a lecture said to be of great merit, but which, unfortunately, we were unable to attend. To-morrow, Cephas B. Lynn and A. B. French are to speak. Brother Lynn has forgiven us for our allusion of last week, but we haven't had returns from Boston, and so don't feel wholly free from danger. French arrived late last night tired out with his day's tramp, in Boston, where he had been showing his son, William, the sights. But exhausted as he evidently was, some "mischievous or evil spirit" bade him hunt up Lynn, and get a telegram which was awaiting him. When the silver-tongued Buckeye discovered that the despatch was bogus, and the charges on it an attempt to deplete his pocket, a cyclone of eloquence swept down the street, bearing on its right and left flanks a crutch, and on its center the manly remnants of the affable reporter for our esteemed Boston contemporary; the brilliancy of the electric lights paled before the lightning flashes of the friend of Mound Builders. But peace finally reigned and this morning repairs are completed, and the two speakers will, no doubt, lovingly sit side by side, on the rostrum to-morrow, and each will heartily applaud the speech of the other.

The question of organization which is now being agitated, and favorably considered by a very large number of substantial; reputable people, despite the opposition of our Boston contemporary, and that of an alleged newspaper in Philadelphia, is being quite thoroughly discussed, but the matter is to go over until next week, we defer an account of it for our next.

[Special Dispatch from Lake Pleasant.]

LAKE PLEASANT, MASS., Aug. 13.

At a special meeting of the Camp Association this morning, a resolution sustaining in all respects the directors in their action in publishing Resolutions of Censure upon J. M. Roberts, last year, and in defending themselves against his libel suit, was adopted by a vote of 323 ayes to 50 nays. Frauds, free-lovers and fanatics are unhappy. The *Fact* man, Whitlock, afforded much amusement by his awkward efforts to ride two horses, but probably fooled nobody.

Row at a Camp Meeting.

A *Tribune* reporter gives the following comical altercation that occurred at a Methodist camp meeting at Lake Bluff: The most attractive spot at the Bluff just now is the tabernacle. This is a structure capable of seating 1,000 people. It is made of a combination of boards and large pieces of canvas. Under its roof the camp meeting is being held. Every morning at six o'clock fifty or more brothers and sisters assemble there for a prayer and experience meeting. One morning lately there was a larger attendance than usual, and in the language of one of the brethren, a "rousing time was had." One lady in giving her experience said: "I am perfectly amazed at the purity of my heart."

It appears that after this meeting had closed, a scene occurred on the front piazza of Brother Truesdell's hotel, that was wholly out of keeping with the peaceful sanctity of that hostelry. It seems that three gentlemen, Mr. J. Boyd, Mr. L. McLain, and Mr. D. W. Potter, have for some time past been congratulating themselves that, like Dr. Lowery, they were passing smoothly through this wicked and degenerate world, not only without sin, but without any desire to transgress the laws of God or man. There are several persons of both sexes among Brother Truesdell's boarders who are good Methodists, who regard the claim of Dr. Lowery and his wife and the three gentlemen named as absurd. One of them, the Rev. M. E. Cady, said he would produce a man who had purchased real estate from Mr. Potter who would say that that gentleman was not perfect. An ex-minister of the gospel was also among the doubters. He went to each of the three gentlemen privately and asked him to give his opinion of the amount of holiness in his estimation the hearts of the other two contained. The result was that the ex-minister learned that each of the three regarded the other's claim to sanctification as unsustained by his daily walk and talk. The one interviewed was in every instance the immaculate individual. The ex-minister, it is said, became over-officious in the matter, and took occasion to inform the parties how they stood in each other's estimation. Shortly after breakfast Boyd and McLain met on the front portico. McLain eyed Boyd in silence for a moment. The latter smiled sarcastically as he returned the glance. McLain looking every thing but brotherly love, asked Boyd if he had asserted that he (McLain) was not sanctified. Boyd glared at him and in a very caustic tone of voice replied: "You sanctified! You are disgusting. I have seen multitudes of people get up and leave the tabernacle as soon as you got up to tell your experience." McLain, who is a large man with a hairless spot on the top of his head, jumped to his feet and made a forward movement as if he was going to knock down and trample under his feet the man who had questioned his piety. He contented himself, however, with striking an attitude and exclaiming: "You wretch! you are not perfect yourself! If Christ were to come on earth now he would take a whip and scourge you and drive you out of the tabernacle!" "You are a hypocrite," cried Boyd, who was now getting mad himself. "You are another," retorted McLain, advancing and raising his clenched fist as if intending to knock Boyd, who is a smaller man, out of time in one round. "You are troubled with softening of the brain," he continued. "That is what ails you."

Strange Presentiments.

The *Utica (N. Y.), Observer* gives an account of a strange presentiment that occurred in that city. It appears from the account given that in the year 1866 the late James S. Thorn, who was the city editor of *The Observer*, was lying upon his death-bed, slowly succumbing to the inroads of that fatal disease, consumption. The intelligence was brought to the office that he could not possibly last more than a day or two longer. He was a man of such genial and loving qualities, and had so tenderly entwined himself around the hearts of all his associates, that no one could endure the thought of writing his obituary in advance of his death; and yet it was quite important, if not imperative, that a proper memorial should be prepared, ready for insertion in the paper at a moment's notice upon the receipt of the news of the death of our young and talented friend and associate. One after another declined to write the obituary, until it was finally determined that Abram Fonda, an editorial writer on the paper, should perform the melancholy task. Mr. Fonda accordingly began it, omitting the introduction, and was engaged some time upon the work, when an employe of the office who occupied a chair in front of Mr. Fonda's table, turned around and inquired how he was getting along. He replied that he was not progressing satisfactorily, that it was a harder task than he had anticipated, and then went on with his work. Instantly, as quick as thought could frame the expression, there flashed through the brains of the employe these words: "Old fellow, you'll die before Jimmie does!" And he did. That night after retiring Mr. Fonda arose for some purpose, went to an open window in his room, and fell headlong out of it to the sidewalk below. In the morning he was found lying upon the ground speechless and insensible. He died at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of the day. Mr. Thorn survived until nearly noon.

Thomas Hoyne, who fell a victim lately to a railroad accident in the East, had a presentiment of his terrible death. His daughter said:

"Father appeared to have a presentiment when he went away that he would never come back alive. He didn't say so, but we gathered that impression from his talk and actions. He intended to stop over at Niagara Friday night and meet Mr. White, and go on with him, but it seems that he did not do so. He reached there at 7 o'clock in the evening, and Mr. White didn't arrive until 9, so they missed each other. The clerk at the Cataract House told me that father said he had had hard luck on that road, and intended to change his ticket and not go on the branch road where the accident happened, but the clerk persuaded him to take it, as it was the shortest one. He had a berth in the second sleeper—the sleepers on Eastern roads are put behind the baggage-car—and the one he was in, which was built by the company, apparently of very light material, was smashed into splinters by a Wagner car, which went almost clear through it, without doing any damage to itself beyond bending some of the iron rods. Only two who were in the company's sleeper escaped, the Wagner car stopping just when it reached their berths. The company neglected to do what common humanity dictated—have a sufficient force of men on the ground to take proper care of the bodies—put them in ice, so as to preserve them as long as possible. It was a great outrage to do as they did."

An Adventuresome Somnambulist.

The *Indianapolis Journal* gives a curious incident of somnambulism as related by Conductor Minor, of the Indianapolis and St Louis Road. Recently a party from Texas, consisting of father, mother and four children, took passage with him at St. Louis, bound for Indianapolis. A short distance the other side of Pana, Ill., one of the children walked out on the rear platform while asleep, the other occupants of the car paying no attention to its movements. The train, according to Conductor Minor's statement, was running at the rate of forty miles an hour, and when his attention was called to the fact that the child had gone out on the platform he instituted search and found it missing. The parents were frantic when notified of the child's disappearance, and at Pana a party of section hands were sent back on a hand-car to search for traces of the missing child. About three miles from the city they found the little one lying beside the track and picked it up for dead, but on being spoken to and jostled a little it awoke, and the discovery was made that it had been asleep all the time and was entirely unconscious of what had happened. The youngster was not even badly bruised, and was returned to its parents in good order. Conductor Minor is positive that the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when the sleeping child fell off, and its escape is most miraculous.

A Disputed Question.

The Saratoga, N. Y., *Sentinel* sets forth that A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician of Boston, who has made annual professional visits to that town for fourteen years, has met a question in dispute. Last year he was served with a notice from the medical censors of the Saratoga county medical society (allopathic) requesting him to register his diploma within five days, but he had none to register, and before the five days expired he took his advertisement from the papers and waited patiently for the censors to decide whether *magnetic treatment* came within the restrictive law. No public announcement has been made of the decision of the censors, but some of them announced that the words magnetic physician was sufficient for his arrest, and therefore applied for a warrant, which, however, was not issued. This year Mr. Hayward desired to visit patients at Saratoga as usual, and therefore entered into a correspondence with a prominent man in this town to see if the censors had any objections to his healing the sick without medicine. He was informed in answer through his correspondent, that if he returned and attempted to heal the sick by *the laying on of hands* or otherwise, he would be arrested, etc. Mr. Hayward cannot look upon the law as covering his mode of practice or that he has committed an overt act morally or legally, and considers that his legitimate business has been broken up. He will not attempt to heal the sick in the county until the question in dispute is decided by the citizens of New York. The *Sentinel* says, also, that the operators by faith and prayer cure are to be restricted by the Saratoga county medical censors, although no open move has yet been made in that direction.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy are still at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

In our next issue we shall publish another excellent article from Wm. E. Coleman, on "Apollonius of Tyana and Jesus."

A. B. French's lecture on Sunday at Onset Bay, was a glorious success, more than five thousand people listened to him in close attention.

There is a man in Vermont whose brains, according to one of the medical journals, have dried up, so that they rattle around like beans in a bladder every time that he shakes his head.

Last Tuesday evening, Aug. 14th, Mr. Geo. H. Brooks, the lecturer, and Miss Fannie E. Short of Madison, Wis., were united in marriage. May their happiness in this new relation be complete.

Mrs. Mott-Work intends to make Kansas City, Mo., where she is now residing, her future home. She has an engagement to visit Onset Bay, Mass. During her trip East she will probably visit Boston, Washington and Chicago.

The September installment of "The Breadwinners," the new anonymous serial begun in the August *Century*, will take the reader to a Spiritualist "séance," and contains also a charming chapter in which the heroine Alice Belding (as distinguished from the forward beauty Maud Matchin) shows off to high advantage.

A. B. French will address the Spiritualists at Island Park, Sept. 20th. With reference to Island Park, Dr. E. H. Denslow writes: "Island Park is a beautiful place, some two miles from South Bend, Ind., with speaker's stand, amphitheatre, and many natural attractions. It is reached by steamer from South Bend. We would be glad if an excursion could be arranged from Chicago to come to this meeting."

Next to the toy pistol or empty gun, the church pic-nic is the most effective thing yet devised to keep down surplus population. In the course of time, we will be able to dispense with the firearms method of making little angels. The recent sad affair at Tivoli, near Baltimore, by which over seventy young people were drowned while on a church pic-nic, is the fourth of the kind that has happened among Catholics alone within a few years; the last previous one being the drowning of a large number in the St. Clair river.

The Roman correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* asserts that the Jesuits are about to assert their old ascendency at the Vatican. Before long, he thinks, the Powers will have to recognize the fact that the Pope's master is the General of the Jesuits, and that the latter is the real head of the church. The correspondent—who is always well informed—adds that the present Pope virtually purchased his election to the Pontifical throne by an agreement entered into with the Jesuits before the conclave.

Tom Thumb died comparatively young for a dwarf. Richard Gibson, miniature painter and court dwarf to Charles I, lived to be 75, and his dwarf wife, Ann Shepherd, to be 85. Sir Geoffrey Hudson, dwarf and diplomatist to Charles II, expired at 63, and the little gentleman's span of life was shortened by his incarceration on suspicion of connivance in the Popish plot, in the gate-house at Westminster, where he died. The far famed Polish dwarf, Count Borluwski, for whom George IV provided, died also at an advanced age. Dwarfs are better constituted, as Barnum says, than giants, both mentally and physically.

Shabby Gentility that Cannot be Carried into Spirit-Life.

The New York Journal on one occasion gave some suggestive incidents in connection with shabby gentility:

"One-half the people in New York live, and the other half pretend to live." This is truer than most people suspect. The number of persons who give their lives to making an appearance is astonishing, and the devices to which they resort to be thought genteel and to avoid working for a living would astonish the world if fully exposed.

One of the most interesting cases of shabby gentility will be found at the family hotel. Every one of these establishments has one or more lodgers who live in the top of the house in the cheapest apartments, next to the servants; who take their meals at cheap restaurants or beer-saloons, but who dress well and use monogram note paper, and generally assume the style and airs of retired well to do people.

In one case recently brought to the attention of the writer, a lady and her two daughters occupied rooms at one of the most fashionable hotels in the city for two years. Her daughters furnished the income by very hard work, one of them as a copyist and the other in a large telegraphic house. But no one in the hotel ever suspected that they depended upon their labor for their income. The young ladies made together about $25 or $30 a week and on this sum they managed, by the most pinching economy in eating, to dress well and move in a certain circle. But the air of disdain with which they spoke of people who were compelled to work and the poetic references they constantly made to their blood and ancestry produced the most respectful treatment from all who came in contact with them.

A young lady and her father, who lived at the Westminster for some time and passed as a belle in certain sets, worked in a bookbinder's establishment in Nassau street, and actually supported her father in his genteel airs. In this case it came to the knowledge of the writer that this young lady, on more than one occasion, went supperless to bed because she had to pay for a coupé.

Another form of pretentious gentility is found in those families that hire houses, and then sublet all but a couple of rooms, retaining the use of the parlor to make a show, and always turning up their noses at people who are compelled to live in flats. "O, we," they always say, "couldn't be restricted to a flat, you know. It may do for people who have never had the freedom of a whole house but we must have our own establishment." If they live in a basement house they have to put up sometimes with a doctor or a dentist, but they compromise by calling his room the library when they have a party.

There are hundreds of genteel people living on Lexington avenue, who for the sake of making it appear that they occupy a whole house to themselves, are content to bunk in a garret and cook with the oil stove. But they make enough off their wages to dress well and have a coach and livery take them to the park in the afternoon. It is said by those who know, that the gay cavalcade to be seen on a pleasant afternoon on the avenue is made up in unequal proportions of millionaires and beggars, who, so far as dress is concerned, cannot be distinguished from each other. In the ranks of the operatives who live on the East side, it is curious to know that a coach is the sign of gentility. To be able to hire a coach is the weakness of hundreds of girls who work by the week down town, and it is for this reason perhaps, that in the poorer classes funerals have become a sort of evidence of gentility, the condition of the family being rated by the number of coaches. There are scores of girls who give music lessons who spend nearly all they make at the livery stable. They are driven to their pupils' houses in coupés, and they are very particular about the livery. The superintendent of a large envelope factory in this city said that some years ago a fainting epidemic broke out among his girls. Without any premonition whatever, an operative would suddenly fall over as if dead, and he was in the habit sometimes of calling a carriage and sending the invalid home. But when the thing grew to affect the whole factory, he turned one of his rooms into a hospital and hired a doctor to apply restoratives, from which moment not a girl fainted. It was not till some time after that he discovered by accident that it was the ride home in the coach that had brought on the epidemic.

Poor nincompoops—those who assume this peculiar method of maintaining an appearance of great prominence before the world generally. By and by, in spirit life, if not here, they will be stripped of their flimsy gauze, and their real character be made known.

The bill brought into the French chamber by M. Rivet to render more rigorous the law of affiliation has just drawn from M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* a pamphlet which is an eloquent plea for the illegitimate. M. Dumas's proposals on this point are twofold—first, that every unmarried man who is proved to be the father of a child which he has abandoned to the care of its mother, shall be compelled to adopt the child, and to educate it in accordence with his own position in society; second, that every man who, being married, is unable to adopt, or, being without means, is unable to support the child, shall be condemned to from two to five years (!) imprisonment. It is needless to add that M. Dumas pleads for these bold proposals with his usual eloquence. The clergy are in its favor, while the lawyers deride it as impracticable. But M. Dumas is convinced that the novelists, as being learned in human nature, are trustworthier guides with regard to this question than those who are only learned in law.

Mrs. Underwood writes: "The Spirits Communion Meetings at the West End Opera House, conducted by Mrs. S. E. Bromwell, of 435 Madison St., have been held for three months with the greatest success. Last Sunday short addresses were made by Mrs. Hugo, Mr. Welch, and Mrs. Underwood and others. Good music and tests. Flosie, Capt. Moore and Frank Lombard. Mrs. Bromwell's controls, gave satisfaction to all inquirers after truth."

The *Theosophist* for July is to hand and as usual contains interesting articles upon Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature, Occultism and other Secret Sciences. For sale at this office. Price 50 cents per copy.

D. F. Trefry writes: "Sunday, August 12th, The Spiritual Light Seekers held their meeting in Lester's Academy at 3 P. M. A growing interest seems to be manifested in these meetings, and it is thought by many that they are of more benefit to the Spiritual Light Seeker than simply the ordinary lectures. We have the ideas of various thinkers presented, and many tests are given that carry conviction to the minds of the Seekers. Mrs. Hattie Davis, a test medium, was controlled to speak in public for the first time on Sunday. She also described the spirit friends of an aged widow in deep mourning, who was seeking for light and consolation from those on the other side. Mr. A. H. Williams of the old pioneer Spiritualists, presented his views, claiming that spirit life is here, and that there is no crossing over to the other side—it is only moving out of the old house into a new one. We have no debating or wrangling; all is harmony. Good music by the choir."

Dr. J. H. Rhodes says: "After reading the pamphlet entitled 'Home Circles' (issued by the Religio Philosophical Publishing House, price 10 cents per copy) I will say that I think it is the best work as an instructor for persons desirous of investigating spirit power, that we have ever had. The contributors are men that the public have long known as among the soundest and best thinkers in the new religious movement, and I consider this another step in the ladder of progress in advancing the spiritual of this century."

Appeals have been made to Oxford and Cambridge Universities for thoroughly educated men as the only missionaries fit to be sent to India. The Hindus are noted for their logical experience, and the ordinary colporteur seems powerless before their intellectual infidelity.

Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The camp meetings here are doing a good work. Many remarkable tests are given to inquirers, and every day adds to the number of those who for the first time received indubitable proof of a life beyond the grave. I happened along while Dr. Webb (an entire stranger to Watkins) of Wellsboro, Pa., and wife were sitting with Chas. E. Watkins, and the medium or spirit—which?—hailed me and said "Come in." I was seated by the table, Mr. Watkins standing at my left and his little four year old boy at my right. Watkins laid two clean slates together in front of the child within two feet of my eyes, which were open and intently watching every movement. The child at my right took the two slates in one hand and held them out as in imitation of his father, who was at least six feet from the boy. In about thirty seconds the boy dropped the slates on the table and took off the upper one, and lo! upon the under slate which but a moment before I saw as clean as if just washed, there appeared in a strong hand the name of Dr. Webb's father!

It seemed impossible that I could have been deceived and Dr. Webb was watching as sharply as I. He said: "I am converted!" This is but a specimen of what is almost constantly transpiring through some of the various mediums on both grounds, Lily Dale and the C. L. T. A. grounds, which as you know are less than eighty rods apart. The speaking, too, is of the highest order. Bro. O. P. Kellogg was a little cloudy owing to a cabinet dark materializing séance that was being held just under the left side of his nose in the interior of his upper jaw. The aperture (his mouth) at which the materialized form was preparing to appear, did not present its usual facetious appearance and he evidently did not relish the prospect of the sudden detachment of the ghost from the medium that the former might appear as an independent form at the aperture and be seen and handled outside the cabinet.

Mrs. Lillie is a general favorite, and she and Bro. Kellogg instructed and charmed a large and admiring audience on Sunday. The new pavilion is the most important improvement yet made on the new grounds and is admired by all.

I have only been here this week and cannot answer for last week's work; but all seems to be going well and everybody—nearly—seems happy. At Lily Dale Mr. Alden has made extensive improvements, doubling the size and capacity of his hotel and has now some forty or fifty large, nice sleeping rooms, and by another year will be ready to give pleasant quarters to a large number of guests. I have not been present at their meetings this year since the first two days. They were well used, and larger audiences than have greeted them at the opening for the past two years, and I am informed they have had excellent meetings all through and the best of feeling has prevailed. They close next Sunday.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Cassadaga Camp, August 9, 1883.

A Legend of Cologne.

Adelheid Richmodus, wife of one of the medieval senators who swayed the destinies of Cologne, died, to all appearance, and was buried in the vaults of the neighboring Apostelkirche. It was said that a valuable ring could not be removed from her hand, and was consequently interred with her. This excited the cupidity of the sexton, who came at night to steal, and failing in his efforts to loosen the ring, tried to sever the finger. Blood flowed; the lady revived and sat up in her coffin, to the horror of the thief. After the first paralyzing shock of finding where she was she passed through the gates he left open in his flight, and, still wrapped in her winding-sheet, knocked at her husband's door. The servants, on looking out, recognized her, and rushed terrified to their master to say they had seen her ghost; but on calmer reflection, Adelheid continuing to knock and beg plaintively for admission, they concluded she was alive, and said so. Richmodus declared the whole a trick of their imagination, and said he would as soon believe his horses were transported to the attics as that his wife lived. As he spoke, the clatter of hoofs above proved his incredulity rebuked by a miracle. The door was opened to the shivering lady, who told her story and was affectionately received, becoming "the joyful mother of children," and dying in reality at an advanced age. The horses' heads carved in wood, painted one black and one gray, still look from the top window to convince the skeptic; and the next street, Richmodstrasse, is named after the much-enduring woman.—*London Society.*

The eight members of the Salvation Army who were arrested in Syracuse, N. Y., for parading the streets in disobedience to a resolution passed by the common council, were arraigned at the police court August 10th. They said they were willing to go to the penitentiary for the Lord's sake, but a member of the army, who is called "Crank Hall," was anxious to get bail for those arrested. The counsel for the army will try to get an order from the County Judge taking the case from the police court. The police judge gave the counsel ten days to get such an order. If they parade again they will be once more arrested.

Sir John Lubbock makes a statement which is hard to realize. Down to the year 1724 the English government gave to the taxpayer a notched stick as a receipt. The old exchequer tallies were willow rods about five feet long, which were notched at certain intervals, each notch being understood to mean so many pounds, shillings, and pence, or fractions thereof. When the amounts were thus notched, the stick was split, one part being kept by the tax-payer and the other by the government. Immense numbers of these old tallies were stowed away in the vaults of the old House of Commons, and it is said that they were probably the cause of the fire which destroyed it.

The new French law on religious and civil funerals provides that the last wishes of every individual as to ceremonies shall be fully respected. If the intention is disputed, the decision rests with the courts. The last will or other written testimony is the only admissible evidence, and the Bench must decide within twenty-four hours. Any minister of religion who disobeys the order of a court is liable to a year's imprisonment for the first offense and to, fine for the second; and it is to be presumed that those who unlawfully withhold religious rites will be visited with the same penalties.

About one hundred and fifty persons in the Maryland Penitentiary are engaged in the manufacture of merino shoes. They are intended for use principally in the dry, cold climates of the North. It is stated that, no matter how low the temperature, the feet will never get cold when encased in these shoes. The shoes are shipped principally to the North and North-west, where they are used in the lumber camps.

The new Dean of Westminster, by appealing to the public, has received over $18,000 for the purpose of turning a drinking-shop adjoining St. Matthew's Church, almost under the shadow of the Abbey, into a wholesome coffee and lodging house.

Business Notices.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life, July 31st, 1883, at Washington, Ill., J. Anson Shepard, aged 47.

Mr. Shepard was a native of Canton, Mass., and came to Lake Co., Ill., in his early childhood, making it his ... home, with the exception of some three years sojourn in California and a residence of a year or so in Chicago. [illegible]

Modest and unassuming in manner, a worker and thinker rather than a conversationalist, only those who knew him well fully appreciated the depth of his knowledge or the extent of his range of thought [illegible] "It is all for the best," [illegible]

His disease was creeping paralysis, hereditary in his family, developed by being thrown from his carriage about three years ago. [illegible]

The funeral services were held at Whittier Grange Hall, Mrs. De Wolf, of Chicago, officiating to the entire satisfaction of the large audience assembled.

His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends, and Mrs. De Wolf's remarks [illegible] were listened to with deep feeling and appreciation.

OPHELIA T. SHEPARD.

Spiritual Meeting at Omro, Wis.

The first Meeting under the new State Organization will be held in Spiritual Hall, Omro, September 14th, 15th and 16th, 1883. Mrs. E. C. Lake and Dr. G. H. Geer are already engaged. C. E. Watkins, slate-writing medium, who gave universal satisfaction at our last Meeting, will be present. Remember the dates.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

The Connecticut Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association.

The Connecticut Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association will hold their Second Annual Session, commencing August 1st and closing September 15th, at Niantic, in the town of East Lyme, Conn., [illegible] Speakers engaged: [illegible] Music by [illegible] Orchestra of New London. [illegible] Letters of inquiry to D. A. Lyman, Secretary, Willimantic, Conn., will receive prompt attention.

Mediums Meeting, Chicago.

Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, trance speaker, and Mrs. [illegible], test medium, will conduct The Spiritual Light Seekers' and Mediums' Meeting, every Sunday at 3 P. M., in Prof. Lester's Academy, 619 Lake Street. Good music, good seats, and a light, cool and pleasant hall. Spiritual papers for sale at the hall.

Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Children We Keep.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON IN INTERSECTAN.

The children kept coming one by one,
'Till the boys were five and the girls were three.
And the big brown house was alive with fun,
From the basement floor to the old roof tree;
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with tenderest care,
Warmed by love's sunshine bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play,
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where "the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into paradise,
Ere the "river" had reached her slender feet;
While the father's eyes on the graves were bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies—
"Our treasures," she answered, "were only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began,
With longing to look at the world outside,
And as each in his turn became a man
The boys proudly went from the father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to woo and win,
And with orange blossoms in their braided hair,
The old homes they left, new homes to begin.

So one by one, the children have flown—
The boys that were five, and the girls were three,
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, all the children we keep at last,
Are the little ones who in childhood died.
Edina, 1879.

DISGRACEFUL QUARREL.

Faction Fight in a Church near Oakland, Cal.—Pistols Drawn in the Vestry, but no Blood Spilt—An Unpopular Clergyman, the Main Bone of Contention.

An extraordinary church quarrel is in progress in Berkeley Village, near Oakland, among members of St. Mark's Episcopal Church. It began a year and a half ago, when an attempt was made by its members to change the church from a mission to a parish, and a Board of Vestrymen was elected, which Bishop Kip refused to recognize, and he appointed a Board of Wardens. The primary cause for cutting loose from Bishop Kip's supervision was some members' dissatisfaction with the appointed minister, the Rev. Mr. Green. A split was thus created. Charges were preferred against Green, to which Bishop Kip at first listened, but subsequently changed his mind, and Green was retained, though no salary was paid him. A week ago a fight occurred between the two factions in the vestry, and pistols were drawn, but no blood spilled. The Rev. Dr. David McClure, of Oakland, was invited by one faction to preach yesterday, but when he and his followers appeared in the church they found it in possession of Green and his faction, they having forced the locks of the front door. Green began service at 9 o'clock, read two long chapters from the book of Job, then a psalm, and, ascending the pulpit, read a sermon. At the conclusion of the sermon Green began reading sentences of the litany, and after this part of the service read the ante-communion service, after which he ascended the pulpit again and began reading another sermon. Impatient at these proceedings, Bishop Kip and McClure walked up to the pulpit and and demanded of Green to step down and out. Green refused, and continued the second sermon until finished. During these proceedings about one-half the congregation walked out of the church, leaving the remainder to settle possession of the church. Green left as soon as the sermon was over, and a discussion ensued about the disposal of the church property. It was finally decided to turn the church over to the Town Marshal who holds it pending further developments.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DR. FERGUSON.

Voudooism in West Virginia—Analysis of the Medicines Administered.

A genuine case of voudooism has just been developed in Charleston, W. Va., by one of the physicians there. The case in question is one which has created much talk among medical circles. The voudoo doctor is Simon Ferguson, an illiterate negro coal-miner, who resides in Campbell Creek mining regions. The patient is Mrs. Eliza Williams, who lives out of the city limits, and who has been sick some time. Ferguson, who happened to pass one day, heard of the sickness and went into the residence, where he examined the patient. He diagnosed the case and pronounced that devils had possession of Mrs. Williams. He further informed the patient that he was the only doctor who had power to drive out his Satanic Majesty's subjects. He prescribed six: Polk-root, smartgrass, and iron-weed, to which he added grasshoppers, angle-worms, grub-worms, flies, and other insects. This, being mixed, was placed in a quart bottle, set in hot water, and steeped for some time. The quantity taken was a wineglassful every four hours. Several doses were taken of the obnoxious decoction.

Ferguson also required that tobacco snuff be blown up the patient's nostrils from a pipe. The woman became so much worse that a doctor was sent for. He prescribed for her, after which her husband brought a quart bottle of Ferguson's compound to this city. It was left at the drug-store of Dr. Colton for analysis, where it can now be seen in its originality. This is the first case of the kind ever developed in this section, notwithstanding Ferguson says that he has about twenty cases wherein he has cast out devils. If investigated by the local Board of Health it will prove interesting by showing up the superstition among the mountaineers of our section. Ferguson's diet for the patient was mackerel just as taken out of brine, unwashed and unsoaked.

Spiritualism in Oregon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There will be a grove meeting of Spiritualists held at New Era, Clackamas County, Oregon, beginning Friday, Aug. 31st, and continuing four days. Good speakers, trance and normal, and good test mediums will be present. Ample arrangements are being made for the accommodation of those who cannot come with tents and baggage. This camp ground can be reached from both North and South by boats on the Willamette River, and by trains on the Oregon and California Railroad, and from both East and West by boats on the upper and lower Columbia River, and by trains on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

I would like to say to the Spiritualists of Oregon that we have ample room and material for at least five more organized societies of Spiritualists in the State; two in Eastern and two in Southern Oregon, and one in the Southern portion of Willamette Valley. It costs but little to organize for business purposes, and but little to announce a meeting. My opinion is, based on observation and experience, that there is native talent enough within easy reach of such localities to run a meeting three or four days at a time, once or twice each year.

Clackamas, Oregon. WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

C. S. Ford writes: I have just reached "Station Home" from the East and find "Home Circles—How to Investigate Spiritualism," etc., etc., a splendid seed sprinkler. Why not issue a digest in this form monthly, and suggest to subscribers of the JOURNAL an investment of a tithe for their vacillating friends? Please forward value of $1.00 to my address.

Mrs. Sophia Buffington writes: My JOURNAL comes regularly every Saturday and is truly a gem of light to me. I prize it very much.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Instantaneous Recovery from a Chronic Disease of Ten Years Standing.

There exists in Pistoia (Tuscany, Italy), a nunnery of *Clarisse*, otherwise called *Franciscan Nuns*, as St. Chiara, a follower of St. Francesco, of Assisi, founded this order for females with the same rules as St. Francesco had for the order of friars that bear his name.

In said nunnery, called after St. Peter, the patron-saint of the church annexed to it, Rosa Puccioni, a Florentine lady, took the veil, robed herself with the uniform dress of the order and received the name of *Umilta* (Humility), this being the principal virtue she wished to devote her life in practicing, wherefore she, from the very first day, chose the humblest cell, deposed the veil and betook herself to fulfill the coarsest work and the most abject services of the religious family, wishing to be the lowest servant of all.

After a couple of years this kind of life told upon her constitution, she having been used to all the luxuries of ease and comfort, and was cause, as I believe, of the various diseases she became a victim to—namely scorbute, hemorrhage of the lungs, together with a consecutive disorder of the principal viscera, enough to justify the idea of a substantial alteration taking place in all of them.

The negative results obtained from the cure she was subjected to, and her insurmountable aversion to the medicines prescribed for her, forced all therapeutic cure to be suspended and limited simply to get her to partake of the scanty food that her digestive organs would alone tolerate, and I, who am the Doctor of the Monastery, continued seeing her only when in passing near her cell I found her disposed to allow me to speak to her.

She remained in this precarious state from ten to eleven years, and during all this time it was only very rarely and with the utmost difficulty, that she could force herself from her recumbent position and drag out of her cell to partake of the holy sacrament.

As time went on, feeling herself a dead weight to her sister-nuns, she frequently offered up fervent prayers to the Almighty to put an end to her unfortunate and useless life.

One day, at length, after 10 or 11 years, she was visited by an apparition; a female figure stood by the side of her bed and looking at her with a benignant face, told her to get up and dress and resume her work.

She obeyed as the vision disappeared, got up, dressed, but at first leaned against the wall for support, fearing she might fall, yet finding soon after that she was in possession of uncommon strength, she walked on speedily in search of her companions.

I was then urgently sent for, and on arriving at the Monastery, saw, to my pleasant surprise, her almost running to meet me. Only to me did she at first confide her secret about the vision she had had, but afterwards she also told Monsignor Sozzifanti (Bishop of Pistoia) who did not think himself bound to keep the secret.

The nuns having come to know of what had taken place, were uncertain as to whom the prayers of thanksgiving were to be offered, although Rosa Puccioni declared that the apparition was that of a female dressed as they were. But every doubt was soon dispelled by a second vision that she had, in which the apparition showed most distinctly that she wore the robes of their order—and prayers and thanksgiving were therefore offered to St. Chiara.

From that first vision, from that first moment in which she was ordered to get up and walk, she has been in the enjoyment of sound and robust health, and it is now six years that she continues thus, and that she can, without fatigue, sustain the duties and hardships of tending the sick, which duties often rob her of sleep for days and weeks together.

Now I, as a medical man, can admit, by way of exception, the possibility through natural expedients of overcoming her diseased conditions, and regaining health by slow degrees, although her state was such as to raise in me the conviction that no justifiable hope could reasonably be entertained of her eventual recovery; but as for suddenly returning in possession of health and strength, I cannot in any way admit, unless it be through the agency of supernatural, or as it is otherwise called, Divine Power.

Pistoia, Italy. DR. FRANCESCO CHIAFELLI.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We are publishing for a month among our daily and weekly advertisements near a half column of notices taken from different newspapers concerning the character and conduct of the above named journal of Chicago. Its proprietor is John C. Bundy, "an able, conscientious and successful journalist, from whom we have received his weekly sheet for six or seven years past. We know of no one paper in the world that gives so just a view of the condition and progress of the modern spiritualistic movement as that of Mr. Bundy. It is hostile to all sorts of fraud and a friend to all that is pure, true and good in human life; a steady advocate of personal immortality, founded on evidence open to every diligent seeker of to-day, and not resting merely on traditions of eighteen hundred or more years old. An honest thinker can find abundant food of the most satisfactory kind for his moral, social and intellectual nature in its columns, free from the dogmatism and slavery of the ever-changing creeds of ecclesiastical authority. Its editor has kindly favored us with numerous periodicals and exchanges in French, German, Spanish, Italian and other languages, demonstrating the rapid yet permanent progress of modern Spiritualism in all parts of the civilized world. Yet in English no one journal will keep the reader so well informed of this constant progress as Bundy's RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago. It is only $2.50 per year and deserves the support of every intelligent reader interested in human progress, or hoping for a life beyond the material life of earth.—*Yolo Mail, Woodland, Cal.*

The Two Telegraph Lines Compared—An Interesting Manifestation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since arriving at home from our visit to your region of country, the following striking account was related to me by a near connection of our own, as occurring quite recently during our absence. It may be vouched for as true. Our near relative spoken of has a married daughter, deceased several months ago, whom we will call Mary J. O. The husband, whom we will designate as Frank O., started on a business trip to England, in June last, not long after we left home, Westward bound. On a certain day in June (date not exactly re-called) the mother of M. J. O. visited Mrs. Anthony, medium, of Philadelphia, and the deceased daughter manifested herself clearly, giving the name of Mary and saying through the medium, "Mother I have been with Frank all the way over and have just left him in sight of land." This occurred about 3 o'clock in the afternoon after which the mother returned home to Wilmington, Delaware.

About 10 o'clock the same evening, after they had retired to rest, the telephone in the house was rung and a cable-gram from Queenstown from Frank O., announced, "I have just landed safely."

Both telegraph lines, it appears, were reliable, but the spirit line was 7 hours ahead.

I have just been wondering how much learned balderdash it would take, or how long the agnostic would have to shut his eyes and cry, "I do not know," to convince that mother she did not hear from her spirit daughter through Mrs. Anthony. J. G. J.

Hockessin, Delaware.

Miraculous Cures.

It is said three miraculous cures are reported to have occurred on the pilgrimage of Ottawa people to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, (Lower Canada). One young girl named Lavonia Dorion, from Aylmer, had lost the use of one of her legs for several years past by an accident. She had to be carried to the train when starting for the shrine of the saint and the same at the church when she arrived. After taking the sacrament and praying to St. Anne for an hour she got up, not only walked out, but to the train, and is to-day as well as she ever was in her life. Father Labelle fully confirms her statement. The other cases are two children about 6 years old, who had never been able to walk, and who were instantly cured on board the steamer just before she landed. Both children left their crutches on deck and walked to the depot. Father Labelle also vouched for these cases. Mgr. Duhamel and thirty priests accompanied the pilgrims and held service in the church. There were 100 pilgrims present.

Geo. S. Oldfield writes: I shall take the JOURNAL as long as it acts up to the motto, "Truth," etc!

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

(*Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.*)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

"One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children all in bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy, of which I had heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not *over*-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

Organize! Organize!! Organize!!!

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

From the far West I send greeting, and wish to add my word in favor of Organization. I appreciate, too, the fears of those who hesitate, or oppose the movement, seeing what a curse many religious organizations have been to the race. Some one has said that "Organized religion reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ and Ireland to exile." The Universalist Church originated in Spiritualism but denied and opposed it after becoming organized. The Swedenborgian Church also originated in Spiritualism but opposes it since becoming well organized. Wesleyan Methodism had the same origin, but now denies and opposes, since becoming a powerful organization. I have seen the statement somewhere that organized religions, or rather religious sects, slaughtered fifty millions of human beings in Europe alone for opinion's sake, nearly as many people as there are to-day in all the United States. No wonder, then, that many intelligent Spiritualists hesitate.

But the time seems to be ripe for organized effort and the pressure comes from the inside. The Spirit-world having had recruiting offices open for over thirty years, is now moving to organize the grand army of modern Spiritualism.

My one great reason for favoring it is, that within the past few years Bigotry has organized against us and will seize every legislature, as it did that of Ohio, and enact other laws as infamous as the Russell law unless we organize to protect ourselves.

Charles Sumner said that he had lived to see the ideas which were mobbed out of lecture-rooms come back to sit enthroned in the Capitol at Washington. We may live to see the ideas which are now mobbed out of lecture-rooms, and the mediums who are legislated out of the cities of Ohio, come back to sit enthroned in the hearts of the American people and rule in legislative halls, as well as to hold sway over the press and even the pulpit.

Long ago I nailed to the masthead of the *Advance* this platform:

The motto of Demosthenes: "Action, action, action."

The motto of Wendell Phillips: "Agitate, agitate, agitate."

The motto of Horace Mann and Lord Beaconsfield: "Educate, educate, educate."

The motto of the *Advance*: "Tolerate, tolerate, tolerate."

Now I think I shall add another: "Organize, organize, organize."

Yours for organization and the cause.

A. F. MILLER, editor *Advance*.

Worthington, Minn.

Geo. C. Rudy writes: I have been an admiring reader of the JOURNAL for some years, and in comparison with other papers published on the same subjects, I must say it stands pre-eminent. With such level-headed, reasoning contributors as Wm. E. Coleman, Hudson Tuttle and others, a paper must be a success; that is, when the editorial management is in harmony with such contributors. May it become a "power in the land," and be in the hands of every reasonable thinking person; to accomplish such an end every reader of it should work.

Herman Snow, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: I learn that Dr. Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., is now *en route* for our city and is expected to arrive on Saturday next. He is to remain about three weeks, during which time, as he intimates, he will be ready to lecture on Spiritualism. He will be cordially received and promptly set to work.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Body and Soul.

BY THOS. HARDING.

I laughed boisterously on my way home from the club. I suppose if I had not imbibed so much of Joe Humid's old rye, I would have set a lower estimate on the quality of the jokes; but so it was. Well, when I got into bed, I felt a peculiar reaction, as they call it, a sort of dreamy, weird sensation about the head, and I couldn't sleep. A bright planet was shining through my window: it fascinated me. I gazed and gazed at it, until at last the queerest thing happened; why, my soul seemed to stand clear out from me, and I was dual or double. I felt my body as solid as usual, but out there stood my spiritual part, just as the preachers say it will after we die. Still I kept on gazing at that bright star until I was bewitched. At last my soul seemed to speak to me, "Let us go up there and reconnoitre." "All right," said I, and away we started on and up with the speed of desire. That planet seemed to grow larger as we approached it; and pretty soon it appeared like a solid ball a couple of rods in diameter. Oh! what a solemn, majestic sort of motion it had as it rolled along in silence.

My eyes seemed to possess superhuman power; I could clearly see the green fields, the busy cities, the active people as though I were in their midst, although they seemed very small. As a whole it was a beautiful piece of work. In one place a great battle was going on and, oh! the little wretches, how cruel they were; they slaughtered each other in pursuit of a phantom called "glory," and crowds of sycophants became hero worshipers. "Oh! ye parasites! Ye diminutive idiots," I cried, "that is not the way to be happy." "Control your impulses," said my soul, "and look again." "I see great changes occurring all over," said I, "and what varieties of circumstances and results; what transitions; every thing is altering as I look, and what contrasts! Here is the dazzling equipage of wealth, there a hand extended for charity; here is one under the discipline of sorrow, there another in the ecstasy of delight; here the sweetness of hope, there the bitterness of disappointment. Oh! thou just and immaculate one," I exclaimed, "what is all this for, whence and whither? Why is the prolific fruit tree withered? Why does the barren scrag abound in verdure? Why do the harmless suffer and destroyers rejoice?"

Now I see a man accost a little boy in the street. "Say, little boy, why tramp around barefoot in the snow? Where are your shoes?" The little boy points to a house with the sign of three golden balls. "What took them there, boy? Who is responsible?" The boy looks down upon a sleeping man, who has six black letters on his forehead, FATHER. "Come with me, little boy," says the stranger, "and I will be a father to you." "Thank heaven!" I cried, "humanity is redeemed!"

I peered through the windows of a happy home, where the diadem of peace sat on contended brows. There, in all the abandon of innocence, reclined an unsophisticated and beautiful girl. Her long flaxen curls swept her alabaster shoulders. Purity lends a sweetness to her lip and faith kindled a lustre in her light blue eye. But, ah! the scene is changing. It is midnight now and the foot falls of the patrol echo along the silent streets and corridors of a great city. On the curbstone is a bundle of soiled rags; a policeman kicks it; it moves. Heavens! it is a woman! "Behold," said my soul, "the girl whom you had seen in the sanctity of a parent's home; one whose sensibilities were blunted by indulgence won her love, but she was betrayed, slighted, abandoned, lost!" "Come away," said I, for I am sick and we are far from home." As we returned I fell into a train of thought. "What a universe is this," said I, "in which I have incurred the responsibility of citizenship. I will not indulge my appetites nor waste my energies any more."

A shade of melancholy passed across the brow of my soul as he remarked, "Brother, we shall part some day for ever and ever." "True," said I, "you will go up and forward and I will go down to dust; what will you do, oh! my soul! when you enjoy the freedom of the eternal?" "Tell me first what you would have me do," said my soul. "Oh," said I, "I would travel amidst the stars, I would find out the origin and history of man; I would perfect myself in art and poetry." A tear stood in the eye of my soul. "It is the unexpected that generally occurs," he said; "perhaps your first employment will be pulling the weeds out of your own little garden. But for me," he continued, "I shall try to turn the prows of mortal barks toward a haven of rest and peace. When the lonely widow wrings her hands above the newly made grave, I will approach and whisper to her, 'Sister, he is not there.' When the poor working-woman is looking up a job and almost in despair of finding one, I will go before her to the manufacturer, and whisper to him, 'There is a woman coming, and if you have no work for her, speak kindly and give her a quarter.' I will speak to the tramp, as soul speaks to soul and say, 'Don't burn that barn, brother, have patience a little longer.' I shall enter the chamber of the merchant on the verge of bankruptcy, and give him sleep and visions of security in a cottage. Oh! there will be glorious work for me, up there, but I must be patient, for my education may be still at fault."

"Ah! my soul," said I, "you are better than I am, lay me down to rest."

Spirit Identity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Leaving Brooklyn, N. Y., early in July, en route to this Island, the writer called on Mrs. Wildes, 2 Hamilton Place, Boston, and had a sitting. She did not know me nor did I give her any information in regard to myself or my relations, where from or where bound, and asked no question.

The medium soon passed under control and said: "I am Nathan Leonard of Canton, Mass. You are going to that town to see your daughter. She is the wife of Dr. Parker of that place, and I know them well. Please tell my folks I am not dead; am here talking with you. They called me dead and laid my earth body in the ground yesterday (July 6.) You have a grandchild in spirit life and he calls you grandpa B——."

Now for the facts: I knew my daughter, Mrs. Dr. Parker, lived in Canton; that they lost a bright little boy some five summers ago; that I was going out on the next train to see her, but did not know nor never heard of Nathan Leonard. On reaching the town I went immediately to the residence of Dr. Parker, where after greetings, I said: "Do you know any person in your town by the name of Nathan Leonard?" "Yes," said my daughter, "we know him well. Only yesterday he was buried, and the Doctor went to his funeral." N. BLANCHARD.

Nantucket, Mass.

Ingersoll on Death.

The following lines are an extract taken from a letter recently written by Col. Ingersoll from Long Beach to a personal friend who had suffered a bereavement in the death of his mother:

"After all there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done—when the sun touches the horizon—when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past, and the future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days—then," surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn.

"Life is a shadowy, strange, and winding road, on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle with its lullaby of love to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is 'good-night.'

"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under the snow in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the years."

Religio-Philosophical Journal. Those who wish to examine the subject of Spiritualism, cannot take an abler paper than the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Deeming it a great advantage to us, as an editor, to keep posted, in everything that transpires, we have been reading the above named paper a year. It is an able paper, and its editor seems to be trying to get at facts.—*Times, Danaville, Pa.*

Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed. Be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—*Sydney Smith*

To-Day.

BY ARNE.

Where are my soft-eyed yesterdays?
The Reaper has gathered them all;
Garnished them in golden sheaves,
For the frost comes early this fall.

The leaves are decked with crimson—
Some with russet and brown—
While yesterday seems far away,
A shadow on memory's mound.

Soft azure days have ye vanished!
Never to come any more;
Will I find my radiant yesterday
When I reach the other shore?

Will the sunlight be so golden
That to-day will be all that I ask?
And the tender hues be blended,
'Till the rainbow shines bright at last.

The Holy Ghost Flower. The Botanical Garden in Washington is possessed of a rare curiosity now in the flower kingdom. It is a Holy Ghost or Dove flower in bloom. This curiosity is from Panama, and blooms annually. The plant grows from a bulb about the size of one's hand, and springs up in a single stalk, which is the size of a pipe-stem, resembling in color and general appearance a rush, and is about three and one-half feet high. At the top of the stalk, and for a space of probably six inches along its sides near the top, the flowers are located. They are about two and one-half inches in circumference, white as snow, appearing rather like white wax or marble, and of the shape of a cup with the mouth inclined outwardly. At the bottom of this cup-shaped blossom is the most lovely specimen of nature's art. It is the dove, which occupies a sitting posture, with wings extending upward, and exhibiting the first half of the dove. In front of the dove is an altar slightly sprinkled with diminutive dots of maroon coloring, and this is the only color about the bloom. At the base of the stalk are three shoots, or long leaves, like the shoots to new corn. There are twenty-five of the cups on the stem, and the fragrance is very delicate and sweet. It is a great curiosity, and is attracting a large number of visitors. The dove specimen is kept in the greenhouse where the air plants are, which are nothing less than blocks of wood, kept in a temperature so hot and damp they are forced to grow and bloom, and these alone are worth seeing.—*Washington Herald.*

Progress is brought to a standstill by the inertness of those who think but do not act, as it is ruined by the recklessness of those who act and do not think. There is no sense in life except in that use of the present which profits by the past and provides for the future. Many do not know that yesterday has gone by, and that the foolish day has passed when men could be shocked into the truth by sensation or kicked into it by outrage. There will long be persons, impatient to change the world at once, who sincerely believe in these dynamite methods. But it will prevent confusion in the public mind if they are kept distinct from Secularism (first advocated by the editor of this new journal in the *Reasoner,* from 1846 to 1872). That order of opinion teaches the improvement of this world by material means—substitutes exposition for denunciation, contends that reason is a force in public affairs, and holds that intelligent, well-intended usefulness is piety, whose creed is service, and whose altar is everywhere. Unless a journal exists showing that the Secular is separate in its nature and utility, the efforts of the highest scientific thinkers will be confounded with mere anti-theology, and retard by distrust. The *Present Day* is addressed to all who hold the brave and cheersome faith that life, according to reason, is the best religion for the world that is, and the best qualification for the world that may be.—*George Jacob Holyoake, in the Present Day.*

The Sunday Bicycle. The Rev. Mr. Powell preaches every Sunday at two Long Island churches, one of them being situated at Flatbush and the other at Sheepshead Bay, five miles distant. Being too poor to keep a horse, he acquired a knowledge of the bicycle, and of a Sunday he may be seen astride the altitudinous seat, propelling the vehicle from one church to another. Both congregations admired the skill with which their pastor manages the unruly machine, but they had not seen him alight many times at the church doors before the question was raised among them: "Isn't it wicked to ride a bicycle on Sunday?" The importance of the question was seen at once, and for some time it was discussed with a vigor that brought into play all the logic, theology, and general wisdom of both villages. It was finally decided that riding a bicycle on Sunday merely in going from one church to another to preach was not wicked, and the minister still propels his bicycle, not without a suspicion, perhaps, that this decision was the more easily reached because it relieved his congregations of the necessity of raising his salary to a point at which he could afford to keep a horse.

Great Movements. Regrets for "what might have been" are proverbially idle. Great movements which are unresisted flow violently on, and waste themselves in extravagance and destruction; and revolutions which are to mark a step in the advance of mankind need always the discipline of opposition, till the baser parts are beaten out of them. Like the two horses which in Plato's fable draw the chariot of the soul through the vaults of heaven, two principles work side by side in evolving the progress of humanity—the principle of liberty and the principle of authority. Liberty unchecked rushes into anarchy and license; authority, if it has no antagonism to fear, stagnates into torpor, or degenerates into tyranny.—*James Anthony Froude.*

Popular Shrines. Lourdes is being distanced as a popular shrine by Caravaggio. A correspondent declares that "every day at noon a vision of the Virgin Mary rises from a dark recess behind a pillar in the chapel, when the shrieks and screams of those knocked down and trampled on by others desiring to see is appalling. Outside the holy fountain stand groups of devotees of every class and condition, who in due course are lifted by friends into the fountain. Ever since the Duke of Norfolk took his little blind boy to Lourdes he has been pestered by letters begging to take him to Caravaggio."

Suicide. The suicide is either a lunatic or a coward. No sane nor brave man murders himself. The bulk of the suicides are caused by a loss of property, and a fear of poverty or want causes the poor coward to meet his death and judgment rather than take the risks and fatigues of life. Many a man has thus left wife and children to struggle with the world while he shuffled off. Such deserves no good words, and no kind memories. The insane suicide is to be pitied—the other class to be despised as criminals.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—*Beecher.*

I was never afraid of failure, for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.—*Keats.*

If you would create something, you must be something.—*Goethe.*

It is opinion that wins battles, and it is opinion that loses them.—*De Maistre.*

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC.

Depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman Streets. City Ticket Office 56 Clark street, Sherman House.

Leave.		Arrive.
9:45 a m †	Davenport and Peoria Express	† 5:50 p m
12:05 p m †	Council Bluffs & Peoria Fast Express	† 2:30 p m
12:05 p m †	Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison Fast Express	† 2:30 p m
11:00 a m *	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express	* 3:00 p m
11:00 a m b	Kansas City, Atchison, and Leavenworth Express	b 3:00 p m
4:45 p m †	Peru Accommodation	† 10:10 a m
9:15 p m ‡	Council Bluffs Night Express	‡ 7:00 a m
10:00 p m ‡	Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison Night Express	‡ 6:20 a m
9:15 p m ‡	Minneapolis and St. Paul Fast Express	‡ 7:00 a m
7:45 a m †	South Chicago Accommodation	† 10:05 a m
5:00 p m †	" "	† 7:45 p m
11:30 p m a	Theatre Train	a 1:00 p m
1:15 p m b	Church Train	b 9:30 a m

*Daily. † Daily Except Sundays. ‡ Daily Except Saturdays. [illegible] Daily Except Mondays. a Thursdays and Saturdays only. b Sundays only.

Continued from First Page.

heavens for the special purpose for which they were utilized by men. The Jews learned these things from the Egyptians and they were woven into other stories of antiquity concerning creation, and for thousands of years have been held among the Jews, and since the days of Jesus by Christians as authentic and authoritative. The twelve apostles have a significant relation to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and away back in the ages of the past, long, long before the Nazarine was born, the sun turning from his southern decline at the death of the year, the 25th day of December, was symbolized by a Virgin with a child in her arms, signifying a new birth, a new year, begotten by the God of the universe. Far be it from my purpose, in what I here say, or elsewhere may speak or write, to raise a doubt in any heart that Jesus of Nazareth lived upon the earth; that he was a pure, a meek and holy man, in whose heart was the light of Divine truth, and to whom was given greater power over disease, and material substances than was ever exercised by man before, I verily believe. That he substantially taught the truths contained in the four gospels of the New Testament, I also believe. I know that I am differing from many others in my convictions upon these matters. But I am not accountable to them, nor they to me, for our differences. I hold that no man has a right to pull down another man's house unless he can give him a better one, and the Christian theology is not only vastly better than none at all, but is in many of its main features in harmony with the great theology to be learned from every tree, plant, shrub, and flower, in the rocks, mountains, streams, and ocean, in the storms, in the clouds and starry heaven, but more than all in the soul of man himself. It is a matter which has already caused, and in the future is destined to cause, more comment, that there is very conclusive evidence that the Nazarine is not the first, nor the second person who is said to have been begotten by God, of a virgin, who in his own day is said to have wrought great miracles, whose life was pure, who taught the Golden Rule, was crucified and rose from the dead.

The work of Jesus of Nazareth is conspicuous of that age. It distinctly made its mark and showed its effects upon the lives of his followers. They were the witnesses to his mighty works, and imbibed and taught as best they could the truths they had learned from him. I accept them as they are now interpreted and explained, and brought home with reason to the hearts of men by those who were with him while he labored and suffered here, and have risen with him partakers of the glorious resurrection of the just. There is no reasonable way of mistaking the time and nature of the resurrection taught by Jesus. He exampled and explained it to his followers. With this the conceptions of Paul are so much in conflict, or are so much misinterpreted, as to confuse those who have not learned the truth from the spiritual revelations of to-day.

This, my friends, is the age when the tares shall be uprooted from the wheat; when the dross shall be separated from the gold; and the hearts of men shall be searched as with a lighted candle. There will be bonfires of such literature as has been put before the world by tract societies; and the lives of perfect men, as written, to proselyte for the cause of the Church of the past, will find their way from dusty shelves and old garrets to kitchen fires. It is in vain that theologians stamp and scold amid the fall of rotten timbers, and movement of the creedal planks of denominational fabrics. It is not the first time that old women have got wet in trying to stay the incoming tide with worn out brooms. Men want the truth and they are going to have all they can get of it. When a man is born he is sure eventually to meet the phenomenon of death. There has been any amount of theory, and tons of guessing, and but very little actual knowledge, of what is after death. Life has often been compared to a sea, and I might add, with but two ports on the other side. One is called hell, with such vast openings that the great majority of mankind glide in and are lost sight of in the cinders and smoke of an eternal cremation, while the other is called the gateway of heaven. It is a small, narrow place, but if you carry a theological compass under arm, which is boxed every day; if you steer by the polar star, which no two denominational captains locate in the same place; if you have been baptized with the required amount of water which no man can tell, or measure; if you believe in the atonement, which is, that no matter what you have done, by the simple act of faith in Christ and repentance, even when in the article of death, you will safely glide into the haven of rest.

Now, this question of the salvation of the soul is one beside which all others affecting the life of a man pale into utter insignificance. It is one not to be trifled with for a single hour. If the Christian's conception is true, it is enough to freeze the blood of poor mortals with terror, and make each particular hair to stand erect. If on the other hand the generally accepted belief among Spiritualists is true, all persons should conform their lives according to those teachings without a moment's delay; for it is a grave matter to every man whether he shall be dashed upon the cheerless, rocky wastes of a wreck-covered shore, or land on the green borders of the Summer-land where the voices and faces of auld lang syne shall greet and welcome him to new scenes, and to grander and nobler states of existence. Who am I? what am I? where did I come from? and whither am I going? are questions that have been asked in all ages and they may never be fully answered. "I am that I am" is an ever present fact, is a fact undisputable, incontrovertable. The man who disputes the reality of his own existence is one of those irresistible absurdities resulting from the abnormal conditions of human development. The fact that infinity stretches in all directions, that the beginning cannot be found out, nor the mysteries of the future solved, brings the consoling reflection that in its mission the soul of man will never like Alexander of Macedon, weep that its work is done, or grieve that there are no more sublime heights to attain, or victories to achieve in its infinite duration.

Nature beyond the vast productions she yields lavishly, supplying man's physical wants, is the great storehouse from which the human intellect obtains that knowledge which directs the soul in attaining its highest perfection. Nor does this fact war with the evidences we everywhere see, of the grand adaptation of means to ends; nor does it tend to show that there has been no designing mind at work in producing the results we behold. Nature is a living, acting, moving design, in all her ramifications, in all her vast proportions. There is no other possibility of there being a God, omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent than one,

> Who is to all things the first Great Cause
> And unto Nature all her laws.

Nor to my mind does this conception of the Deity throw back upon him the blame for the suffering and pain attendant upon human nature. The story of the fall of man and the consequent death of the body, may safely be rejected as a fable of very ancient times. It is contradicted in the nature of things. Even the very rocks bear testimony against it. Pain and suffering, joy and sorrow, pleasure and happiness, are the inevitable results of the productions of life, developed into that condition from whence came forth the undying soul of man. It is absurd to attempt to contemplate a being beyond that being's nature. Jehovah, the All-Father, is environed by himself. He can no more produce results beyond himself than can man. Man is environed by man's nature, and God is environed by his own nature. Man is the production of the spiritual forces of the Infinite Father, of the All-in-All, through the otherwise inert matter of the Universe. Why, it has been asked, did not the Deity produce man a perfect being at the commencement? My answer is, that "cannot" applies as well to Jehovah as to man. That man as produced upon this planet, came as the necessary development of Jehovah's work, in as perfect a form as the possibilities allowed; and in the future, by the same limitations, will the soul advance into the higher developments of life, in all its varied forms and wonderful changes, in the ever growing, ever expanding realms of the spiritual universe.

What forms of life, what superior or inferior beings, may be the resultants of the coming together of other chemical elements, than are known to us, through the productive energies of the Deity, we do not know, but may know hereafter. That in the illimitable duration of life, we are to see unfolding a grandeur of realm, a magnificence of structure and a diversity of created intelligences surrounded with spiritual productions, unlike any we here behold, or can conceive of, would not only be in harmony with the diversity we everywhere see upon our planet, but it is among the probabilities of the fathomless purposes of Jehovah.

One of the greatest mysteries against which the philosopher stumbles in search of knowledge, is man himself. It is only the bigot who sees nothing he cannot understand. There is very little actual knowledge possessed by the most learned. Were an inventory taken of our actual knowledge of useful matters we would find it to be very small indeed. The great discoveries of later years have placed within our reach much learning, which otherwise might have been lost to the world. Though printing books have multiplied and thus though men are thought dead, they continue the benefactions of their lives to those who come after them.

The first man who passed the vale of death must have stood alone and in amazement as he entered the spiritual world. He was the spirit pioneer to spiritual realms. He found himself transplanted to new fields of labor. Men who began to accumulate as spirits learned the philosophy of human advancement in the spiritual world, as they had learned it here; as much there as here was observation and experience the schoolmaster of the spiritual pioneers. What they gathered from life they took with them, and they have for thousands of years, with enlarged facilities and quickened perceptions, laid hold of such truths as have been attainable, and from time to time have sought to transmit to those below them the light of truth they have thus acquired. Every soul who has done this has continued his benefactions to the race in the spiritual world. They who first through human organism came back from the spiritual world could give no greater knowledge of God or of the spiritual world than they had possessed through their own experiences and conceptions. They controlled the prophets and seers of ancient times, to give to men as the voice of God just their own conceptions of him, thus attained and no more. They were risen spirits from the barbarisms incident to the advent of man upon the plane of earth life, who had learned little here, and carried with them into the spiritual world just so much of tyranny, of wickedness and selfishness as clung to them at death; and whenever I have been able to find any ancient writing apparently corresponding with the early life of man on the earth attributed to inspiration, or as the voice of God, through seers, prophets or oracles, they have borne the unmistakable evidence of the crude conceptions of the spirit communicating of God and of his relations to man, and of the duty of every man to his fellow. There are sublime, barbarous and wicked conceptions, all coming through the same medium, and the sum of my own thought is, that as an individual or personal being, God has never spoken to man as one man speaketh to another, and never will. Man's voice is Godlike when it speaks divine truths; and the highest evidence we have of the Divine nature, the most perfect manifestations we have of the love of God to humanity, is to be found in the immensity of the provision made to supply all the requirements of our physical and spiritual natures, both now and forever more. Scriptural theology is already merging into a broader and more convincing theology, in harmony with the revelations of nature as learned by men from both the physical and spiritual planes of existence. As the laws of civilized countries must be changed to meet the requirements of an advanced civilization, so must the creeds and theologies of ages be conformed to the truths attained, whether from the depths of a revealed hell, or from this earth, or from the heavens above the earth. A man who limits his efforts for knowledge to the ordinary conception of the ordinary Christian, becomes just what his peculiar training is expected to produce. It is the natural result of mental hedging.

Against the narrow conceptions of Deity, and the wild and dismal speculations of the orthodox Christian as to the destiny of the soul, we place before the world a knowledge of God, and of the nature, destiny and home of the soul, that finds foundation in reason and nature, which causes the mourner to smile through tears of sorrow in hours of the greatest bereavement; that makes the darkest hours of life bright with rays of heavenly light; that makes the burdens of the laboring poor more endurable, for they know they will soon be forever removed; that stays the criminal in his crimes, for he knows the angel who is pleading with his own soul and for the poor victim of his misdeeds.

Therefore, we may boldly confront all opposition, and looking into the heavens and beholding the hosts who are with us, say like Elisha of old to his dismayed servant, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And we now ask, was there until now, given among men, a philosophy by which the presence of an invisible, intelligent force could be ascertained? Was there until this generation of men any demonstrable system by which an infidel could determine that that invisible intelligence is the soul of man out of the body it once tenanted? Was there until these times ever known among men, any means by which reliable knowledge could be derived of the nature and time of the resurrection of the soul? Or of the effect of what is known as sin upon the soul of man? When, until now, was there disseminated among men any information which addressed itself to reason, concerning the structure of the spiritual world? When, until our own day, was there given to men, any information upon which a weary soul could with reason rely, of Heaven and of the states in spirit life? When, until now, could a man be directed to that philosophy of his own nature, which demonstrates the means by which men are influenced and controlled by other men, or by their invisible spirits? When, until now, was there given to mortals any reliable knowledge of the system of all advancement in spirit life? When, until now, was it made known to mortals, that by their own instrumentality they can elevate or damn a soul, as well in the spiritual world as here? To all of these questions, but one, and that a negative answer, can be given. The writings of Paul, of Emanuel Swedenborg and of others, are at best but feeble indications of what is yet to be. The position of the Christian Church, precluded the possibility of a solution of the many mysteries in the book, upon which its dogmas have foundation.

Races of men and nations whose antiquity antedates that of the Jews, who were almost extinct when Abraham lived, did not live in vain. They have left in the debris of buried cities, their literature, their poetry and their histories, and the legends that preceded their writings have been found carefully traced upon stone or mastic tablets and columns, in a state of remarkable preservation. From the ancient cities of Assyria, the antiquarian has rescued the literature of a nation written in a language and in characters that were unknown when Moses wrote, if write he ever did. Men have found the key to these inscriptions and their interpretations and translations have revealed the fact that the story of the deluge is part of an old epic poem written by some Assyrian bard, a portion of which has been erroneously credited to the authorship of Moses. These and kindred writings we have been taught are the direct inspirations from God to man. But when men have once awakened to the voice of truth as revealed in science, when buried cities are uncovered and sunken continents rise from the depths of the sea and yield again to the eyes of men the treasures of a literature and a civilization that was ancient when Homer sung and was silent when Joseph was with Pharaoh in Egypt, we find the dead past, as it were, in life again, and speaking face to face with the men of to-day, as one man may speak to another.

Thus are the errors, superstitions, and fables which are the bulwarks of a theology repugnant to sense, reason and justice, degrading to men and defamatory to God, utterly exposed and demolished. To all the world we say, we come not to you with a new religion; we come with an old one; we come with one that reaches the infinite realms of the Infinite Father, in this, that it repeats the language proclaimed in all nature, the Fatherhood of God. We come with a religion which is not only as broad as the earth, but reaches wherever humanity is, in this that it proclaims to every human soul the brotherhood of man.

Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord your God with all your soul and your neighbor as yourself, for upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." I believe those commandments ought to be binding upon the souls and consciences of all men. But when it is insisted that the God whom I am to love with all my soul hardens men's hearts, as, it is said, he did the heart of poor old Pharoah, and because Pharaoh's heart was hardened, he killed all the fish in the rivers of Egypt until the waters were putrid; and when Pharaoh relented the God of the Israelites hardened Pharoah's heart again, and because of it he sent swarms of frogs, lice and locusts upon the land and murrain upon the cattle, and hailstones like rocks from clouds, and finally he hardened Pharaoh's heart, and because of it he smote the first born of all the Egyptians, so that thousands of innocent children died and lamentation was in every house; I must say, with all due respect to the many sincere believers in these stories, that such a God is decidedly below my ideal; and I sincerely hope, if these stories are true, that there is some chance for improvement in Gods, as well as in men. I am very thankful that Spiritualists are educated beyond such conceptions of Deity. If others think God commanded the Jews to despoil the Egyptians, I do not; but the Jews evidently did, for they have kept at it ever since.

Finally, my friends, let us all remember that we are yet in the very childhood of an illimitable life, and that at best, our conceptions are imperfect, and our conclusions in many respects may be erroneous. That by and by much that is repugnant to us now may appear just and right; let us remember that our highest attainments here are reached at the very entrance to a temple, the base of which is as broad as the universe, its portals are beyond the vision of men or angels; its dome pierces the realms of an infinite infinity. This is the temple of the universe, which is the Temple of our God. This is the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This is our Father's house with many mansions; and with a gratitude that language cannot express, let us remember that we are the children of the Infinite Father, whose most glorious attribute is love. We shall soon pass beyond these scenes and this field of labor. Let our work here be done so well that the world will be better that we have lived. We live in an age when the world is again in a state of transition. Old systems are passing away and giving place to others which are better. Amid the struggles, pains and throes, which are now upon us, they that stand persistently in the way will be ground to dust, under the advancing wheels of the car of progress. Intelligence is a force that knows no limitation. It is an agent as destructive to tyranny as it is essential to freedom. By reason of its power thrones are shaking and empires will cease to be despotic; for the day is at hand when right alone shall rule the nations of earth. God is speaking to his children as he never spake before. His angels are descending to earth again. They are waving over us the banners of progress, emancipation and liberty. They came to every people and to all nations. To our homes come the voices of those we thought dead. They are again heard at our firesides urging us with renewed vigor to pursue the labors and duties of life. Let us be up and doing. Let us stand firmly and courageously at the post of duty, where the labor is hardest and the struggle fiercest, but let our victory be stainless of human blood, and blameless of human wrong. Let our weapons be arrows of truth drawn from the quiver of knowledge and shot from the bow of reason home to the souls and consciences of men. Let our work be characterized by a love as warm and genial as the rays of a summer sun; let our charity be exhaustless; our purity of heart and purpose be uncontaminated by the mammon of worldly gain; and our ample reward will be a consciousness of duty well done, and the benedictions of the angels of God.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notes from Onset Bay.

Tuesday, July 31st, Hon. Warren Chase, of California, occupied the platform at 2½ P. M.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 1st. Geo. A. Fuller was the regular speaker at 2½ P. M., and interested the audience with one of his practical talks on the present outlook of the cause of Spiritualism.

THURSDAY, Aug. 2nd. Warren Chase and Juliet Severance were allowed to occupy the time in the absence of Mrs. Anna Middlebrook-Twiss, Mrs. Twiss being detained by sickness.

SATURDAY, Aug. 4. G. A. Fuller was the speaker at 2½ P. M., and took for his subject, "Inspiration." Mr. Fuller gave a clear and instructive lesson, and was listened to with marked attention.

The Conferences and Fact meetings of the week, which have occupied the morning sessions, have been well attended, and while they have in all probability afforded some instruction to the listeners, they have also afforded an opportunity for that faction who infest all camp meetings for the sake of ventilating their pet hobbies, to do so to their heart's desire, with unrestricted freedom, bordering at particular times closely onto billingsgate.

WEDNESDAY. The dwellers at Onset had been requested to all join in a grand illumination, and to that end there was a very general response, the people feeling that one evening during the camp meeting should be observed for a joyful expression of their appreciation of Onset as their summer home by the sea. Without taking time and space to make special mention of the different points of special attraction, let it suffice to say that South Boulevard from Glen Cove House on the extreme east, to Shell Point at the extreme west, was well illuminated, a distance of nearly one-half mile; also West Central avenue, Onset avenue, Union avenue, Ocean Ave., Prospect Park, Auditorium, and Speaker's Stand, Union street, Park street, and Highland avenue. The evening was dark, which gave the illumination a very beautiful appearance, and was enjoyed not only by the cottagers, but the inhabitants of the surrounding country came in large numbers to witness the beautiful sight.

The Middleboro Cornet Band (Carter, leader) was engaged for the occasion, and furnished music under the dictation of H. B. Storer and B. F. Gibbs. The cottagers who were not favored with the music of the band on this occasion, may need hope for a better divide next year.

TUESDAY EVENING. July 31st. A benefit séance was given in behalf of Joseph D. Stiles, at Griffith Hall, about seventy persons being present. The séance was opened by singing a hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mr. Stiles then called upon Miss Jennie B. Hagan for a poem. In responding she said that it gave her pleasure to have the privilege of saying a few words in behalf of one of her old and true friends, who had taken her by the hand in her childhood days, cared for her as only true friendship can; one who in his early days of mediumship had told her of her medium power and prophesied of her public ministrations. She closed with a beautiful poem on Mr. Stiles's wonderful mediumship. Mr. Stiles responded in a feeling manner to the thoughts given in his behalf, and then his control, Swift Arrow, said he was ready to do his part of the work to make the hour a profitable one. Communications followed in rapid succession until forty-eight persons had been fully recognized by their friends in the mortal form. It was really a feast of spirit communion, and a financial success to friend Stiles.

SUNDAY, Aug. 5th.—The morning opened bright and clear with a delightful cool breeze, and before eleven o'clock the Sunday trains from Boston, and also from New Bedford and Fairhaven and the Cape, with the steamer Monohansett, had all brought heavy freights of humanity, swelling the number present to nearly seven thousand. It was surely the great day as to numbers present at the camp meeting.

At 10:30 A. M. the meeting was called to order and Dr. Storer introduced Mrs. Juliet Severance.

Mrs. Severance then announced her subject to be Evolution in Earth and Spirit Condition. After speaking for some fifteen or twenty minutes on the development of the nations and comparing the same to the development of the child up to manhood, she drifted off on to different subjects, among them being Spiritualism, Mediumship, Compensation, Friends, Self-Development, Taxation, Politics, Religion, Social Life, Woman Suffrage, Family Circle, Labor Movement, The Press of the Country, Like Attracts Like, etc. After talking over an hour she came to a close by saying that she had touched upon many subjects, but could not do them all justice in the short space of time alotted her on the present occasion. So thought quite a number in the vicinity of the writer; but she had said her little piece on the platform at Onset, and in all probability she and her coadjutors all felt relieved.

AFTERNOON MEETING.—A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, was the regular speaker and was greeted by an audience of not less than five thousand people, who were attentive listeners to his words of instruction. He prefaced his remarks by reading a poem by Felix Adler, entitled "The City of Life." The subject of the afternoon was The Development of Man's Religious Thought. As I told you last week that we expected a feast of wholesome truths from Brother French, we have surely had it, and as I shall forward the JOURNAL an extended report of the lecture, I will forbear further mention at the present time. Brother French spoke again on Tuesday, the 7th, upon his thirty days' travels in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi among the ancient mounds.

Before the regular services of the afternoon commenced there was a little episode which took place at the Grand Stand, intended to do honor to Dr. H. B. Storer, President of the Association. His friends succeeded in collecting funds sufficient to purchase an elaborate gold badge, which was presented to the Doctor at the close of a speech of congratulations by Mrs. Wilds, of Boston. The Doctor responded in one of his silver-tongued speeches apropos of the occasion. The token consisted of a pin and bar, on which was inscribed, Dr. H. B. Storer; to the bar was suspended a circular badge, on the front of the badge was the word Progression; on the reverse, President of the Onset Bay Grove Association, August 5th, 1883.

C. W. Sullivan's cottage was formally dedicated at 4 o'clock P. M., Saturday, the 4th inst., and was duly christened and henceforth will be known as Eagle Cottage.

L. L. Whitlock was given a reception at the Auditorium at 7 o'clock P. M., Sunday, the 5th.

The friends of Dr. Isaac P. Greenleaf will be pained to learn that he is still suffering a second shock of paralysis.

J. B. Young, Esq., wife and daughter, of Marion, Iowa, made a visit to Onset the past week, and expressed themselves as much pleased with the place.

There will be a supplementary meeting to the present camp meeting on Sunday, Aug. 19th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston, and Joseph D. Stiles being the speakers.

W. W. CURRIER.

Old Pan Cottage, Aug. 5th.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY — THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE — ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXIV. CHICAGO, AUGUST 25, 1883. No. 26

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS:

THE END OF CHAOS APPROACHING,

Organization Taking Root.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Leads the Van in the East.—The Subject Thoroughly Discussed and a Plan of Action Already Indicated.—Organizations to be Formed to Act in Harmony with the American Spiritualist Association.

The question of Organization is growing in interest among the better class of Spiritualists throughout the country, despite the opposition of those whose interests will be injured by its successful accomplishment. The opposition of cranks, dishonest mediums, charlatans, social freedom shriekers, and those newspapers in sympathy with one or more of these classes, was expected and really desired. It needed no prophet to foretell that the Association formed at Sturgis would receive the uncouth vituperation of an alleged newspaper published in Philadelphia and the no less determined, though more politic opposition of the Boston paper. Both sheets depend upon the superstitious, fanatical and undeveloped for their main support and both know that an organization with a standard of character, would hasten their already declining influence; both will soon learn how futile are their efforts to stay the tide of progress or to hold the intellectual and moral class in subjection. That which best meets the demands of the times, which most fully aids the development of spiritual culture will prevail, however violent the opposition. The subject of organization has been thoroughly discussed at Lake Pleasant during the past few days, both in large public Conferences, specially devoted to it and also in private conversation. Hon. J. B. Young, of Iowa, one of the trustees of the American Spiritualist Association, opened the discussion on the 13th in a clear, lawyer-like exposition of the subject. He was followed on that and succeeding days by speakers from various parts of the country, nearly all of them advocating organization but differing as to the plan and standard of membership. The Severance was present and spoke her well-worn piece, but with less ease and more malignity than usual. As she mouthed her pet phrases she seemed to feel that her efforts were useless and that she was only increasing the widespread detestation already engendered. Unable to get a hearing in the West worthy of her ambition, she has for several years made a summer pilgrimage to New England, where under the fostering care of the *Banner* the free love clique has managed to drag along a miserable existence. From present indications even this stamping ground will soon cease to offer her a hearing. Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, a member of Brother Colby's staff and a reputed candidate for the position of editor of the harmonious sheet was on hand, as he usually is when there is any finessing to be done. Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, offered the following motion:

> That a committee of five be appointed by the Chairman (Dr. J. Beals, President of the N. E. S. Camp Meeting), to report a plan of State or District Organization to comprise the Eastern States, the State of New York and such other States as the said Committee shall include in the plan, to further the cause of spiritual truth, upon the body of the American Spiritualist Association recently organized at Sturgis, Michigan, to confer and co-operate with the said national association.

Judge Dailey advocated his motion in an eloquent speech, which was warmly applauded. The small fragment of the large audience which wanted no general organization and desired least of all an association which should include in its platform a plank making morality and virtue prominent, and character the standard, were in despair. At this point the following resolution was offered by Geo. A. Bacon, as an amendment to Judge Dailey's motion:

> *Resolved*, as the sense of this meeting, it is recommended that in every community where Spiritualists exist, they should form local organizations for business and other purposes in order to unite individual action for the purpose of a better knowledge of spiritual facts in their respective localities; which organizations may in time be the basis of State and National Organization.

The object of this plausible sounding amendment was apparent to all, and hence it was eagerly advocated by the small number of social freedomites and their natural allies, the cranks and fraud defenders, numbering in all about a baker's dozen.

The discussion continued for three days and the whole ground was thoroughly traversed. There seemed at first some misapprehension of the aims and objects of the Association formed at Sturgis, but when these were explained it was shown that the Association did not aim to exercise authority over Spiritualists as a body, but only to affect those who approved its Declaration of Principles and its proposed work. It was forcibly and convincingly argued that a National Association of a permanent and beneficent character could never be formed upon the plan proposed by Mr. Bacon, and for the following among other reasons: Local societies formed upon no common declaration of principles or standard of membership would partake largely of the character of the leading individual in the local effort; that person in the present chaotic condition might be a free-lover or a materialist whose spiritual knowledge only extended to the one fact of spirit existence and communion, but who still held to his former crude notions, or a true Spiritualist embodying all the name should imply. These several societies in selecting delegates to a State or National body, would choose the person who most nearly represented the opinions of the local society. Hence when these delegates assembled there would be no common ground upon which they could meet and no co-operative action would be possible, therefore the present chaos and confusion would be intensified. On the other hand, local and State Associations formed in sympathy with a parent society, yielding allegiance to the same declaration of principles, would result in an aggregation of societies and individuals, all working smoothly and harmoniously for common and clearly defined purposes, each drawing inspiration from one central source; thus following along the line indicated both by the Supreme Intelligence and all the great co-operative efforts of man.

The result of the discussion was the rejection of Mr. Bacon's amendment and the adoption of Judge Dailey's motion by an almost unanimous vote, the Severance-Bacon faction only showing ten votes.

The significance of this action can hardly be over-estimated, it will give fresh life and impetus to the movement inaugurated at Sturgis; hundreds who heard the discussion, will go to their homes in all parts of the country with a clear understanding of the necessity of organic action, a familiarity with the spirit of the movement and a hearty zeal to aid in the work. Dr. Beals will of course select the Committee raised by the meeting, with great care, and prompt and effective measures toward inaugurating the work outlined in the resolution will follow.

J. C. B.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, August 15th 1883.

Island Park Camp Meeting, Orion, Michigan—State Association of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

This meeting under the auspices of the State Association of Spiritualists, had its first day for tenting and like preparations, and really opened its public exercises on Saturday afternoon, the 11th, with about a hundred persons present. On Sunday morning some five hundred met, and the numbers increased in the afternoon. Addresses by Mrs. Pearsall and G. B. Stebbins, with a brief and well-timed opening word by Dr. Marvin, filled the sessions. Monday and Tuesday very interesting conferences were held each morning, and in the afternoon discourses were heard from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Pearsall, and others. Tuesday afternoon, Hudson and Emma Tuttle arrived, and the conferences and lectures go on until Monday next. J. H. Palmer, of Lapeer, comes for next Sunday, Charles Andrus comes to-day, and the time promises well. J. P. Whiting and wife came yesterday—kept back by his ill-health.

To sum up: It can be said that the conferences have been valuable and full of interest, the lectures have been heard with marked attention, the best feeling prevails, and all expect the value of the meeting to gain to its close. The tented campers enjoy their stay on the beautiful island, with its shaded groves, and those who fill hotels and boarding houses in the village cross the clear lake in boats, and fill the time with social life and with evening séances. Mr. Mansfield, the new slate-writing medium, gives excellent satisfaction both by his tests and his modest and correct deportment. You have many reports of meetings just now, and this shall have the merit of brevity. It gives an idea of the opening days of a successful and valuable camp meeting.

S.

Orion, Mich., Aug. 15th, 1883.

Justice and Virtue Again Triumphant.

A Brief Recital of the Stalwart Efforts of the Frauds, Free Lovers and Fanatics, aided by a Few Disgruntled Place-Seekers and Money-Changers to Capture Lake Pleasant Camp by Striking at the Board of Directors:—Bacon, Bliss, Whitlock and Severance in Charge of the Squad.—Whitlock, Seeing How the Tide of Battle Turns, Deserts and Votes with the Winning Side.—The Severance Again Snubbed.

The JOURNAL's readers learned from the brief telegram in last week's paper that the Directors of the Lake Pleasant Camp had been sustained by the Association for their course in passing resolutions of censure upon one Jonathan M. Roberts, publisher of an alleged Spiritualist newspaper, for grossly disturbing the peace and good order of the Camp. As those interested and not present at the Camp will learn little or nothing of the particulars from other papers, space in the JOURNAL is given to put a brief history of particulars on record for their information, and also for future reference. After the affair of last year, a little clique composed of disgruntled office-seekers, dealers in mercantile Spiritualism, free-lovers and chronic disturbers, combined to annoy the Management of the Camp in the interest of Roberts. Not that they loved this defender of frauds over much, but because they had either an axe to grind or were the tools of those who had, and could use the Roberts affair for motive power in turning the grindstone. The libel suit at Greenfield, Massachusetts, in March last, resulted, as our readers know, in the acquittal of the Directors. The costs and expenses incurred by the Directors, amounting to something over six hundred and fifty dollars, were paid from the funds of the Association, as of course they should have been. Then certain parties began to conspire to throw the expense upon the several gentlemen who were defendants in the suit, this being a part of a scheme to gain control of the Camp. L. L. Whitlock, James A. Bliss, the manufacturer of bogus spirits, and others are reported to have been among those active in the proposed attempt; both the above named having made their boasts, it is said, of what they proposed to do. As a part of the programme, after the meeting for this season had commenced a suit was brought in the Supreme Court at Boston, against the president, collector and clerk of the Board of Directors to restrain the collector from further collection of funds of the Association and from paying the expenses of the libel suit and asking that pending the trial, the said officers be enjoined from paying said expenses. The following are the names of the complainants: Foster D. Edwards, A. W. Caswell, John Paterson, H. A. Budington, John C. Woodie, John F. Arnold, John J. Gurney. On the hearing for a temporary injunction the complainants were defeated, the Judge refusing their prayer. In the meantime the Board of Directors had concluded to go before a meeting of the Association and ask that its action of last year in passing the resolutions of censure and also the action of the several members in defending themselves against the libel suit at the expense of the Association, be passed upon. They considered the Association the highest authority to which they as a body and as individual directors were responsible, and stood ready to acquiesce in the verdict of their constituency, whatever it should be. For this object a call for a special meeting of the Association to convene on Monday the 13th inst., was issued. On Saturday the 11th, the Roberts faction brought into the Camp their head bulldozer in the person of J. A. Bliss. He cavorted about the streets like a wild Texas steer, expecting to overawe respectable people by sheer brute force, but somehow the people didn't seem scared; even the equanimity of the JOURNAL's editor remained unruffled, though he had received a letter from Bliss threatening personal violence should the eye of that bigamous bully light upon him in Camp. On Sunday night a caucus of the Roberts forces was held and George A. Bacon, Colby's factotum, presided. A large crowd gathered in front of the cottage, in the door of which Bliss and others stood while talking. In order to avoid breaking a rule of the Camp the affair was dubbed by its projectors a "reception for Bliss." After Bliss had disgraced decency, and Edwards had delivered himself of his woes, Bacon felt it was time to apologize for his part in the affair and with characteristic adroitness attempted to make the audience believe he knew nothing of the character of the speeches to be made when he consented to preside. Whether he had been told in so many words is of no consequence; he knew the character of Bliss and that was enough to have caused him to decline, were he the man he would like to have reputable people believe. On Monday morning the hall of the Association was packed to the extent of its capacity by members, none others being admitted. Considerable maneuvering was done by Babbitt, Bliss, Budington and others to defeat the object of the meeting, as they already saw their defeat. Hon. A. H. Dailey offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The Directors of this Association have at a special meeting of the Association this day called, laid before the Association a report of their action in regard to defending the prosecution instituted against them by Jonathan M. Roberts and the payment of the costs and expenses necessarily incurred thereby, and have asked the approval of their action by this association, therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that the action of its Board of Directors in the premises, be and the same is hereby IN ALL RESPECTS APPROVED.

Foreseeing the tactics of the riff-raff, a check list of the members had been prepared, and on motion it was voted that the vote on Judge Dailey's resolution should be taken by calling the list of voters, and that each member should rise and declare his or her vote. This action created the greatest confusion in the Roberts gang. Bliss sprang to his feet, howling with rage and extending his arm yelled, "Give us a secret ballot! *secret! SECRET!*" The adroit Budington, with a look of unsophisticated simplicity, said: "I don't want a *secret* ballot, but let the hat be passed and the written ballots be dropped into it." This exhibition of Jesuitism was greeted with a buzz of contemptuous laughter in the midst of which the lamb-like peddler of "Jesus Christ a Fiction," meekly subsided. Frank Fletcher, P. S. Babbitt and H. A. Budington having been appointed tellers, the voting began, resulting in the adoption of Judge Dailey's motion, by a vote of three hundred and twenty-three in the affirmative to fifty in the negative. The Roberts faction had been for months preparing for the issue. Bliss had written a letter from Onset Bay, stating in substance, that he was going to Lake Pleasant to smash the Board of Directors, Bundy *et al.*, into match wood. The "smashing" resulted as it always has when these parties were assailed; George Bacon quietly packed his kit and hied himself to Boston, the blistering blizzard having once more blasted Bliss, he, too, took his grip sack and his "band of spirits" and shook the dust of the camp from off his feet, leaving the Severance in charge of the demoralized forces.

SEVERANCE RAMPANT.

For the past two or three years Mrs. Juliet Severance has drawn her year's stock of comfort from New England, the western supply having been cut off. Under the direct rays of the Boston *light* her doctrines have taken deeper root in New England, and having met with less weeding out than in the West, she is able to browse around for a few weeks in the summer fairly well. This year she was in clover at Onset Bay, that camp having been dominated temporarily by the free-love and fraud combination. Had she remained there she would have been happier, but "duty" urged her on to Lake Pleasant, where she has been most effectually snubbed, and like her Philadelphia friend, will likely say, she has had enough of this camp. Last evening she, by sufferance of the Directors, harangued several hundred people for the second time. She avowed her well-known free-love doctrines on both occasions. This morning, President Beals publicly warned her and her squad of followers that further advocacy of free-love doctrines on the grounds would not be permitted, and that no more such public meetings under the thin disguise of "receptions" would be allowed.

The election of officers next Monday will probably deprive Severance, Roberts & Co., of their last hope of gaining any foot-hold here. If the motley crew could all be gathered in and sent to Mexico it would be a good thing for the United States, though hard on the Greasers who would probably consider it sufficient grounds for a declaration of war.

However disagreeable it may be to know that such difficulties as are above recounted have to be met and overcome, it is better that the truth be known; hence the journalist should not shrink from the duty he owes his readers. By knowing the difficulties of the older camps and organizations, those in charge of new ones can learn how to avoid like dangers. Every Spiritualist society should so guard and hedge about its interest and property as to close the doors against chronic disturbers and free-lovers. Only by the greatest care can this be done; let them use proper preventives and avoid the necessity of cutting out the cancer later on.

The JOURNAL's readers will naturally conclude from this and other letters that a mere knowledge of spirit communion does not make every recipient of such knowledge better, nor produce that harmony which is so much talked of. As has been before said, the sooner Spiritualists recognize the fact that a common belief in spirit existence and communion affords no sufficient ground, of itself alone, for harmonious co-operative action, the better it will be for all concerned. Out of all this friction there will finally come a clean cut, well polished, effective organization. Therefore let every good man and woman be of good cheer, keep up a brave heart. Let each do his whole duty and all will come out fair and bright in the near future.

J. C. B.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Aug. 16th.

Speaking of the mounds examined by him in Cass County, Illinois, Dr. J. F. Snyder remarks that "the intrinsic evidence of many prehistoric remains of this country sustains their claim to extreme antiquity; but no work or specimen of art of a former race has yet been found here above the capacity or achievement of the typical North American Indian. And in studying the life, habits and burial customs indicated by these relics, I can see no necessity for ascribing them to the agency of a distinct or superior race, when they express so unmistakably the known status of Indian intellect.—*Nature.*

Physicians say that ginger ale is a poor substitute for water, because the capsicum it contains irritates the lining of the stomach and produces dangerous inflammation.

Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists at Mantua, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Spiritualists of Mantua and vicinity held their twenty-fifth yearly meeting on the 5th of August, in the beautiful grove which has been dedicated to that purpose. The day was somewhat chilly but pleasant, and a very large audience assembled. It was exceedingly pleasant for friends, many of whom have grown aged in their earnest advocacy of Spiritualism, to meet and greet each other. The major portion of the audience was composed of these pioneers whose heads are whitened by the frost of many winters. The stand had been adorned with evergreens and over its front in a wide arch was written, "Purity and Progress."

Brother D. M. King was the active spirit in the meeting and was ably assisted by a host of others. His speech was from the heart and well received. Mrs. Emma Tuttle gave the morning discourse on "The Vanquished," and Hudson Tuttle in the afternoon on "The Old and the New." The Spiritualists in this section are earnest and progressive, and mean business. The yearly meetings have become an institution and are looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. The Mantua Society is the nucleus around which the forces gather, and it is to be hoped that many such may be inaugurated. It is said by many that these large yearly gatherings, especially the camp meetings, injure the local meetings. The people become so satisfied or surfeited by the feast that they go home contented for the whole year, and do nothing for the cause at home. It would appear that the effect ought to be quite the contrary; that those who received such strength, should return to their homes with the determination to extend the truth by all practical methods. The establishment of local Associations and the constant presentation of the claims of Spiritualism, by lectures or publications, is essential to the well being of the cause.

H. T.

Spiritualism in Omaha—Organization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last Sunday the Spiritualists of Omaha perfected their first Organization. Hon. Clark Potter, who has been a faithful exponent of the philosophy for the past quarter century, has been speaking for them at Liberty Hall during the past six weeks. He has done much towards reviving their drooping spirits and bringing harmony out of discord and indifference. He is a man of deep reasoning powers, thoroughly understands the spiritual and harmonial philosophy, commands an easy flow of language, speaks with much enthusiasm and eloquently, pleads the great truths which glow within our breasts.

He belongs to the Andrew Jackson Davis school, and seems to fully comprehend the philosophy. They had a heated meeting, the subject of organization being under discussion. Mr. Potter was in favor, and zealously maintained that Spiritualists should set forth their articles of faith, and have them published to the world; while others thought we should believe nothing and proclaim nothing.

It seems to me that it is one of the main drawbacks to the success of Spiritualism, that no articles of faith have ever been set forth to the world. Some claim that we can have no belief, and that our philosophy and teaching does not admit of it. Is this not an absurdity? Is it not a fact that even doubt raises the presumption of faith? If I reject one doctrine or many doctrines, it is because I believe in a better or a more rational doctrine.

The way Luther began his reformation was by publishing to the world what he believed. It gave rise to discussion and agitation, and enabled the world to accept or reject it. That is what Spiritualists should do. They can never make rapid progress, in my opinion, until they publish to the world articles of their faith. If they have no belief, and their philosophy is of that peculiar kind that admits of no belief, then, of course, they cannot present any to the intelligence of the world; but that is what the world has always required of new theories and movements.

L. P. B.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 14th, 1883.

Now, an orthodox minister is charged with violating the postal laws against sending obscene literature through the mails. We find the following in one of our exchanges: "The Rev. J. P. Lichtenberg has been hauled up before United States Commissioner Dennison, of Utica, charged with sending obscene matter through the mails. He is pastor of the German Lutheran Zion Church of Utica. His trial will take place in Buffalo, in September." The Liberal League leaders say that the *real* object of the law under which this arrest has been made was to suppress free thought literature; but they will not have the hardihood, we think, to assert that the arrest of an orthodox minister for "sending obscene matter through the mails" is a blow aimed at free thought. They may yet see their error in regard to the object of Congress in enacting the law, for the repeal of which they have unavailingly and foolishly clamored, thereby making impossible—for a time, at least—that reform even of the law which is really needed, and which has been advocated by the *Index* and other liberal journals, and by Judge Hurlburt, Col. Ingersoll, and other prominent free thinkers, who are utterly opposed to the "repeal" policy of the Liberal League.—*Index.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Apollonius of Tyana and Jesus Christ.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PART III.—APOLLONIUS'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.

The purported spiritual communications under review claim that Apollonius of Tyana brought from India certain Hindu sacred rolls containing lives of Buddha and Krishna, and that these formed the basis of the Christian gospels. This fiction is founded upon the supposition that Apollonius traveled extensively in India; but what evidence exists that he ever was in India? The sole authority therefor is Philostratus's "Life of Apollonius," which I have shown to be a romance in all its parts. The visit of Apollonius to India being the foundation upon which rests the whole theory involved in these pretended messages, it behooves us to carefully consider this asserted journey, and see if any evidence is in existence that such a journey was ever made. If Apollonius never went to India, he never brought thence the biographies of Buddha and Krishna; and, such being the case, these biographies, in conjunction with that of Apollonius himself, were not the originals of the four New Testament biographies of Jesus. This visit to India is the keystone in the arch of absurd falsities reared by these spurious "communications" from "ancient spirits." Decompose this, and the entire structure crumbles into nothingness. I now propose demonstrating that the narrative of this journey is utterly devoid of truth—a mass of fables throughout. Recollect this narrative purports to be given by Damis, an eye-witness of the scenes and incidents described.

BLUNDERS, GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, ETC.

Somewhere about A. D. 45, Philostratus tells us, Apollonius, then residing at Antioch, determined to visit India, by way of Babylon, to consult the magi and Brahmans. According to Philostratus, Apollonius was then over forty years old, yet at that time he is made to call himself "a young man" (Book I, chap. 18), and in an account of him from Malalas's "Chronicles," found in Domninos, he died in his thirty-fourth year (Book X, pp. 263-4, Bonn edition). As before pointed out, the life of Apollonius, as given by Philostratus, is based upon that of Pythagoras. Pythagoras having, according to tradition, visited India and studied with the Brahmans, of course Apollonius must do the same; hence the fictitious narrative, by Philostratus, of the latter's journey to India. The probability is that neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever saw India. After a sojourn at Babylon of eighteen months—the description of Babylon during their visit being almost wholly erroneous, and certainly never written by one who had really resided in Babylon at the time, as the author, Damis, is said to have done—the two, Apollonius and Damis, set out for India. They turn aside to visit Cissia, and the Greek Eretrians colonized there by Darius five hundred years before. The account of this visit to Cissia is evidently a fiction; since, instead of describing it as then existent, Philostratus and Damis borrow their description from that of Herodotus four hundred years previous (Herodotus vi, 119; Rawlinson's "Herodotus," iii, 415-16; see also Grote's "History of Greece," iv, p. 263, note, for the fictitious character of this account of the Eretrians). The Parthian king, Bardanes, a resident of Babylon, according to Damis, although the Parthian kings never resided at Babylon, but at Ctesiphon, gave Apollonius a guide to India.

Proceeding from Babylon to India they crossed Mount Caucasus, where they were told, by the barbarian natives, legends of Prometheus, the eagle, and Hercules. The well-known Greek fable speaks of Prometheus being chained to Mount Caucasus; Damis not only found the memory of Prometheus still reverently cherished by the mountaineers, but he actually saw the chains which bound Prometheus still fastened to the rocks, the arms of Prometheus when extended being one-eighth of a mile long. That all of this is fictitious is proved by the following facts: Mount Caucasus is described by Damis as a range separating India from Media, while one of its branches extends down to the Red Sea or Indian Ocean. Now, Mount Caucasus really is about 1,500 miles from India; it extends from the Black or Euxine Sea to the Caspian Sea, separating, at the present day, Europe from Asia. Here it was that Prometheus, the mythic hero and god, was chained to the rocks, an eagle feeding upon his liver till Hercules slew the bird and freed the sufferer. Damis has confounded the Hindu Kush Mountains with Caucasus, transferred Caucasus to the borders of India, 1,500 miles distant, and blunderingly located the scene of the Promethean myth on the Hindu Kush Mountains. Damis tells us that the mountaineers seen by him on the Indian Caucasus still with hatred hunt the eagle there, on account of their reverence for Prometheus. As Prometheus never lived, never was chained to Caucasus, and was fabled to have been fastened to a mountain 1,500 miles from India; and as the "barbarians" living on the Hindu Kush in all probability never heard of Prometheus, Hercules, or the eagle-myth—we see plainly that the stories of Damis's having seen the chains of Prometheus still fastened to the rocks a furlong in length, and that the natives reverence Prometheus and hate the eagle, are wilful fabrications; in keeping, however, with the purely fictitious character of the entire narrative of this journey. No branch of Caucasus or of the Hindu Kush extends to the Indian Ocean; no mountain of any kind thus traverses the country; it is purely imaginary. It is also absurd to speak of crossing the Caucasus or the Hindu Kush *en route* to India from Babylon. To do this, the traveler must journey out of his way far to the north, cross the Hindu Kush from south to north, and then turn around and cross the mountain back again from north to south; which of course was never done. Damis says nothing of a double passage of the mountain. These mountains are covered with perpetual snow and are very difficult to pass; yet Damis says not a word of the snow or of the difficulties of the passage. All this shows that the narrative was fabricated by a person who was in dense ignorance of the country concerning which he wrote. Damis also saw Mount Nysa, another imaginary mountain, containing a colony founded by Bacchus during his Indian expedition. Here Damis found a temple of Bacchus, surrounded by laurels, vines and ivy planted by Bacchus himself; and in the interior of the temple, a statue of Bacchus placed there by the god himself. This is another collection of falsehoods. Bacchus is a myth, and never conquered India, and the Indians, in all probability, never heard of Bacchus, and do not celebrate bacchanalian orgies, as Damis also falsely asserts.

Our travelers cross the Indus River, which was forty stadia in width; it rises in the Caucasus and from its very fountain is larger than any other Asiatic river; and it abounds with sea-horses and crocodiles, as they saw for themselves in crossing it. The Indus is far from forty stadia in width; rises in a branch of the Himalaya Mountains; is not larger than all other rivers in Asia, from its very source; and does not abound with sea-horses. The writer never saw the Indus. Reaching the city of Taxila, they found it the residence of an Indian king named Phraotes, who received Apollonius in a royal manner; and after a three days' sojourn of Apollonius with him, gave him a letter to Iarchas, chief of the Brahmans, and also an outfit of white camels, gold, jewels, provisions, linen garments, and a guide. This Phraotes is evidently an imaginary king. No reference to any monarch of that name is found in Hindu literature. The name is not Sanskrit or Hindu, but one manufactured, most probably, by Philostratus. Herodotus names Phraortes as one of the earliest kings of Media. This monarch is probably mythical, but the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions has revealed to us a historical Phraortes. The Behistun Inscription, column ii, paragraph 5, section 1, informs us of a Mede of that name, who revolted against Darius Hystaspis, B. C. 500, and assumed the Median crown (Herodotus i, 102; Rawlinson's "Herodotus," i, 188, 322-24; Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies," ii, 383-84). We also find a number of kings of Parthia, before the Christian era, named Phraates. By a slight change in one or the other of these two names, Phraortes and Phraates, Philostratus manufactured the name Phraotes, for his imaginary Hindu king. Proceeding to the Hill of the Brahmans, they cross the branch of the Caucasus running down to the Indian Ocean (an imaginary mountain); they then traverse an extensive plain the other side of this mountain, described as thirty-three days' journey to the Indian Ocean; yet farther on we find that this plain was travelled over by Apollonius down to the Ocean in eighteen days. This vast plain is as entirely unknown to Indian geography as the Caucasus mountain bounding it on the west. At the foot of this mountain our travelers found a very large city, Paraka—an imaginary city unknown in Hindu annals, where, according to Damis, the inhabitants acquire a knowledge of the thoughts and language of animals, by eating the hearts and livers of dragons, which they hunt for that purpose. The inhabitants of India, I may here state, often reach a hight of seven and a half feet, according to Damis. Reaching the river Hyphasis, Damis tells us a number of things concerning it of the usual fictitious character; such as its being navigable from its source and as broad as the Ister (or Danube), the largest river in Europe. The groves on its banks are dedicated to Venus, as also is a fish found here only called the peacock "from its cærulean crest, spotted scales and golden tail, which it can open out at pleasure." From a worm in this river is manufactured an oil so inflammable that nothing but glass will contain it and nothing on earth is able to extinguish it. Venus is not a Hindu goddess and had no sacred groves in India, and the peacock fish and inextinguishable oil are figments of the imagination. Our chronicler speaks of a number of localities visited by him entirely unknown to Hindu archæologists—no doubt all imaginary; including Byblus, famed for its gigantic oysters and mussels (Byblus was really a Phœnician city, nearly 2,000 miles from India), and Stobera, a city whose inhabitants feed their cattle on fish and wear fish-skins for clothing. In Taxila, Apollonius saw an elephant which had fought against Alexander the Great 370 years before, and named Ajax by Alexander. On its tusks were golden bracelets, with this inscription: "Ajax to the sun, from Alexander, the son of Jove." Of course this is all romance.

Apollonius remained four months with the Brahmans and detailed accounts are given of their conversations with Apollonius, their customs, observances, etc.; but scarcely any thing is given of a Brahmanic character. Rather are they more Greeks than Brahmans. Instead of talking and practicing Brahmanism, they discourse on the Greek philosophy, mythology and history. Apollonius performed a long and wearisome journey to learn wisdom from the Brahmans, and when he finally becomes their disciple they teach him simply doctrines and speculations current in Athens. "In the very heart of India he finds its sages, though 'inland far they be,' well acquainted with Greek geography and the navigation of the Grecian seas, worshiping Greek gods, speaking Greek, thinking Greek" (Priaulx, "Indian Travels of Apollonius," pp. 59, 60). This absence of distinctive Brahmanism in the narrative proves it to have been written by one in ignorance of Brahmanism—one who never, probably, saw a Brahman. The Brahmanic deities are never mentioned, Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, Krishna, Indra, etc.; but a thorough acquaintance with Grecian mythology is manifested. The same phenomenon was manifest in Phraotes, the king of Taxila. To explain his proficiency in Greek, Phraotes informed Apollonius that his father (also an Indian king) had reared him in the Greek manner till twelve years old; he was then sent to the Brahmans, who treated him like a son, for they "especially love those who know and speak Greek, as akin to them in mind and disposition." This is preposterous nonsense. Hindu kings and Brahmans did not reverence Greek philosophy and language, and as a rule were in ignorance of both. We even find the villagers, resident in the vicinity of the Hill of the Brahmans, possessed of a fluent knowledge of Greek; not only that, but when Apollonius first approached them, they addressed him by name, such marvelous clairvoyance did they possess. Among the Brahmans, too, Apollonius "found statues of the most ancient Greek gods, and worshiped in the Greek manner; of the Polian Minerva, and of Bacchus, and of the Delian and Amyclæan Apollo." When questioned by Apollonius, the Brahmans acknowledged themselves to be Pythagoreans; and their chief, Iarchas, relate! his remembrance of having been long before an Indian king called Ganges, fifteen feet high; he also spoke of the Ganges River as his father, whereas the Ganges is not a god, but a goddess (female), hence no Brahman could ever call it his father. The conversation of Iarchas is almost purely Grecian, being full of references to Homer, Ulysses, Achilles, Palamades, Ethiopia, Proteus, the Eubœan coast, Carians, Minos, Tantalus (a statue of whom Iarchas called special attention to), the Elians, Olympic dykasts, Xerxes, Salamis, Delphi, Æsculapius, Dodona, etc., etc.; but as regards Brahmanism and Hinduism, Iarchas seemed wofully ignorant. The truth is evident, that the writer, Philostratus, knowing scarcely anything about Brahmanism, was forced to represent his Brahmins as Greeks rather than Hindus. No one who had been in India could possibly have written concerning it as Damis is said to have done. The geography is fictitious, except where borrowed from the writings of the narrators of the expedition of Alexander to India. Just as soon as it deviates from the localities described by Alexander's historians, the narrative falls into the most absurd blunders.

MARVELS SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY DAMIS.

As regards the wonderful things seen in India by Damis, the narrative reads like a chapter from Baron Munchausen's Travels. In addition to those already alluded to, may be mentioned these: (1) When nearing the Indus they met one of the serpent-women or Empusæ described in a previous paper, who followed them, assuming various distinctive forms, till put to flight by the mockings of those it followed. (2) In the marshes near the Hyphasis are wild asses with a horn in their foreheads, with which they fight bull-fashion; the horns are made into magical cups, from which if any one drinks he need not fear, for that day, any sickness, wounds, fire, or poison. (3) They met a woman black to her breasts, and white from the breasts downwards; all women in India of this piebald makeup are sacred to Venus. (4) Dragons are as plentiful in India as cattle in other countries; the smallest are forty-five feet long, while others are hundreds of feet long; Damis saw a dragon hunt; the pupils of their eyes are precious stones, flashing with every color, and possessed of the most wonderful magical powers; the larger ones are caught by spreading before their hiding-place an enchanted carpet, on which if they rest their heads they are charmed to sleep. (5) The Hill of the Brahmans contains the impressions of hoofs, beards, faces, and backs of falling men, indented in the stones where the Pans of Bacchus attempted to storm it and were thunder struck by the Brahmans. (6) A cloud surrounds this Hill by aid of which the Brahmans make themselves visible or invisible at pleasure. (7) A magic "well of the test" and a magical "fire of pardon," rising from a crater without smell or smoke, were seen near this Hill. (8) They also had two tubs or urns, containing wind and rain, with which by opening and shutting they could supply themselves or neighbors with rain and wind, or otherwise, at their pleasure. (9) Three times a day the Brahmans ascended in the air and remained there. (10) They drew rays from the sun, which taking form and body floated in mid-air, remaining unchanged through the dark night by power of their enchantments. (11) They cover themselves with a cloud into which no rain can penetrate. (12) They wear clothing made of wool which grows out of the ground like grass, and the earth refuses to allow any but Brahmans to gather it. (13) By beating the ground with staves, the earth swells up like a wave, carrying the Brahmans several feet up, where they sing a hymn or pæan. (14) Their messengers travel faster than the swiftest birds. (15) At their feasts the earth strews itself with grass, softer than any couch, on which to recline; the dishes, cups, fruit, vegetables, etc., hand themselves around to the guests; four large tripods, followed by bronze cup-bearers, roll themselves in, two flowing with wine and two with hot and cold water; the bronze waiters of their own volition hand around the wine and water in enormous cups made each of a single precious stone. (16) In India is a quadruped with the head of a man and body like a lion, its tail long with thorns for hairs, which it darts out at those who pursue it. (17) Also winged griffins, who dig for gold and who overpower lions, dragons and elephants. (18) A fountain flowing with gold for water. (19) A race of pigmies living underground. (20) A race of men who use their feet for umbrellas. (21) A wonderful gem, extracted from the earth, a distance of twenty-four feet by spells and incantations, and of such power that if thrown into a stream it gathers to itself from a considerable distance all other precious stones. (22) The Phœnix, born of the sun's rays and living five hundred years in India.

All can readily perceive how utterly unreliable is a work gravely relating, on the testimony of an eye-witness, the actuality of these marvels. Damis could scarcely have written such absurdities. It may be asked, then, whence did Philostratus derive them? The answer to this I am now enabled to give.

SOURCES OF PHILOSTRATUS'S INDIAN ROMANCE.

Philostratus was a learned Sophist, at the court of Alexander Severus, and he had access to the world's literature; and his "Life of Apollonius" is very largely a compilation of materials extracted from the then extant classical literature. His "Indian travels" is almost wholly taken from the writings of his literary predecessors, independent of any supposed Damis manuscript narrative. Careful analytical research has enabled us to determine the source of nearly the whole of Philostratus's Indian narrative—the authors whence derived and the names of their works, so far we can gather from that portion of classical literature that has come down to us. Perhaps had we the whole of the literature to which Philostratus had access, we might be able to trace in the writings now lost to us the few things in his Indian narrative not directly traceable at present to a previous source. Only a few fragments remain of a number of the authors laid under contribution by Philostratus; had their complete works descended to us, probably the little now seemingly original in Philostratus would be found in some of those works.

From the time of Alexander's conquests in India a succession of Greek writers had written upon India, and all these were utilized by Philostratus in preparing his work. The following is a tolerably complete list of these authors, and the names of their writings from which our author borrowed in writing his Indian narrative: (1) Arrian: *Indika*, and *Anabasis Alexandrou*; (2) Cleitarchus: *Ta Peri Alexandrou*; (3) Chares: *Peri Alexandrou Historiai*; (4) Onesicritus: *Pos Alexandros echthe*; (5) Aristobulus: *History of Alexander*, in Strabo; (6) Nearchus: *Paraplous*, in Arrian and Strabo; (7) Pseudo-Callisthenes, *History of Alexander's Asiatic Expedition*; (8) Megasthenes: *Ta Indika*; (9) Strabo: *Geography*; (10) Pliny: *Natural History*; (11) Ctesias: *Indika*; (12) Lucan: *Pharsalia*; (13) Eratosthenes: *Geographika*, in Bernhardy's *Eratosthenica*; (14) Juba: *Historia Assyria*; (15) Plutarch: *On the Fortune of Alexander*, etc.; (16) Ælian: *Variæ Historiæ* and *de Animalium Natura*; (17) Dio Chrysostom: *Oratio in Celenis Phrygiæ*, and other of his *Orations*; (18) Nicolaus Damascenus: *Historia Katholike*; (19) Poseidippus: in Tzetzes *Chiliad*; (20) Bardesanes: in Porphyry, *de Abstinentia*; (21) Diodorus Siculus: *Bibliotheke Historike*; (22) Alexander Polyhistor: *Fragmenta Historiæ*. To illustrate Philostratus's eclecticism a few examples will be given. From Ctesias he borrowed the width of the Indus, the inextinguishable oil, the men seven and a half feet high, the golden fountain, the winged griffins, the man-headed lion, the horned ass, the jewel attracting all others, etc., etc.; the Prometheus-eagle story, from Arrian and Strabo; the description of the dragon is found, piecemeal, in six authors, Philostratus ingeniously combining the various items—namely, Pliny, Onesicritus, Nearchus, Ælian, Lucan, Poseidippus; the doctrines of the Brahmans is taken from Megasthenes and Alexander Polyhistor; the Indo-Greek Bacchus, from Cleitarchus and others; Hercules, from Megasthenes; the worship of Greek gods, from Plutarch; the speaking of the Greek language in India, from Nicolaus Damascenus; the love of Greek by Hindu kings, from Diodorus Siculus; the familiarity of the Indians with Homer and the Greek mythology, from Dio Chrysostom, Plutarch and Ælian; the description of elephants, from Juba, Arrian, Onesicritus, Strabo, Pliny and Ælian, etc., etc. After a careful examination of the entire Indian narrative, I fail to find one solitary statement in it evidencing that the writer ever was in India or that Apollonius ever saw that country. It is beyond all doubt a fiction from the first line to the last. If Apollonius ever was in India certainly not a single thing connected with his journey can be found in this book; and this book is our sole authority for his supposed visit to that country. My firm opinion is, that Philostratus, in order to parallel the life of Apollonius with that of Pythagoras, deliberately manufactured a trip to India for his hero, and collected the data therefor from every available source, with exaggerations of his own—all credited to a mythical eye-witness, Damis. As a portion of the authors borrowed from wrote after Damis's death (if he ever lived), as Ælian Bardesanes, Plutarch, Dio Chrysostom, etc., the whole of these Indian fables could not have emanated from Damis. To my mind it is clear that none of them did—that Damis's manuscript never existed, but that Philostratus is their sole author.

It is claimed that Apollonius brought from India the sacred rolls containing lives of Krishna and Buddha. There is not a word in the Indian travels of Apollonius about the possession of sacred books by the Hindus; even the Vedas are never mentioned. Neither is Krishna or Buddha mentioned. Particulars are given of the things brought away or accompanying Apollonius when parting with the Brahmans, but no books or rolls are alluded to. The word "rolls" is inapplicable when speaking of Hindu manuscripts, as they were not rolled up as were the Hebrew and other ancient manuscripts. Again, how could Apollonius obtain copies of the Buddhistic sacred books from the Brahmans? It is highly improbable that the Brahmans would furnish a Greek with lives of their great enemy, Buddha, for him to carry to foreign nations. Apollonius saw no Buddhists in India—Buddhism is never referred to in the "Travels"—hence he had no opportunity to secure Buddhistic works. No life of Krishna is known to have been in existence at that date; legends of his military exploits were current in India, as witness the Maha-Bharata; but these bear no resemblance to the life of Jesus. Some resemblances do exist between the legendary lives of Buddha and Jesus, but the differences are much more great; and there is no evidence to show that one was derived from the other. The resemblances are evidently of independent origin. Certain is it, that, taking the lives of Apollonius, Krishna and Buddha, it is impossible to manufacture from them the life of Jesus. The life of Jesus is radically distinct from those of all three, and it is indicative of a lack either of competent knowledge or of common sense, to suppose that the former was derived from the latter.

The conclusion of the matter is, that the bogus spirit messages in question are wholly false and in the highest degree absurd; that they tend to bring Spiritualism into lasting discredit; and that all lovers of truth and right in the spiritual ranks should sternly reprobate their existence and continuance.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Letter from Mexico.

Chihuahua, Mexico, August 3rd, 1883.

Mexico is filled with scribblers from the United States, and they represent the various classes of people in their country as well as the numerous grades of publications; this means that they touch all subjects and leave little to be said of interest now, except as corrections of their misstatements (whether intentional or otherwise), may be made. An Englishman has recently stated that the Americans in Mexico were very little respected because of their exceedingly rude manners. Such sweeping statements carry upon their face the necessary evidence of untruthfulness in general application. That there are coarse, vulgar and rude Americans in Mexico, no one will attempt to deny; that Englishmen of similarly bad manners are found here in proportionately large numbers, none ought to deny, and that persons of any nationality who may conduct themselves improperly, are held in contempt by the higher class of Mexicans is quite true.

The brusqueness of the American is often due to a contempt held for such insincerity as he finds on every hand; while, when similar manners found in the Englishman, it is due to the ignorance of a coarse, dull, stupid and not infrequently brutal nature.

Many an unpolished American carries within the heart of a child, which only requires occasion to reveal its wealth of goodness, while the coarse Englishman is under no circumstance a fit companion for any person possessing a soul.

Another statement made by the same writer which needs correction very much, was to the effect that these people were remarkably lavish in the expenditure of money; thus, elegantly expressed, "They don't think any more of fifty dollars, than we do of one."

Surely his lines must have fallen in pleasant places, to meet such experiences. It goes without saying among those who have lived here or have had an opportunity to know, that the very large majority of these people are as poor as poverty itself; that the only exceptions which can be found among the laboring class, which comprise probably eight of the ten millions of inhabitants in Mexico, are such as have been benefited by the influx and enterprise of Americans. Of the higher class many are rich, but usually in lands, live stock, mines, etc., all of which they just now are estimating at a fictitious valuation which makes them appear what they are not (a position which delights the Mexican heart), yet they live in the most (what shall I say? Economical? No!) niggardly way, which is an anomalous situation for persons who care so little for money.

It is claimed that very few Mexicans living are exempt from gambling, the national vice, whether old or young, rich or poor, priest or layman. In the cities it is prohibited in public, while in the smaller places it is indulged in openly, and not infrequently on the plaza, which is frequented by all classes, the only restriction being that at 12 o'clock Sunday night, it must cease in public, the reason being given that the men must have rest to enable them to go to work on Monday morning.

The National Independence Day of Mexico is September 16th, and the Government gives at its expense in the Capital of each State, a grand "baile," (ball) and there are several days about that time recognized as "fiestas," (holidays) during which gambling may be done openly anywhere, and it is said that the Mexican who does not gamble then, has no money, nor any thing upon which he can get money to gamble with.

The government levies a tax upon all salaries paid in this country, and they compel the railroad employes to pay it, but how they collect it from others is a mystery, as it can hardly be expected that those compelled to work for a salary will be sufficiently patriotic to step forward and pay such a tax, while the owners of leagues and leagues of land pay not a cent.

Land is very cheap here, and where a good title can be procured, is, without doubt one of the best investments possible in any country. The climate is excellent, the soil very fertile, and its products bear a high price in market.

One writer has ventured an opinion that the Americans who come here to live will become Mexicanized, and if this be true, it speaks very badly for those Americans, for surely in the Mexican character, aside from their studied formal politeness, which makes liars of them all, there is nothing which can improve anybody, and their habits are certainly not to be envied by those who know the danger and loathsomeness of the national disease—syphilis. It is sad to walk the streets at times and meet the palpable cases of that disease, as shown in the faces of persons of both sexes, and of all ages from the extremely aged to the babe in arms.

How any sane man can suppose one of our bright, joyous, rosy-cheeked girls, who steps as light and free as a fawn, and will without fatigue, walk miles and miles (if her company be entertaining), can ever be brought to imitate the Mexican girl, who never goes out unless in the family carriage, and carries a face so demure and expressionless, that one might easily imagine that such an exterior could only be produced by fickleness on the part of him she loved, which produced a feeling of dread blank despair, ten thousand times harder to be endured, than all the combined pains and penalties known to the law, while she loved on praying and hoping for a brighter future.

It is probable that the fault lies in the custom of seclusion in which they are kept, but such is the anxiety of parents in every country, for the good of their children, that they but too often fail to distinguish the best course, and in advising where advice is necessary to say the least, wreck one or both their lives.

Perhaps this is for a wise purpose, yet it is difficult to discern what compensation there can ever be for the loss of that natural buoyancy of spirit born within us, which serves to aid all the virtues and to repel conditions which bring only unhappiness.

Be it far from me to counsel disrespect on the part of children for the advice of parents—they will seldom find any other as good, yet I would have parents remember that they may not always be right; hence they should use the greatest care, lest by an unfortunate use of dictation or suggestion, they may produce results directly opposite those intended. The sunshine imparted by a bright pure American girl, is little below the smiles of angels, while the sombre sadness which rests upon the face of the Mexican senorita, imparts only the feeling of gloom.

There are two classes of persons in this country for whom all should be sorry: First, the Mexicanized American; second, the Americanized Mexican. In either case no good results. There are numbers of cases of intermarriage between persons of the two nationalities, which are very happy in results, but each retains his or her own individuality, while the children as a matter of course resemble both, and where well brought up and educated as is usual in such cases, the child is generally a decided improvement upon the parentage on either side, and thus in the humble opinion of your correspondent, will Mexico become elevated by losing her national vices and national diseases and securing a higher grade of education.

CARO.

The twenty miles cable street railroad in Chicago run one hundred and seventy-four cars, the engine doing the work of one thousand nine hundred and eighty horses, and sending the cars over the four miles between the City hall and city limits in twenty-five minutes less time than the horses could do it.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

AMONG THE BUTTERCUPS.

I know a field whose rough wild grasses,
With clover and buttercups flaunting free,
Wins scarcely a glance from whoso passes,
But always a smile from me.

O thick green grass which no mower moweth!
O yellow buttercups waving high!
You cover a secret which no one knoweth,
No one save only I.

I can see where hid in your blossoming tangles,
No higher than clover or dandelion stem,
Stand ranges of stakes, set in regular angles,
And I know the meaning of them.

They are nothing but sticks, yet they tell me a story;
They are dull and brown, but they seem to glow,
As I stand and look, with a sudden glory,
And I see them rise and grow.

They spread to wall and they climb to rafter,
They open windows for glimpses sweet,
Their spaces echo with happy laughter
And the dance of childish feet.

There is the line where the morning will enter,
Here is the point for the cool sea breeze;
This is the heart of the house, the centre,
Where the mother shall sit at ease.

That buttercup marks where the children's places
Will be when the winter fire is lit;
I can see it shine on their rosy faces
As they look in the light of it.

In the air-drawn nursery far above them
I picture the little heads all in a row,
Pillowed in slumber where those who love them
Can softly come and go.

Close to that red-and-white clover tangle
The doors shall open to welcomes bright,
And here shall the Christmas stocking dangle
In the hush of the holy night.

O low brown stakes in the blossoming clover!
You have no beauty for man to see;
But I smile on you with the smile of a lover
As the pledge of a home to be.

—Susan Coolidge.

SUMMER RAMBLES.

Hull, Mass., Aug., 1883. From this Hill, whereon Sunset Cottage is perched like a brown bird's nest on the ground, we look over a scene of great extent and picturesqueness. This little town, the smallest in the State, covers the end of the narrow cape, which, jutting out south of Boston, encircles it like a protecting arm. Within, we see the whole sweep of the large harbor with its numerous islands, its bays and inlets, fringed with wharves and dotted with environs of great variety and beauty. Within a few minutes' walk on one side, at the foot of the hill is the channel where all shipping must pass to reach Boston, skirted with rocky islands and guarded by light-houses, while in the distance stretch the undulations of the north beach. There are the dim shores of Cape Ann, then Lynn, Gloucester, Marblehead, Nahant, Revere beach, Chelsea and Swampscott lead to the hub itself. From the piazza where this is written, not only this passes before me, but the gilded dome of the State House sparkles in the sun, and Bunker Hill Monument towers, a voiceless index of patriotism, while the whole sweep of the bay is also visible. There rise the green hills of Milton, the heights of Dorchester, Quincy, Wareham, Hingham and Nantasket, between which steamers and fleet-winged yachts continually ply, while over that narrow inlet in front, the ocean surges and moans, singing the same old song with its endless variations. How like it is to the voice within the soul of man; how it represents all moods, expresses all interior experiences! It can never be hushed; if stilled, it gathers strength for new surgings; it chafes restlessly upon those shores which act as its limitations.

By day the view is full of changeful and wondrous loveliness. Sky and water frown or laugh upon one another, the lower element reflecting every mood of the firmament. At this moment it is a sea of glass over which the heavens are smiling most serenely; occasionally a cloud sails along on some wind current, its shadow floating over the surface of the deep, just as our individual spirits may reflect the changes in the great firmament of spirit atmosphere which over-arches the ocean of human life. For the lower must always answer to the higher, the physical to the spiritual.

There are times, of course, when all is leaden and dull; sea and shore are shrouded in mist and gloom. So are our lives at times; so are the heavens shut out and the horizons hidden. Do, we then think the pall is a changeless one; that life is darkened beneath the gloom? Then are we short-sighted and unwise. The substantial good exists and must, for Deity could not be without an eternity of good.

But nature and not metaphysics is to be the inspirer of our summer rambles. Rarely do we leave the broad, overhanging piazza, since the eye is charmed and the soul feasted while the body is refreshed. And when night falls, what a panorama is unfolded! From one side to the other, lights fly back and forth over the water, and the moon streams over the bay in silvery glory. At all the summer resorts within sight, and their number is legion, electric lights glitter from hotel balconies, gardens and wharves, and the coast outline is traced in letters of softest fire. Evening after evening, from one point after another, rise fire-works of countless forms and charming hues, sprays, sheaves and cascades of crimson, gold and blue, seeming like portions of the scenery of some fairy land. It is pleasant to know that these displays are enjoyed by excursionists from the city, whose tiresome, heated days are thus rendered more endurable.

Sometimes we make an excursion; once to the "Brewsters,"—islands just outside the channel, where a couple of artists are sketching for illustrating a popular magazine. On the picturesque rocks we make our pleasant pic-nic, and form acquaintance with the light house-keeper who, with his family, remains here with an assistant, year after year. They live in isolation, save when summer visitors, like ourselves, vary the monotony. He is a unique character, and has saved many a poor shipwrecked mariner in that sturdy life-boat hanging ready for use. We ascend up into the lantern of the light house, where the winds always whistle, and examine the prisms which act as reflectors. They are of the finest cut glass, deeply beveled and highly polished; each plate costing $1,500 or $18,000 in all. It is a revolving light, of the second class, worked by powerful machinery, and throws its beams to a great distance. How much toil is undertaken and danger encountered to carry on the commerce of the country; how little do we realize of the hardship of the poorly paid, brave men who guard our coast.

At another time we make sail for Minot Light, the last guard outside the bay. It rises sheer from a rock in mid-ocean, and there is no way of entering the structure save by climbing an iron ladder forty feet high, perpendicular, wet and slippery, or being drawn up in a wicker basket-chair the same distance, by the sturdy light housekeepers. Three of the party, two of them ladies, are brave and steady enough to choose the former route, when a misstep or a little dizziness would be their destruction. They were the first women who had climbed the ladder in two years. I choose the inglorious ascent by basket, but, when tossed about over the dashing waves by a high wind, my only safety being in the strength of a rope and of the hands that drew it up, it seemed there was little to choose between the means of ascent. Inside the snug circular tower, every thing was neat and orderly, made so by the two men who daily trimmed the light and kept the beacon burning. There were three stories for their use and the lantern above; each consisted of a round room, where they cooked, slept by turns and kept their stores. Below was a large cistern and fuel, for many a long, stormy week in winter no craft could reach them. I wondered what sublime thoughts they cherished, here where nature was so impressive. It seemed as though the inner voice must be heard most unmistakably, telling of the deep things of the life here and hereafter.

Yesterday I spent in Boston, visiting the office of the *Woman's Journal*; the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, of which I have given descriptions; the parlors of the Woman's Club and the Woman's Decorative Art Society. The editors were wisely at home in the suburbs, and the club is having its vacation. On the walls are crayon portraits of Mrs. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Fuller, and a few landscapes. It is the nucleus of the cultured wing of the progressive women of Boston, an admirable club, for social, intellectual and ethical improvement. Compared with these women, those who people the popular resorts are vapid, inane and wearisome. To such, life becomes a burden; it loses all its freshness and beauty; and all sorts of follies are resorted to in order to interest the drooping spirits. Duties and cares, as well as changes and recreations, are necessary to brace up the mental fibres. And she who takes an interest in progressive subjects and in the well-being of her fellows, has the best earnest of her own healthy capacity to combat successfully the trials of life, and sail peacefully over the seas into that port for which all are bound.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Organization.

The efficacy and usefulness of organization, such as contemplated by the Sturgis Conference, will depend upon how the scheme is looked upon and accepted by the friends of the cause. Religious truth, like all other, is dependent on means for its discovery and application to the practical affairs of human life. Progress in no respect is the result of accident or chance, but is the fruit of slow, patient and plodding toil and effort, and much of these through ignorance is unavailable. A great portion of the moral and religious truths of the world, as now recognized, would to-day be hidden from man's perception and use, were it not for the organized and concentrated efforts of advanced minds in bringing such truths to light. They came to our knowledge as the result of thought and mental effort, and the greater these in volume, scope and action the greater the results. Organization enlarges and intensifies these causes.

There is, as I look upon the matter, but one danger; and that is incidental to all human effort, and is this: That the standard or measure adopted by the Organization for the purpose of testing and determining what is the truth, will be too short and too narrow to embrace the truths we seek to unfold. We have had in a religious sense enough of limitation. Every creed ever formulated has contained a limitation on the wisdom, goodness and power of God. We absolutely know nothing of these except what we learn from experience and reflection. Authority, in the very nature of things, cannot definitely settle for our use and guide a single fact as to these. What others have experienced and thought, as learned from what they say and have said, are often great helps, and save much time and groping in the dark; but the man, who relies exclusively on authority in these matters outside of his own perceptions, gives himself away, and lives more to enshrine in the hearts of men the errors of the past, than to verify the truths of the present, or develop the possibilities of the future. What the world needs is to have these grand possibilities opened up and brought within the reach of man's perceptions, and the way and manner of adapting them to his use, so that every thing hurtful in his emotional nature may be cleansed out. A truth is practically worth nothing to the world, until the world uses it for some good purpose. Ever since the dawn of creation God has flashed in the face of his wondering children the great fact that electricity would afford light, but ages on ages passed before the man appeared who so understood the great fact, as to utilize it for this purpose. The same is true of the telegraph, telephone, and the uses of all the natural forces and powers, that science is harnessing to the car of man's progress. Limitation is the stumbling block, the obstruction and hindrance of the world. It lives in authority and creed. It does nothing but erect barriers and cry halt. All the light the world has ever received has been by passing the barriers and turning a deaf ear to the cry. Truth is as unlimited as God himself; and just in proportion as the truth is learned and known is God revealed, and not otherwise. Man is essentially and of necessity limited in all his powers. No man has yet succeeded in formulating and defining a truth beyond the reach of his own limited perception, and never will. Definition is limitation and restriction. All the errors of the past have arisen from the attempt to measure and determine what the truth is by a standard so short and so narrow that but a part only is brought to view, and then in a distorted and perverted light. And these errors become fixed and established by the assumption of infallibility for such standard, thus confining all investigation to what the assumed infallible standard requires, and not to the correction and enlargement of the standard itself. Hence the folly of an attempt to formulate a creed defining what the truth is, and that by implication all else is error. The only effect would be an injury to the truth.

Yet there is a place, so to speak, and a purpose for a creed. There is a moral and spiritual field to which a creed, if you choose to call it such, may be applied. But the creed cannot determine what the product of this field is, and should not undertake to do so; but it may, like the constitutions of the United States, and of the various States, declare a purpose and object, and the means of securing these, and enjoin and direct the necessary efforts for the exploration of this field, and the manner of reducing its products to practical use. This world is full of truth, wisdom, goodness and power. If these do not constitute what we call God, they emanate from Him. It is man's duty to discover how and in what manner he can best use these for his growth in these attributes, and for his happiness. All beyond this, it seems to me, is building castles in the air to be blown away by those who come after us. I am glad these views are recognized in the brief statement adopted by the Conference. While its brevity is one of its merits, it might possibly be improved by a little pruning and otherwise. The acorn contains the possibilities of the oak, but mortal wisdom is insufficient to accurately describe in advance the size and form, with branch and leaf of the giant tree, embraced in these possibilities. We can only surround the acorn with the conditions which experience shows to be the most favorable, and wait the slow progress and benefits of evolution and growth.

Clarinda, Iowa. J. L. BATCHELOR.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed an account of the manner in which the said manuscript was discovered; in a letter from an English gentleman residing in China, to the Earl of ——. Printed for Joseph Peace Hazard. Wakefield, R. I.: Times print.

Mr. Hazard has done a generous act in the publication of this little volume, which is replete with noble sentiments. With reference to the work he says:

"This book has been out of print for a long time, but I was familiar with it when a school boy, but have not seen a copy of it since until a friend gave me one only a few years ago. I am surprised to find that this book is almost entirely unknown to-day, so completely has it been squelched. I say suppressed, for surely it would not have died out of itself. I have not found an individual who has any knowledge of it, and even the learned among them, eminent divines and presidents of leading colleges of whom I have inquired, and furnished with copies, are in this category.

"It has occurred to me that this book would be eagerly sought in the West if it were placed within the reach of your people; a very large edition might be printed in Chicago, with consequent profit on the part of the one who might venture upon this enterprise.

"I believe there is not a sentiment in this book that will not find welcome in every human heart."

This work is purported to have been discovered in an ancient temple in Thibet over a hundred years ago by an ambassador of the Emperor of China, whose name was Cao-Tsou.

In a communication to the emperor at the time the following is set forth:

"But the most and ancient piece he hath discovered, and which none of the Lamas for many ages had been able to interpret or understand, is a small system of morality, written in the language and character of the ancient Gymnosophists or Bramins; but by what particular persons, or in what time, he does not pretend to determine. This piece, however, he wholly translated, though as he himself confesses, what an utter incapacity of reaching in the Chinese language, the strength and sublimity of the original. The judgments and opinions of the bonzes and the learned doctors are very much divided concerning it. Those who admire it more highly are fond of attributing it to Confucius, their own great philosopher; and get over the difficulty of its being written in the language and character of the ancient Bramins, by supposing this to be only a translation, and that the original work of Confucius was lost. Some will have it to be the institutes of Lao-kiun, another Chinese philosopher, contemporary with Confucius, and founder of the sect Tou-sse; but these labor under the same difficulty in regard to the language, with those who attribute it to Confucius. There are others who from some particular marks and sentiments which they find in it, suppose it to be written by the Bramin Dandamis, whose famous letter to Alexander the Great is recorded by the European writers. With these Cao Tsou himself seems most inclined to agree; at least so far as to think, that it is really the work of some ancient Bramin; being fully persuaded, from the spirit in which it is written, that it is no translation. One thing, however, occasions some doubt amongst them, and that is the plan of it, which is entirely new to the Eastern people, and so unlike any thing they have ever seen, that if it was not for some turn of expression peculiar to the East, and the impossibility of accounting for its being written in this very ancient language, many would suppose it to be the work of an European."

The following extract from the work on Charity, will give our readers an idea of its nature:

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seed of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble, he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbor; he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their slanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men, he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion; he endeavoreth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labor.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighborhood peace and good will, and his name is repeated with praise and benediction.

Magazines for August not Before Mentioned.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER. (Published by the Society, 14 Victoria St., Westminster, England.) This Health Review is the organ of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

THE SEASON. (The International News Co. New York.) A Magazine for ladies, containing the latest Paris fashions and the most elegant designs in fancy-work, needlework, embroidery, crochet, etc.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The usual amount of good stories for young readers, will be found in this month's issue, and the illustrations are appropriate and very pretty.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.). The publishers of this Magazine endeavor to make it what its name indicates and a valuable and welcome visitor to all.

First Installment of September Magazines.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Germ-Theory of Disease, by Professor H. Gradle, M. D.; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Agricultural Experiment Stations, by H. P. Armsby; The Remedies of Nature.—Asthma, by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; Fire-Proof Building Construction, by W. E. Ward; Ways of Preserving Food, by Dr. Hermann Kratzer; Insanity, by One who has been Insane; The Little Missouri Bad Lands, II., by Professor T. H. McBride; Faculæ and Sun-Spots, by Henry A. Smith; Insects and Disease—Mosquitoes and Malaria, by A. F. A. King, M. D.; The Growth of Hygienic Science, by Professor de Chaumont, M. D., F. R. S.; "Our Marriage and Divorce Laws," by E. T. Merrick; Woodland and Water Course, by Horace Lunt; How the Earth was Peopled, I., by M. G. De Saporta; Primitive Map-Making, by Georg M. Frauenstein; The Granule of Starch, by An Analyst; Sketch of Sir William E. Logan, LL. D., F. G. S.; Correspondence; Editor's Table: The Dead-Language Superstition; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.) Contents: A Roman Singer; En Province; King's Chapel; Our Nominating Machines; Poets and Birds: A Criticism; Newport; Glints in Auld Reekie; Chrysalides; Annexed by the Tsar; Along an Inland Beach; Merimee in his Letters; Character in Feathers; Lily of Strath-Farrar; The Civil War in America; Mark Twain's Life on the Mississippi; The Spanish Peninsula in Travel; Two Journalists; The Contributor's Club; Books of the Month.

August 1st, a new parcel post service went into effect in England. Parcels not exceeding seven pounds in weight, six feet in girth, and eight feet six inches in length, are sent by post at very reasonable rates. Only such articles are prohibited as are damaging to the physical and moral health of the officials and recipients. Live animals and birds are very properly excluded; but a small leg of mutton or a few bottles of wine, if properly packed, may be sent by post. Parcels may be addressed to post offices "to be called for," but there is a charge of a penny a day while they are in the custody of the office.

The Dutch Government have decided not to grant the sum of 20,000 guilders which Baron Nordenskjold claims as the discoverer of the North-East Passage. The decision is founded on the motive which led the States General in 1596 to offer the award, viz: to find a passage of commercial importance to the nation; Baron Nordenskjold having, however, discovered what may be termed a purely scientific one, the award, it is argued, has not been earned.

The flowering plants of the world number 96,620 species. Some of the largest orders, such as compositæ, have several thousand species; while there are ten other orders that contain less than five species, and one of these, batideæ, contains but a single genus represented by a single species. It seems that of the flowering plants of the world, about one out of every ten species belongs to the order compositæ.

Jefferson, the actor, went into a bank in New York recently to get a check cashed. The cautious clerk refused to pay out the money, saying that Jefferson must be identified. Whereupon the actor leaned back against a post, with that peculiar forsaken air of the returned sleeper, and said sadly, in the words of old Rip, "If my dog Schneider vas here, he vould know me." The check was paid.

Dr. Kerr of Canton, is publishing in Chinese a complete work on the theory and practice of medicine, compiled from standard European works on the subject. The work consists of several volumes, which are printed from wooden blocks clearly and evenly cut, and are sold at a price which brings them within the reach of all.

The lecture rooms of the universities in the Middle Ages were so simply furnished that the students used bundles of straw to sit on, which they brought with them. There was a street in Paris where it was sold for the exclusive use of students attending medical and other instruction in the cheerless audience rooms of the university.

Persia is described by an English writer as, "the cheapest country in the world." Cheese and butter can be bought there for twopence a pound, flour and bread at a penny in the towns and much less in the villages, eggs at ninepence per four or five dozen, quails and partridges at fourpence a brace, hares at fourpence each, lamb and mutton at proportionately low rates.

Books Received.

IVANHOE, by Sir Walter Scott, price 15 cents, paper cover. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 25, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Skepticism.

There is much talked and written about skepticism now-a-days. On every side, week after week, in church and prayer-meeting, in book and pamphlet, in sermon and essay, its prevalence is bewailed and denounced, magnified as Satan's grandest work, the most terrible foe of the church and all good things. "He that believeth not shall be damned," they quote approvingly, and as if they were judges sentencing a criminal. It may be that the thought of the skeptic's doom makes their own safety seem the sweeter. Some such principle as this would account, at least in part, for the energy which is shown in supporting the idea of an eternal hell. Some seem to think that heaven would not be heaven for them if there were no hell for their enemies. It is worth something to believe one's self saved while others are doomed. There is a certain satisfaction we know, in hearing the rain beat pitilessly on the roof while we are snug, warm and dry in bed, and it may be that to some, hell is needed as a shadow to make heaven seem more bright, the loss of others seeming to intensify the joy of their own gain; torture of others making their ease more delightful; shame of others giving a new glory to their crowns; wailing of others making their harps to give forth sweeter music; the "blackness of darkness" making still more brilliant and desirable the city which needs no sun. Perhaps—but the theme under discussion just now is Skepticism—it is well to take these things one at a time, so far as is possible.

One aspect, or rather skepticism as seen by one class of minds, has been briefly described; there are others who go just as far in eulogy of skepticism as the orthodox believers do in dispraise. They believe, or seem to, that man's highest development must lead only to—negation of everything that any one else believes. They teach, in effect that shutting the eyes is better than keeping them open, for one's eyesight may be deceived, but he who refuses to see, cannot be, so they think. So it is better to accept as few facts as possible, to make "I don't know" more valuable than "I know." "I don't believe" of more weight and worth than "I do believe," under equal conditions. It is not easy to believe such modes of thinking to be right and reasonable, so the positive teaching of this school is, doubt all facts that you have not seen and take care not to see the facts; distrust all arguments that do not show that nothing is to be believed. It is a comfortless faith—all its knowledge being "I don't know;" all its belief, "everything is false!"

As is generally the case, both views of skepticism are right. It *is* both good and bad. It is good to require evidence of all things that can be proved; to examine, to test, to know, each for himself, that the facts and the deductions from them offered for consideration are true. One who does this is a genuine, good skeptic; one of the noble army who have fought against error in every age, and is allied with all the saviors of the world, for they have all been skeptics. Jesus was a Jew, a member of the Jewish church, ceasing to be such only at death; but he doubted the "traditions" of the Pharisees, objected to the interpretation of the law accepted by the priests. He was a skeptic of the kind most desirable to have in the world; if it ever is to be saved, it must be by a wise skepticism.

But there are always plenty of people who mistakenly call themselves skeptics without examining, or else pretending to examine with a prejudice which will prevent their finding the truth. The vast throng who sneer at Christianity and at Spiritualism, ready at all times to accept anything that will seem to damage either, without ever attempting to verify facts or to judge at all of their relations—there are hosts of these besetting the Spiritualist camp, saying they are skeptics, and demanding special manifestations, impossible conditions. Skeptics, they don't know enough to be skeptics! They claim freedom of thought only because they don't think; their strongest argument is a sneer, and their strongest affirmation a baseless doubt. So they prate of "Science," the "unknown God" whom they ignorantly "worship;" of "Laws of Nature," without the faintest idea of what they are; say they are "investigating" when they are only looking for a peg to hang a sneer upon. Skeptics like these are, or would be except for their mental imbecility, a curse to the world and themselves. The one who doubts all truth must be untrue at heart, he who has no sympathy with the love, the hope, the joy and sorrow of humanity is not above humanity, but below it.

There are many such hovering around us, watching for a chance to give a tiny wound, which they will exalt into a grand victory. They are an annoyance only, scarcely worthy of an answer to their "doubts," for they don't, in fact, doubt, only retail some one else's doubts without understanding them. Spiritualists can afford to deal gently with them, when it is deemed proper to notice them at all.

To a true skeptic belief always comes, and his belief saves, for it is his own creation; he has worked it out himself; no sanction of great name, of book or priest has availed to help or hinder; all the truth possible for him to receive he has gained. Oh! for a host of strong, vigorous skeptics among us, who will mercilessly expose the false, either in fact or principle, while they proclaim and exalt the true.

> "Who never doubted, never half believed;
> Where doubt, there truth is, 'tis her shadow."

So we welcome criticism, honest doubt, leaving to those less strong the fear of investigation, knowing as Carlyle says: "A man protesting against error is on the way toward uniting himself with all men that believe in truth."

"National" Liberal League.

We suggest to the New York clique who manage the "National" Liberal League, that at their next annual meeting to be held in Milwaukee next month, they undo some of the bad work which they did in this city when they succeeded in getting adopted resolutions committing the organization to the policy of demanding and working for the total repeal of all postal laws against the transmission of obscene books and prints through the United States mails. It will be remembered that when the resolutions were adopted, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, R. C. Spencer and others withdrew from the convention. Ingersoll resigned his position as Vice-President, and Mrs. Severance, the notorious free-lover, was immediately re-elected in his place. The free-love element has since controlled the organization, and its "organ," a contemptible little sheet published by the New York clique, has tried, with but meagre success, however, to revive and stimulate the interest in "repeal," the clamor for which, for a short time, deceived many worthy people.

It should not be forgotten, that the action of the "National" Liberal League committed to its repeal policy all its auxiliaries that did not have the energy to separate from it; for it has through its organ and through its speakers devoted its efforts to disseminate a sentiment in favor of repeal, although its leaders have hypocritically asserted that those only, who voted for the resolutions should be regarded as committed to, or responsible for, this demand for the repeal of postal laws against obscenity. They have got persons to join who are unacquainted with the history of the League and the real objects of the piratical crew who now man the craft, under the impression that State secularization is the reform for which they are working. Let Liberals of all classes and Spiritualists stop and consider whether a League that is so narrow, whatever its professions, and whose leaders are so unscrupulous, whatever be their representations, that men like Ingersoll, Abbott, Judge Hurlburt, R. C. Spencer and Underwood are excluded from it because they could not remain in it or consistently work with it, is worthy of encouragement and support.

Cremation.

The incineration of the body of Charles Altman, of Washington, B. C., took place in the Le Moyne crematory, Washington, Pa., Aug. 18th. The remains left Washington at 9 o'clock the day before and were conveyed to the crematory. The fires had been burning for several hours and the retort, it is said, was in excellent condition when the body arrived. At 5 o'clock, P. M., the corpse was prepared for the fiery furnace, and slid into the retort a few minutes later. Mr. Altman died of apoplexy. His remains weighed 275 pounds. It consequently took an hour longer than usual to cremate him. F. C. Altman, a son of the deceased, with the undertaker, accompanied the body. They followed it up the hill to the crematory and saw it safely deposited in the retort, when they returned to the depot again and took the next train for home, not having been in town more than an hour. The ashes were sent to the son.

Lake Pleasant Camp Notes.

Another week has passed at this great Spiritualist exposition, and a busy one it has been. Throngs of visitors, attracted here from all parts of the country, and inspired by various motives, constantly jostle one another, stop and exchange experiences of the past, or tell of the wonders of the last séance. The moral atmosphere is rapidly clearing, thanks to the intellectual and spiritual thunder and lightning which has prevailed during the entire season. The thunderbolts have singed a good many so badly that they will hardly venture here another season.

On Sunday morning Mr. C. B. Lynn spoke, his subject being "An Ideal." He pointed out the difficulties of attaining ideals; yet that they could be reached in matters of religion and all philanthropic, humanitarian movements. The speech, like nearly all of Mr. Lynn's platform utterances, was broad, catholic and rational; such sentiments as any intelligent free religionist or Spiritualist could cheerfully agree with. In the afternoon Mr. A. B. French gave one of his eloquent lectures, showing how this Nation is slowly yet surely, through various methods, working out the ideal religion. The speech was a happy continuation of the train of thought suggested by the morning lecture, and indicated either a pre-arranged plan between the two speakers or wonderful adaptation to the needs of the occasion on the part of Mr. French. The week day afternoon lectures have been given by Dr. J. K. Bailey, Dr. W. H. Atkinson, A. B. French and Mrs. Lillie.

There are many mediums on the ground, and all are having much more business than they can do with justice to themselves and their patrons. Henry Slade arrived last week and has given more general satisfaction, than at any previous visit here. Maj. Young of Iowa, Mr. C. B. Lynn and other critical observers, speak in the highest terms of their sittings with him. Mrs. Maud Lord is as usual very popular; she is giving two or three circles daily and still has to decline many applications for seats. Arthur Hodges, an old favorite, is fully occupied, and one of the most quiet, gentlemanly persons on the ground. Annie Lord Chamberlain is said to have full circles constantly. Mrs. Johnson of Ohio is a very modest, unpretentious medium, but we hear fine reports of her success. Dr. C. T. Buffum, Mr. Frost, Mrs. Fales, Mrs. Steers, Mrs. Carrie Twing and a host of others have many commendatory things said of their medial powers. Charley Sullivan, whose face is familiar to all Eastern campers, is here in all his glory, a general favorite. He adds greatly to the entertainment of visitors by his concerts and unique impersonations.

In the middle of the week, J. Frank Baxter's magnetic presence began to stir the camp with pleasure. He is here with his wife and daughter to remain during the remainder of the season, and gives after each lecture some of those astonishing tests of spirit presence, for which he has grown so famous. We regret that we cannot report them in full for our readers, with all the striking effect which attends their delivery. Since his arrival, the afternoon lectures show much larger audiences.

The following description by Mr. Baxter is

A MARKED INSTANCE OF SPIRIT RETURN:

At the close of the lecture on Wednesday P. M., August 15, he described as over the head of a stranger gentleman seated in the immense audience before him, a misty formation which spread and served as a background, on which was seen by him scintillating lights, like many electrical sparks. "These," he said, "collect in letter forms. I see a capital letter M, and small letters a, a, d, e, l, m, and a; beside a capital J with small letters a, e, l, h, and a; also the capital R and small i, c and h." These collectively make Maadelma Jaelha Rich. "This," said Mr. Baxter, "purports to be a name, but I would not attempt pronunciation; in fact cannot see that anything likely to be correct, is spelled. But it is there above you head, sir, and I hear, 'Tell him to think.' Years ago, a child thus named—not called—passed out at the house of his friend, Mr. Jacob Rich, in Winchester, N. H. Tell him to speak!'" "Will you explain?" said Mr. Baxter to the gentlemen. The person addressed arose and said: "All is right! All has a meaning. Quite a number of years ago, my friends, Mr. Jacob and Mrs. Mary Rich, of Winchester, N. H., had taken from them by death a little sickly infant daughter. No name was given this child till it died. Then the parents gave it one, strange as it may seem, by taking the initial syllables of the mother's and all the living daughters' names for a first name; and for the second name, the initial syllables of the father's and the several sons' names, and the last name was that of the family. Now the mother's name was Mary, and the daughters' names were Addie, Ellen and Mary; the father's name was Jacob, and the sons' names were—the first one I forget—and Hazeltine. Now, suppressing all the letters of these names, save the first two of each, gives Ma-ad-el-ma Ja-el-ha Rich, which was the correct name. This name was written on paper and put into the child's coffin. I attended the child's funeral." "Yes," said Mr. Baxter, as spirit directed, "you did as a friend; but the party regularly officiating was a lady named French." "Yes," replied the gentleman, "and I merely made a few remarks." Said Mr. Baxter: "This was over twenty-five years ago, and then and there your eyes were opened to spiritual vision. Do you remember the mental picture you saw?" "Yes," said the stranger, "it was the child, lying on a couch, covered with flowers." Then Mr. Baxter said, "A voice I hear saying, 'Ask him if he recalls the rose-bush and blossoms at the child's head,' also adding, 'And the little lamb—put in the little lammie lying at the foot, just front of the couch?'" "I remember," said the gentleman, "it is just as you have described. I got up, because of the strange experience, and then and there related the vision and gave its apparent explanation. About eight or so years ago I officiated at the funeral of the father, Jacob. "Yes" replied Mr. Baxter, "he is here with me, but the child of three or four months, Maadelma, passed on on the thirteenth of Feb., 1857, between twenty-six and twenty-seven years ago." "About then!" said the stranger. Later in the week he reported, after inquiry, that date and all were strictly correct, and considered it a marked evidence of the return of spirits to earth.

On Saturday afternoon, the 18th inst., at the close of Mrs. Lillie's lecture, Mr. Baxter was called upon most unexpectedly to describe spirits—as his engagement exempted him from it on Saturdays and Mondays—and being taken unawares he felt uncertain of results. Very soon, however, he seemed to be in good condition. After several descriptions, he approached the writer, who was sitting on the platform, and said: "I get the name John C. Bundy. I may be mistaken for I know that to be your name; I hear it twice; the spirit says: 'Once I was blind, but, John, now I see. You are John C. Bundy, but I am your uncle. You will remember the firm of Leonard & Bundy—or Leonard Bundy & Co. Home Ninety-seven Newbury street. It is all true, John, though I once thought you were mistaken and the folks won't believe it. God bless you! Persist, persist!'" "Here is something queer," continued Mr. Baxter. "Heated face and body—tired—fatigued, goes home, throws off his boots." Here Mr. Baxter placed both hands over his left kidney, doubling them up and indicating that the person under description had done this while reclining, or lying down. Mr. Baxter, repeating the spirit's words as he heard them, continued: "Ah! now I feel easier." "I infer," said the medium, "that these sensations refer to his disease." At this pause, the writer inquired "How long since he passed over?" "Not very long ago," said the medium, repeating the words as he heard them, then hesitating and seeming to recall the time with difficulty, "In the winter, early in December; can't tell how long, but think a couple of years." Mr. Baxter then asked if the spirit was identified. To which the writer replied: "The spirit answers the description of my uncle for whom I was named; every thing is correct so far as I know with one mistake, he passed away in February, 1876." Under control of the Spirit, Mr. Baxter, with much vigor and a bright glow in his eyes, said: "Ah! now I recall it all, but you have made a mistake, it was the 5th of February, 1877." The correction was acknowledged as true by the writer, as to the year and month, though he could not tell the day. This episode, the spirit correcting the mortal, created a hum of satisfaction in the immense audience, estimated by President Beals at six thousand, and was felt to be strong proof of the identity, if further proof was needed.

A genuine surprise was offered when Dr. Mills, a well-known business man from Saratoga, was induced by the President's persuasive powers to go upon the stand and describe and name spirits whom he saw in the audience. On Thursday morning he described and gave the names of a dozen or so, all being identified. Having our mail to attend to we were about leaving the ground and had got nearly out of hearing when we heard Dr. Mills call the name of Millie Kayner. Turning about we listened while he completed the description. Among other things he described some of the floral decorations which were furnished by the Ladies Union of Chicago for her funeral. Probably there were only two persons in the audience who had ever known Mrs. Kayner. We identified the description and name, whereupon Dr. Mills said: "This spirit says, 'John C., stand fast and do your duty fearlessly as you always have.'" "I don't know," continued the medium, "to whom she is speaking nor what she means." We felt quite certain that we knew. It may here be mentioned that we had no acquaintance with Dr. Mills at the time. The spirit described was the wife of Mr. Theodore Kayner of Chicago, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Howard of St. Charles, and sister of Mrs. O. A. Bishop, the medium, as our continuous readers will readily recollect.

Dr. Mills describing another scene, said in substance: "I see before me a table at which are seated five men; they have papers before them and seem to be deliberating; one of them resembles Mr. A. B. French, and his name which appears on a card is Selden J. Finney; the names of the others are S. S. Brown, Judge Daniel Baldwin, Sol. Downer and Stephen Thacher. Now they seem ready to report on something. Finney stands to one side and the other four declare that the Directors of this camp should be sustained." The names and personal descriptions of the five were fully identified by several in the audience. The apparent honesty and candor of Dr. Mills seemed to preclude all probability of his having conjured up the scene for effect, and the audience generally felt that he saw and heard exactly as he told.

It is now eight o'clock, Saturday evening, and this letter must be dropped into the mail car in an hour, so that on Monday morning when the faithful assistants eleven hundred miles away, go to the office, it can be handed to the compositors and hurriedly set up, to start back to camp on Tuesday and after five days and over two thousand miles travel, be read by the campers, in common with fifty thousand kind friends in all sections of the country. Writing in the "midst of Barnum's Grand Aggregation," or at the reporter's table in a Democratic Convention is easy work compared to the same effort here, so the reader must supply all deficiencies and overlook all defects.

[Special Dispatch from Lake Pleasant.]

LAKE PLEASANT, MASS., Aug. 20th.

At an election for officers of the Camp today, the party of law and order gained a glorious victory. The JOURNAL'S policy was fully maintained. Dr. Beals and his ticket were elected by a large majority.

Ancient Ruins in Sonora.

The Tucson Citizen says that "Ancient ruins have recently been discovered in Sonora, which, if the reports are true, surpass any thing of the kind yet found on this continent. The ruins are said to be about four leagues southeast of Magdalena. There is one pyramid which has a base of 4,350 feet, and rises to the hight of 750 feet. There is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up on an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, which is said to be twenthree miles in length. The outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonry from huge blocks of granite in rubble, and the circles are as uniform and the grades as regular as they could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall, however, is only occasionally exposed, being covered over with debris and earth, and in many places the sahuaro and other indigenous plants and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain. To the east of the pyramid a short distance is a small mountain about the same size, which rises to about the same hight, and if reports are true, will prove more interesting to the archeologist than the pyramid. There seems to be a heavy layer of a species of gypsum about half way up the mountain, which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut.

Japanese Materializing Medium.

The *Medium and Daybreak* says that "the newspapers are publishing an 'incredible' story from Japan. There seems to be nothing so incredible about it at all, except that the 'manikin' is so diminutive in size. We have seen full grown human figures, derived from an entranced medium—not, however, through the intermediation of a 'blue flame.' Here is the fragment:"

"According to the correspondent of a Tokio journal, a native philosopher living at Hakodadi has discovered a method by which he can at will materialize his own soul. This remarkable man is, so it is asserted, accustomed, for the amusement of himself and his friends, to take his seat towards evening in a large bamboo chair, and to become apparently unconscious. No sooner has his body lost all sensitiveness than there issues from his open mouth a faint blue flame, which slowly takes form and assumes the proportions of a well developed manikin of some six inches in height. This manikin, who is the materialized soul of the philosopher, talks freely with those present, and eats, drinks, writes, and in fact, exercises all the functions of a civilized and perfectly constituted human being. He dare not, however, so he is reported to declare, break contact with the inanimate body of his possessor; and on one occasion, when he was forcibly removed and set up on a neighboring table, the philosopher began to gasp and struggle as if in the agonies of death, whereupon the manikin was quickly replaced on his head. The correspondent professes to give the names of several Japanese gentlemen who have more than once witnessed the experiment."

Excitement runs high at Canajoharie, N.Y., owing to the nightly appearance of a ghostly, mysterious light along the Central Railroad track. The light, it is said, starts from the old fort, and is at first very small. It gradually increases in size, and goes down the railroad about three feet from the ground. The night watchmen say that a hand can be distinguished about it. Sometimes the light goes bounding down the track, and again rises thirty feet in the air. Several trains including the Atlantic express, have been stopped by the light, believing it to be a danger signal. It appears about 10:30 P. M., just before the arrival of the fast mail. Fifty persons lay in ambush in the vicinity lately one night, in hopes of ferreting out the matter, but the light did not appear, but the night watchmen and others vouch for the truth of its appearance usually. Railroad men are filled with fear and superstition, and dread to approach the spot at night. Some say it is a forewarning of a railroad horror to be enacted in the vicinity.

Dr. Waters in presiding over the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association, delivered a remarkable address upon the present aspects and future prospects of medicine. The dependence of certain diseases upon micro-organisms he considered one of the most important questions now engaging the attentions of physicians. He referred at some length to the experiments of Dr. Koch, but preferred to leave it an open question whether the bacillus tuberculosis is the cause or the consequence of the tuberculous disease. He admitted that the therapeutics of consumption would be materially aided if future researches should show that the disease is caused by the parasite. For his own part, he believed that consumption had more than one mode of origin, and there were some affections of the lungs closely resembling phthisis from which complete recovery was always possible under careful treatment by free nutrition.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday a. m., such notices must reach this office on Monday.

J. C. Wright purposes remaining at Lake Pleasant till the close of the camp, when he will visit Boston.

There are said to be in the United States one hundred and twenty newspapers controlled by colored men.

The Rev. Mr. Harrison, the forty-year-old "boy" preacher, is creating a profound sensation at Lancaster, O.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield's lectures were highly appreciated at the Niantic camp meeting. He is now at home in Newburyport, Mass.

Jesse Shepard, the musical medium, is holding séances in Philadelphia. The *Times* of that city speaks highly of his séances.

A. B. French will address the Spiritualists of Island Park, Ind., Sept. 2nd instead of the 20th, as before announced.

We have received an invoice of the latest edition of The History of the Origin of All Things, by A. B. Arnold. Price $2.00. This will be found deeply interesting.

Mr. Charles Stuart Welles is open to engagements, Sunday or evening lectures. Subject: "The Apotheosis of Christ; or the New Marriage." The marriage question considered spiritually and legally. Mr. Welles's present address is at Mansion House, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Prof. J. Madison Allen would be pleased to make engagements for the fall and winter months anywhere in the South or North. His address during August is Atlanta, Ga.

Capt. H. H. Brown will be at the Queen City Park Camp, Burlington, Vt., from Aug. 24th to Sept. 1st, and at the Lake Sunapee, N. H., Camp till Sept. 10th. He is ready to make engagements for fall and winter. Address as above.

Twenty-six Baptist clergymen have preached trial sermons in the Park Baptist Church of Port Richmond, S. I., within the last four months. The twenty-sixth preacher was the Rev. M. L'Hommedieu of Babylon, and to him the church has now extended a call. And yet the papers lament the "dearth of ministers."

The two children of Mrs. E. L. Watson, the lecturer, (now stopping at San Jose, Cal.) have been very sick. We are glad to learn that they are now rapidly recovering. Mrs. Watson has done an excellent work for Spiritualism in Australia, as well as in this country.

It appears that the meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops at Rome in November, will be largely political. The American bishops have been summoned, doubtless, to receive instructions from the Pope on the Irish question, though the American school question may be also considered.

Encouraged by the decision in the case of the street cars, to the effect that they are necessary, the boss barbers of St. Louis propose to insist upon the right to keep open shop on the Sabbath, the Sunday law notwithstanding. And now the great question of the necessity of a shaven face and a kempt head will be judicially determined.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* sensibly says: "The system of hiring out convicts is a blot upon the civilization of the South, whether the prisoners are penned up in a coal-mine, or employed in digging phosphate rock, or in building railroads. It is cruel, inhuman, and murderous. It should be abolished, and the sooner the better."

One who was present at the Mediums' Meeting at the West End Opera House, last Sunday, says: "Interesting remarks were made by Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Hugo, Mr. Welsh, Mrs. Underwood, Mrs. McCracken and others. Mrs. Bromwell's musical guides sang and gave some slate tests. The meeting passed off very pleasantly."

Mrs. M. L. Daggett, Madison, Wis., has kindly sent 50 cents for the poor fund. Who will be the next one to remit for this worthy cause? We are constantly having calls for the JOURNAL from those who are yearning for the light it affords, but are not able to pay for it. In all these cases we do what we can and are always glad to receive any amount, no matter how small.

More sins are heaped upon the mosquitoes. Prof. A. F. A. King declares in the last *Popular Science Monthly* that they originate and disseminate malarial disease, and incidentally quotes an apparently competent authority, who says that insects whose bites are poisonous are more or less responsible for human suffering in the shape of ague, yellow fever, etc. Think of that! Threat of poison in every buzz, and pestilence in every sting.

Dr. J. R. Newton, one of the foremost healers by laying on of hands, passed to spirit-life on Tuesday, Aug. 7th, 1883, at the ripe age of seventy-three years. He was in his usual state of health to within ten days of his transition. Funeral services were held at his late residence in New York City on Friday, August 10th, whereat Dr. James M. Peebles delivered an eloquent tribute to his memory, and Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Judge Nelson Cross, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, Mrs. Spence and others added appropriate remarks.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of cremation is, that cemeteries are perennial sources of contagion. This theory has received additional confirmation in the discovery recently made by Dr. Freire of Rio Janeiro. In examining the earth where the victims of yellow fever had been interred the year before he found myriads of microbi, exactly identical with those found in the vomitings of persons sick with yellow fever. These germs he has cultivated, and has reproduced the disease in animals, whose blood after death he found to be filled with the seeds of yellow fever in various stages of growth.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Simpson has returned from her Western tour much invigorated in health. She can be found at her residence, 45 North Sheldon street.

There can be little or no doubt that the eggs of hens while undergoing the process of incubation are liable to be affected by the cholera of fowls. Bartholemy has shown that eggs contain the germs of microbi.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at the annual camp meeting at North Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Sunday, August 26th, and at North Collins annual meeting, Erie Co., N. Y., August 31st and September 1st and 2nd. This is the meeting known as the "Friends of Human Progress," at Hemlock Hall.

Dr. N. B. and Miss Mary Wolfe, M. D., of Cincinnati, favored us with a call last week, on their way home from an extended visit to the Pacific coast. They were three weeks completing the homeward journey, visiting many points of interest along the route, including the famous Yellowstone Park.

The Continent's monthly edition for the railway and the press makes a very handsome showing in its seventh number, just issued. The artistic advantages of its broad pages are well displayed in the leading article, where a large number of engravings by young women who are studying the art of wood engraving, are attractively displayed in connection with a paper by the veteran engraver, John Sartain, on the adaptability of this art as an occupation for women. The present interest in the Mexican frontier and in Mexico as a field for American enterprises is well met by an article by Edwards Roberts on Chihuahua, the illustrations of which are very fine.

Mount Union College, at Alliance, Ohio, the junction of the Cleveland & Wheeling and Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroads, has certainly entered upon a new era of usefulness and improvements. It is free from debt and has a museum worth nearly half a million dollars, besides excellent grounds, buildings, apparatus, with a large faculty of thoroughly competent professors. Number of students past year, 512; past thirty-seven years, 17,038, from forty-one States and Territories, one-fourth ladies and 9,243 teachers, the call for teachers greater than the supply. Cost of room and board in families, $2 per week, club or self-board and room, $1.50 to $2.20 per week. Tuition is but a trifle in any course or department—the ancient or modern Classical, the Scientific, Normal, Commercial, Music or Preparatory. Next Fall term begins Aug. 28; Winter term, Dec. 4; Spring term, March 4; Summer term begins June 3, and ends with commencement, July 31, 1884. By this distinctive arrangement of terms, students can support themselves by teaching winters, and thus pay all their college expenses for three terms without losing time or class-standing, or by attending each term can complete a four years' course in three calendar years. For new catalogue, address O. N. Hartshorn, LL. D., Pres. Faculty, Mt. Union or Alliance, O., or Hon. Lewis Miller, Akron, Ohio.

The huge and unwieldy Great Eastern, after lying idle for many years, is about to be employed again. "A company has been formed," says the *St. James' Gazette*, "to purchase the vessel for the coal trade between Queen's Ferry (Firth of Forth) and the Thames. It is intended to put 20,000 tons of coal on board in sacks at each voyage. The vessel is described as being in splendid order, having been carefully and expensively maintained. From the calculations of the projectors of the new undertaking, the maximum price of coal delivered into consumers' houses will be fifteen shillings per ton."

Business Notices.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed on to higher life in Marengo, Ill., July 29th, 1883, Mrs. Maria Cummings, aged 75 years [illegible] her home; she did all she could to spread its truths.

LUCY SMITH.

Spiritualist Meeting.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold their semi-annual [illegible] Sept. 22nd and 23rd [illegible]

MRS. B. A. HALL, Secretary, Lee Center, N. Y.
E. F. BEALS, West Winfield, N. Y.
Aug. 13, 1883.

Mediums Meeting, Chicago.

Mrs. S. F. DeWolf trance speaker and Mrs. Ira Wilson Porter test medium, will conduct The Spiritual Light [illegible] at the hall.

Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Which One.

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a nameless fear,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land:
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep:
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know:
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Shall speak glad words the other cannot hear,
And fully know
All we have dimly groped for here below:
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be.
It may be you will slip from me;
My little life may first be done:
I'm glad we do not know
Which one.

God's Ministering Angels.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If the story contained in scriptures is true with reference to the angels coming to Lot to warn him of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, did they materialize? How did they clothe their spiritual bodies in order to render themselves visible to the people generally? We read that the people demanded of Lot that he should bring the strangers out to them that they "might know them." If there was a law in nature that in former times permitted angels to visit the earthly plane, clothed with the semblance of earthly bodies, will not the same law apply now? By what authority is that law abrogated and declared null and void? Can a finite being dissolve a law of the Infinite?

Rev. J. Cook says: "Spiritualism has not yet reached the dignity of proof that spirits, good or evil, exist and can communicate with men to-day." He implies that the Bible alone teaches of the existence of good and evil spirits, of their advent upon the earth in earlier times and the cessation of their visits in the present. If that is the case, why do ministers of various denominations preach so strongly and earnestly to their people of their need of a savior from the wiles of the devil? Is he not an evil spirit? Does the law in this case and also of other spirits (which, if they return are evil spirits, we are told by the same authority), hold good, and is the same law a dead letter in the way of the return of good spirits?

Who are God's ministering angels, if not good spirits? And what can be said of God's love as a Father, his forbearance, his gracious long suffering, his tenderness and forgiveness, if he permit a law to exist that gives power to a devil and other evil spirits, to lead man to destruction, and locks the door between mortals and their angel friends, through whose guidance and loving care they would cease to do evil and learn to do well? According to that logic, again I ask, who are God's ministering angels?

ELENA WALLACE.

The True Method of Reform.

Rev. Samuel Watson, during his temporary sojourn at Topeka, Kansas, delivered several lectures to the Spiritualists, of whom he speaks in the highest terms. He visited the State Institutions there and writes of them as follows:

"Topeka is a new city in one of the finest countries I ever saw. A horse and buggy was placed at my disposal by a livery man whenever I desired it. Bro. Chase took me to the Lunatic Asylum, and Sister Slayten to the "Reformatory School." This is established by the State for boys under sixteen years old. They are cared for on the true principle of dealing with such offenders. They work part of the time; go to school in the magnificent building under competent teachers, where they are treated kindly and instructed in various things to make them useful citizens. No reference is to be made by any one, as to the cause of their being sent there, but every inducement held out for all to reform, and become useful citizens. When a boy performs all his duties, and the officers think that he is prepared to go out in the world, he is released with a recommend. Every State in the Union should have such a reformatory school. It is a truth that prevention of crime is the true policy. God or nature has no punishment in this or any world, the design of which is not reformatory, nor should man have any other.

"I accepted an invitation from the superintendent to address the boys, who expressed their thanks and gratification at my talk to them. I got documents and reports of such institutions from the principal, which I want to use to induce others to establish such schools wherever I go. This is a reformatory age, and it is the youth of the land that must be cared for by the establishment of such schools, and thus save thousands from becoming inmates of prisons and penitentiaries, ending their lives on the gallows."

The following, clipped from an exchange, is stated by a correspondent who has seen advance sheets to refer to a book which will cause much interest and speculation:

"John Lovell & Co., New York, have in press a volume entitled "Beyond the Sunrise: Observations by two Travelers," which is a clever work by two anonymous writers. The subjects treated in it are psychology and clairvoyance, as apart from and distinct from Spiritualism, and the authors have evidently had an extended experience with the subjects treated. It has become the fashion for agnostics and others who entirely discredit the spiritualistic philosophy to affect the study of Theosophy, and the writers of this work are evidently posted in regard to this tendency. In an elementary way they outline the philosophy of American occultism and give in its pages some remarkable revelations. In the form of sketches they relate phenomena not possible to be obtained through the avenue offered by those who believe in Spiritualism. The book will certainly be read with interest. It is said to be the work of two society women, who, tired of the petty duties and pleasures that occupied their time, determined to select some better and wiser way of living. Their plan was to select a few choice spirits and discuss the earnest side of life, apart from material occupations and employments. The result was so highly gratifying that a book has been made which will take cheer and inspiration to many a home circle."

The New York Free-thinkers' Association will hold its convention this year at Rochester, commencing August 28th. The speakers engaged are, with a few unimportant exceptions, persons especially identified the past three or four years with the National Liberal League, of which the Association, it will be remembered, was two years ago made an auxiliary by the strange tactics of a few individuals who "run" both organizations. The great majority of the men and women of the New York Free-thinkers' Association are worthy people; but they must themselves take charge of the Association, and rescue it from the baneful control of a few scheming, ambitious demagogues who make it subserve their own purposes, before it can fairly be regarded as a State association or command much attention from the better class of Liberals. For saying this, we expect, of course, to receive the usual amount of abuse from the League leaders and papers, and in their characteristic style; but to their abuse we have become accustomed, and are quite indifferent.—*Index.*

J. L. Batchelor writes: Several years of careful reading of the JOURNAL requires the frank admission that it affords more real true religious light and life than any other paper I have ever read, and I have read many.

Letter from New York—The United States Medical College.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The history of medicine has not been free from illustrations of the fact, that the world's history is one of defeats as well as of victories. From the time of Hippocrates to the present day, the art of medicine has had to fight its way from the old modes of calomel and venesection, down through persecution, through bigotry and strife, laying upon its altars its sacrificial offerings, its heroes and its martyrs; but, always Phenix-like from the dead ashes of every defeat has arisen the emancipating spirit of greater freedom and greater knowledge of the healing art.

The late battle waged against the United States Medical College of this city, is a fair sample of the spirit of unjust persecution, which has always resisted and tried to defeat every new attempt at a departure from the old prescribed and arbitrary rules. From the first, the validity of this organization has been affirmed by two attorneys of the State, and by several of the ablest jurists of the country; yet, in spite of this the enemies of the college have persistently manifested a spirit of malicious persecution and determination to injure and destroy its standing as a legal organization, not only by slandering and defaming its reputation as an institution, but by maligning the private character of its officers and supporters. Thus far they have not succeeded.

"Still the years go round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Its President, its board of trustees, and its faculty are gentlemen of education, wealth and integrity of purpose; men of broad, philanthropic and progressive principles, who despise wrong and error, and who love justice and truth. They stand ready with their influence and money to maintain the right. This college, as its friends know (and its enemies also, else they would not stand in such mortal fear of it) is an exponent of liberal ideas in practice. Its aim is to teach all that can be known of medical science; to adopt every scientific and rational idea tending to improve the healing art; to exalt the medical standard; and to enhance the influence and dignity of physicians. It stands on the broad and liberal platform of genuine electicism, claiming and advocating that "freedom that is only limited by conceding equal freedom to all." It purposes to make its instruction and instructed alike thorough, not to "cram," but rather to lead the student to think and thus to become assured of what has been learned.

With this view, and a desire to break down the barriers of bigotry and intolerance that have so long divided the profession and retarded its true progress and usefulness, it has seen fit to meet its enemies and rivals (of the old school) face to face upon the battle ground of free thought and progressive ideas. The trustees of this college in order to put a stop to all further controversy, have taken all necessary steps to secure a perpetual charter from the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The law requires an endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars. Half of this amount is already invested in a building for the college. The balance will be paid in before the opening of the next session.

This is a grand opportunity when all lovers of freedom should lend a helping hand; a time when they should render every assistance possible to aid and support the cause of progressive education in medicine. Those who can should subscribe liberally to the endowment fund; others should use their influence in inducing those about to choose the profession of medicine to matriculate as students in this champion college of the world. The United States Medical College is the only institution of its kind in the world which has in its curriculum a chair of "Magnetic Therapeutics and Psychological Science." This chair is filled by our well-known philosopher and eminent scholar, Prof. Alexander Wilder, of Newark, New Jersey, who is also secretary of the organization.

True education trickles through the interstices of all human experience, and were it not for the defeats of the old allopathic system, we could not to-day boast of our numerous colleges devoted to higher medical education. Man's attention would not have been called to the wonderful and surprising study of the nervous system, had it not been for the world's great teacher—disease! Perfect success in health would have kept the world in ignorance of the wonderful science of anatomy and physiology, and the beautiful items of our physical structures.

"Our victory lies not in the future, but in the striving of to-day, whereby we gain immortal power."

ABANTHEA.

August, 1883.

Organization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel like saying a word on the subject of organization. It seems evident that there can be no harmonious association of the two widely differing classes of Spiritualists. The cool headed, common-sense class, who demand proofs based upon tests which render fraud impossible and the moral character of the medium a matter of indifference, so far as manifestations are concerned, and the other class of gullible, fraud-swallowing, wonder-hunting victims and miserable mountebanks and scoundrels calling themselves mediums; how can the one assimilate with the other? How can the JOURNAL affiliate with Mind and Matter? How can intelligent people be willing to be classed with the other set, when they hold them in utter contempt and disgust? For myself, I could never associate with such people socially nor otherwise. I could and would join heart and hand in any organization, the basis of which would be morality, honesty, and scientific accuracy in all investigation, an organization where accurately demonstrated truth stood in lieu of gulping gazing on half nude female frauds, claiming to be spirits from the other world. These two classes are so diametrically opposite that any harmonious union would be utterly impossible. A manly, unswerving stand, such as is advocated by the JOURNAL, must be made by intelligent Spiritualists on the side of decency and common sense, and the Hazard type ignored.

S.

A Mad Stone.

William Pyle, the student stricken Saturday with hydrophobia, is lying at his residence in a semi-unconscious condition. He grew rapidly worse Saturday afternoon, and was kept under control only by the administration of strong opiates. As a *dernier* resort, it was determined Sunday to apply what is denominated a madstone. There is a stone of this character in the county in the possession of a family by the name of Depp, who brought it with them from Virginia seventy years ago. As the patient seemingly revived upon the application of the stone, and has been very much better since, it may be of interest to describe it and the operation, however dubious the public may be regarding its efficacy. The stone is of a leaden color, about one inch thick, with a surface of about four inches. It has the appearance of a petrified piece of honey-comb. In applying it, the stone was first boiled in milk until it became very hot and all impurities dissipated. The ugly wound made by the dog was then washed until the surface began to bleed. The stone was then placed upon the wound. It gathered the surface up as in the operation known as "cupping." The patient began to tremble violently, and it was thought that another paroxysm was coming on. Blood and other impurities began to ooze out of the top of the stone. The trembling and nervous twitching ceased, and the patient became calm.—*Cleveland Herald.*

"How to Investigate Spiritualism."

This little pamphlet is published with the hope that it may prove of value not only to investigators, but to those who have no care to investigate, and to Spiritualists. It does not profess to be an exhaustive treatise nor encyclopedic; it is suggestive. If it shall inspire a single soul with confidence to undertake deliberate investigation, or if it shall tend to make Spiritualists realize more completely the need of painstaking effort in their own homes, its main object will have been accomplished. The close reader will see that while giving due place and credit to influences from the Spirit-world, the point is strongly urged that the capacities of the intellect, the powers of the spirit enfleshed, should also be carefully studied and developed. Special attention is directed to the last paragraph on the 28th page, wherein the publisher makes an offer of $1,000 to any "exposer" or conjuror. The offer is made in good faith and it will be gladly paid. The pamphlet retails at ten cents, postage free. Address, John C. Bundy, publisher RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ills.—*Weekly Courant.*

TORNADOES.

Scientifically Accounted for, and Some Remote Causes that produce Painful Results Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New York society for the promotion of science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain; the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvelous effect of the sun upon vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:—

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The president makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An uneasiness and disgust with everything in life, commonly called home-sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pains in the head increase to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun; but it is none the less certain that the tornado is here, and it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago, I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too weak to make any resistence. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage. I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but of greater vigor than I have before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means of restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows:

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident that four-fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that cannot be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver; to render their action wholly normal, and their effect upon the system that of purifiers rather than poisoners. That this end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

A Greenpoint Woman Who Believes That She Has Seen Her Dead Son Again.

Charles Hallett, a well-known resident of Greenpoint, died last September of consumption. Yesterday morning his mother, who is the wife of John Hallett, of Manhattan avenue and Leonard street, sat in the kitchen of her residence, engaged in thoughts of her dead son, when, as she says, she heard three raps at the door. "I turned," she said, in speaking of the matter to-day, "and in the doorway I saw my son. He was as natural as I used to see him; his face was emaciated, but his smile was there. He walked toward me and I felt his warm breath on my cheek, just as I felt it when he was dying, and his expression was the happiest I ever saw. He took me by the hand and passed his other hand over my forehead. My heart was so full that I called my daughter, and as I spoke the form vanished."

Mrs. Hallett is positive that the form was that of her son. She says she never before believed that the dead returned to earth. While she was telling her story a messenger came to tell her that her dead son's only child was dying.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Union.*

"How to Investigate Spiritualism."

Col. John C. Bundy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, sends us a handy pamphlet on "How to Investigate Spiritualism," for which he has our thanks, not because we expect to give up our business and go into an investigation of Spiritualism, but because we are always thankful to those who interest themselves in our behalf. In an accompanying slip the Colonel says: "This little pamphlet is published with the hope that it may prove of value not only to investigators, but to those who have no care to investigate, and to Spiritualists. It does not profess to be an exhaustive treatise nor encyclopedic; it is suggestive. If it shall inspire a single soul with confidence to undertake deliberate investigation, or if it shall tend to make Spiritualists realize more completely the need of painstaking effort in their own homes, its main object will have been accomplished."—*Times, Wyoming, Ill.*

Buddhism.

Buddhism, it is said, in its various modifications, is the principal religion of one-third the entire population of the Eastern hemisphere, and it presents a most elaborate system of rewards and punishments in the future state, involving successive births into a higher or lower state of existence, according as one has led a virtuous or a wicked life here. The final object is Nirvana, or the deliverance of the soul from all pain and illusion. This endless rotation of death and birth is broken by preventing the soul from being born again. This is attained by purification from even the desire of existence. Innumerable Buddhas have appeared. They are beings who have raised themselves with their own energy, by virtues and sacrifices of all sorts, in thousands of births to this highest pinnacle. Their doctrine is one and the same; in short, their whole biography is a stereotyped copy of that of Sakyamuni, or the original Buddha who was born in the sixth century before Christ. His statues are in the temples; his adoration is celebrated with incense of sandal wood and odor of flowers. Buddha is the incarnation, the great messenger to men, the way of salvation for all. No other faith has spread so rapidly or kept for itself stronger hold upon the popular mind. By the Pacific wave it is borne to our own coast and we are thus brought face to face with it, perhaps under one of its coarser and more degenerate forms. It is a phenomenon certainly worth our study. Mr. Beal, who personally has studied it upon Chinese soil, describes it (viewing it, too, from a Christian standpoint) as one of the most wonderful movements of the human mind in the direction of spiritual truth. Originally Buddhism was simple, ethical and rational, and hence hostile to mythology, ceremonies and priestcraft. It was benevolent and humane in the highest degree. It called all men without any distinction of quality or position to its fold, opening to all the way of salvation, which it teaches to be attainable by purity of conduct. It had many good maxims; as, "Glory not in thyself, but rather in thy neighbor." "Be lowly in thy thoughts, that thou mayest be lowly in thy acts." "Judge not thy neighbor."

There is but one law for all—severe punishment for crime and great reward for virtue. My law is one grace for all. If he has committed crime or failed in his duty towards his relatives, he descends in the scale of being, and must return to the earth as a woman or an animal. The greater his crime the lower his fall, even to snakes or insects. If he conducts himself well in animal life, he may, by the same process of successive births in the ascending scale, again attain to manhood, and so continue to rise until he attains to perfect happiness by being absorbed into Buddha. This belief in the transmigration of souls explains the vegetarian diet of the Buddhist. No zealous Buddhist will touch meat or even eggs, neither will he kill the smallest insect, for, as he says, in doing so he may be killing his own relative. Bizandet testifies that one effect of Buddhism, wherever it has gone and exerted anything like a decisive influence, is a very material improvement in the condition of women over other heathen religions. He ascribes it to the fact that this religion knows no distinction of rank except such as are founded in character. If a woman is obedient to her husband and his relatives, and has had sons, she may have the happiness of being returned to this world as a man, and thus have a chance to reach Buddha's kingdom; but as a woman there is little chance of Nirvana for her. All this, so far as woman is concerned, is a kind of "hope deferred" that gives but little inspiration to her religious life. Still it is better than nothing, perhaps, and is no doubt of great service to the husbands, who do not fail to hold it up as a reward of obedience and fidelity; consequently a woman's prayer is that she may be a man in the next state of existence.

Said the Mandarin King to a French traveler, folding his arms and stepping back a pace or two, "Women have no souls," and when it was argued and insisted that they had, he laughed long and loud at the thought. "When I get home I will tell my wife she has a soul; she will be astonished, I think." Exemplary women are treated with more respect and consideration, especially as regards their religious privileges, as they advance in years; mothers of sons are usually looked upon with approval, while grandmothers are sometimes actually worshiped for any especial act of exalted virtue. Such a woman may have an honorary portal erected over her with the Emperor's sanction.—*Exchange.*

Civilizing the Monkey

Monkeys have risen to great eminence since science began to hint at relationships not wholly complimentary to ourselves. The *Gentleman's Magazine* gives some interesting facts about the results of domestication:

"The remarkable intelligence of dogs, and, in a minor degree, of cats, is doubtless due to education and the hereditary transmission of the cerebral development induced by education. A pointer that has been reared from puppyhood in town and has never seen a partridge will point the first time it is taken in the country at its first sight of game. Collies and other specially trained dogs exhibit similar hereditary aptitude. What would have happened if monkeys had been similarly domesticated and as carefully trained to useful work, such as fruit-gathering, lamp-lighting, etc., during a few hundreds of generations? The monkeys in our menageries usually die of consumption. Recent investigations, which connect pulmonary tubercles with bacilli, and indicate that the germs of these pestiferous creatures may be communicated by the breath, render it a matter of small surprise that the poor creatures, confined together in the detestable atmosphere of such places as the monkey-house of the Zoological Gardens, should become thus infected and speedily die. It is a curious fact that the keepers of caged animals in menageries are usually victims of pulmonary consumption. This shows that there is something more than mere coldness of climate concerned in promoting the mischief. There are monkeys and monkeys, some spiteful and dangerous, others docile and gentle as kittens. A dozen pairs of the latter sporting at large in the Crystal Palace would be immensely amusing, their trapeze performances throwing Leotard deeply in the shade; and, living thus in something like their natural condition, they would probably increase and multiply sufficiently to afford an opportunity of observing the hereditary results of domestication and the soothing charms of much music. What would they do during the performances of the Handel Festival? Would they select the reporters' gallery, the royal box, the upper regions of the orchestra, or the reserve seats on the floor? or would they crouch behind the effigies of the kings and queens of England at the most remote end of the transept? These and many other questions concerning their habits are sufficiently interesting to scientific and popular curiosity to render such an addition to the attractions of the palace a profitable investment for the shareholders. Some years ago I was much interested in observing the exceptional frontal development and very intelligent expression and movements of a very pretty little monkey at the Regent's Park Gardens, so much so that I made inquiries of the keepers concerning it. He told me that it was born there. Were these characteristics accidental, or the result of heredity under domestication?"

A Singular Case of Somnambulism.

A young man living in Ansonia, Conn., went to sleep in his bed the other night and awoke in a carriage. These are the circumstances as related by the Hartford *Times*: "In the middle of the night he donned his clothes, and, going to a livery stable, hired a team, which he drove toward Birmingham. The horse stopped when he had gone about half way, and the driver proceeded to go to bed in the regular fashion on the seat. How long he remained there is not known, but while in this position he awoke, and again putting on his clothes started for home. Although he appeared to be awake when he went to the stable, the young man claims that he was in the Land of Nod from the time he went to bed until he found himself in the carriage on the road."

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, publishes a very interesting tract entitled "Mr. Heaphy's Ghost." Charles Dickens published the narrative in "All the Year Round," and it reads as fascinatingly as the most skillfully plotted novel. The above named Journal will send it to any address at 5 cts. for a single copy, ten copies for 25 cts., twenty-five copies for 50 cts. It is a splendid thing to scatter among your friends.—*Fort Dodge Times.*

Art and speak to your servants as you would wish others to do to you if you were a servant.—*Dionysius the Carthusian.*

A Sunbeam.

One Summer-day a sunbeam stole
Into our open door;
We welcomed it to eager arms
That had seemed full before.
And years went on, each moment s...,
As grew the tiny ray
Into a witching stream of joy
That danced along our way.
No love too lavish, care too great,
To keep this gladsome beam;
For clouds dispersed before its light,
Our little golden gleam.

And when its rays, as those that shine
Through some cathedral-pane,
Grew more subdued, but beauteous still,
We could not think 'twould wane,
Till, on a Summer-day, it stole
Out of the darkened room—
Slipped from our eager, loving clasp,
And left us gloom—all gloom.

But O our hearthstone's precious light,
'Tis not farewell to thee:
We know thy glimmering aloft
Our beacon still will be,
Guiding us on, tho' standing left,
To Love's sweet rest and thine,
O at the threshold gleam for us,
Our own, our lost sunshine!

—A. M. DUNNE.

Sacred Relics. That various considerations may influence the market price of saintly relics is the burden of a paragraph in a recent issue of the *St. James' Gazette*. The *Paris* has indulged in a little mild hilarity over a recent sale of such relics in Italy and pointed to the low price which they had realized as a proof that the devotion to favorite saints was dying out. Says the *St. James' Gazette*: "A convent of the Silesian nuns was, it seems, lately secularized in Tuscany, and everything on the premises, including the relics in question, were sold by auction. The relics of St. Peter were knocked down for four francs, those of Anastasius for three francs, and those of St. Clement for two francs. These may be regarded as dead bargains—in every sense of the expression; but the results of the sale do not necessarily bear out the conclusions drawn by the *Paris*. The Italians are a shrewd as well as a devout people; and, though they believe in the efficacy of relics, they may have reasons for doubting the authenticity of those that were allowed to go so cheap. Besides, the worship of any particular saint is often a question of locality. The three saints mentioned may not be the objects of any special devotion in Tuscany, while in Rome or Naples miraculous powers may be attributed to their relics. A very small piece of a bone of St. Patrick might be worth a diamond of the same size in Ireland, while we doubt if St. George's entire skeleton would find a single bidder, except, perhaps, for cremation."

A Terrible Machine. "I am going to be simply a business man for a year," said Thomas A. Edison, as he leaned back in an easy chair in his Fifth avenue office in New York. "I am now a regular contractor for electric light plants, and I am going to take a long vacation in the matter of inventions. I won't go near a laboratory. I've sold out my electric locomotive to a railroad company, who, I believe, are going to take the thing up and push it. At the expiration of the year I will renew my experiments at Menlo Park. The experiments will all be confined to electricity—no more phonographs or things of that kind. The more I think of that phonograph, the more I am convinced that it would have been a terrible thing to set a machine to work recording all that a person said."

The Reformation. The Protestant Church of Germany, during her preparation for the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, is rudely disturbed by a vigorous Roman Catholic attack from Janssen, a Professor in Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is Janssen's aim to show that the reformation was the greatest calamity that ever befell Germany and Europe; that Luther is the spiritual father of revolution and Rome the protectress of order in Church and State; that before the Reformation the condition of the civilized world in religion, morals, science and art had reached an unexampled hight; and that the steps of the new movement were marked by decay and corruption everywhere. In a few months after publication 14,000 copies of the book were sold. Replies have been written by Kostlin, Kameran and others.

The Eighth Commandment. The eighth commandment was all very well at the time it was written, but it is altogether too narrow for these days. It should be redrawn, to read something like this: "Thou shalt not steal; neither shalt thou embezzle, purloin, commit grand or petit larceny, or obtain money by false pretenses; thou shalt not be guilty of breach of trust; thou shalt not indulge in shoplifting (unless you are respectable enough to prove that kleptomania is hereditary in the family); thou shalt not duplicate thy pay accounts."

The speedy and rather ridiculous collapse of the Spurgeon-sermon-by-cable-newspaper syndicate need not occasion anxiety for the spiritual alimentation of the American public. We have a pretty large crop of preachers of one quality and another in this country, and at least one of the reverend gentlemen (*teste* Charleston *News and Courier*) is ready to mail advance copies of his discourses to newspapers that will contract to print them, as telegraphic specials from Brooklyn. It isn't necessary to say that his name is *not* Henry Ward Beecher.—*Texas Siftings.*

Church and State. It costs France $8,800,000 to support a State church. Episcopalian as well as Roman Catholic clergymen are paid by the State. M. Paul Bert, in view of this enormous expense, and in view of the "alarming influence of which patriots complain, demands that the Public Worship budget be abolished. The Government, he says, should sever the last link which connects Church and State." M. Ferry does not seem to think that it should. He appears to be very desirous of conciliating the church and the Pope.

The Boy Preacher. In Kansas City the "boy preacher," the Rev. Thomas Harrison, has been instrumental in turning 280 sinners from their evil ways. The meetings in the course of which he accomplished this beneficial work continued six weeks. It is claimed that among these converts are twenty-six entire families. The "boy preacher" is now carrying on revival meetings at Jacksonville, Ill., with similar success.

The Salvation Army. Gen. Booth, of the English Salvation Army, has lately suffered severely in pocket and reputation by the result of a lawsuit. Having leased the Eagle Tavern for seventeen years for the sum of $100,000, he attempted to evade the terms of the agreement, which demanded the sale of liquor. The judgment was that he had forfeited his lease.

The Rainbow and Hope. The bow is the damask flower on the woven tear-drops of the world; hope is the shimmer on the dingy warp of trouble, shot with the golden woof of God's intent.—*George McDonald.*

Anything that makes the heart warmer, anything that makes the current of affection run fuller, anything that makes gratitude and love and honor and truth and reason stronger, makes the man stronger.

Small Things. We do not have great trials and sharp agonies, and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that makes the diamond shine.—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

Sorrows are like thunder-clouds: in the distance they look black, over our heads hardly gray.—*Richter.*

Henry Seybert's Bequest.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I hand you for publication, the following correspondence. The reply to my communication is courteous and assuring, and such as we might expect from the head of a commission appointed to investigate a subject of such vital importance; a subject involving the very truth of truths. It should not be assumed that the commission, as a whole will be led, or even influenced, by such a man as Prof. Koenig has declared himself to be, even if he is retained on the commission. Spiritualists should give to these gentlemen not only the moral support of confidence in their integrity and good faith, but should, so far as permitted, assist them in the investigation. It should be our duty to see that these gentlemen have an opportunity to investigate the subject with the aid of the very best and most reliable mediums we have; representing all well attested phases of mediumship. This duty should be performed by some responsible body of Spiritualists, to guard the commission against all imposition. I have no doubt whatever that the commission will be very glad to accept the assistance of such a body of Spiritualists in furnishing them proper and reliable evidence; and would greatly prefer this method to any method of individual offers. The testimony they are asked to receive should come to them with some official sanction, and then it will receive due consideration. Whether this shall be done through one organized body, as the American Spiritualist Association, or through more than one, is a subject for consideration, upon which it would be eminently proper to confer with Dr. Pepper. It is our moral right to be heard in this matter, and if we present ourselves to the commission, in a courteous and earnest manner, that right will surely be recognized, and we may feel great confidence in the result of the investigation. If this is not done, it is questionable how far we may be justified in criticising a report that we may not be satisfied with.

SANFORD B. PERRY.

DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, *Provost of the University of Pennsylvania:*

DEAR SIR: It has been my pleasure, during the last eight years, to investigate the claims of modern Spiritualism to intellectual and scientific recognition. As the result of this investigation, made in the various ways accessible to me, I am satisfied beyond a doubt, of the truth of the fundamental principles of that philosophy of life. I am satisfied that there is no such thing as what is commonly called death; that the life commenced here is continuous; that my friends, once living on the earth plane, having passed through the change called death, to the life in the Spirit-world, can and do, through certain instruments called mediums, communicate with me, by using, and for the time being controlling, as if it were their own, the organism of that instrument; also that they can and do communicate with me in various other ways; as by impressions upon my mind, by independent slate-writing, and by dictating letters and mechanically controlling the hand of one of these mediums to write them.

While this subject has been thoroughly and exhaustively investigated by some of the most highly cultivated men, and the most accomplished scientists and philosophers in this country and in Europe, still it is a source of congratulation that one of its firm and intelligent believers has endowed a chair in your University for the purpose of further, and if possible, still more thorough investigation of the subject.

Mr. Henry Seybert must have had full confidence in the honesty, candor, liberality and good faith of the gentlemen controlling that institution, that they would not accept his bequest without resolving to cause his wish to be carried out fairly, and without the paralyzing influence of either prejudice or bigotry. It certainly would be unjust, not only to Mr. Seybert, but the progress of truth and science, to appoint a commission charged with the duty of making this investigation, composed of men determined to find either for or against the claims of this philosophy to public recognition. It is a momentous subject, fraught with vast and most important issues. Such a commission could not, in any proper or satisfactory sense, investigate the subject at all. They probably would make a report that would embody only their ignorance and prejudices. No man, however learned, can be a true and successful investigator of any subject, unless he is willing and determined to enter upon the investigation without bigotry or prejudice; to pursue it with a sincere and honest desire and purpose to ascertain, not whether his previous beliefs or impressions are correct, but what is the very truth of the matter; to treat all evidence fairly and impartially, and give it due weight, and not reject it because it does not come to him through the beaten paths of his former studies; to follow where the evidence and the truth lead him, even if he is thereby compelled to abandon all his former beliefs and opinions. Nothing but truth should be held sacred to an investigator. A true investigator should have honest intellectual methods; should have a judicious and well balanced mind; should be a fearless man; should have the moral courage to stand sturdily by his convictions, against all opposition; should be indifferent to all criticism, and should be prepared and be willing to defend his convictions against all attacks, from whatever source coming.

Unless men of this stamp compose the commission to make the investigation, the results which they may announce will not only add nothing of value to the progress of thought and science, but will carry with them no weight creditable to the commission or to the University, and certainly will not be a faithful execution of the trust created by Mr. Seybert and accepted by the University.

I enclose herein a communication from Philadelphia to the Chicago *Tribune*, republished in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, giving the names composing the commission appointed to make the investigation, at the head of which your honored name appears.

Among the names given as members of this commission is that of Prof. George A. Kœnig, Assistant Professor of Chemistry in your University. This gentleman, as is shown by this communication, seems to have sought or submitted to an "interview" on the subject of the duties and methods of the commission. In speaking of the subject, to investigate which the commission is expressly created, he says: "I am prepared to deny the truth of Spiritualism." It is true that he adds, "as it is now popularly understood;" but since he does not state how this qualifies his general denial, it cannot be said to qualify it. He is prepared to deny! How and in what manner prepared? By a careful, honest, impartial and thorough investigation of its facts and phenomena? or, by a studious, contemptuous ignoring of all the facts, phenomena and evidence with which the world not only now is, but from the earliest historical periods has been, filled? Is his preparation based on intelligence or on ignorance? Will he investigate simply to defend his present opinion?

Again he says: "It is my belief that all the so-called mediums, without exception, are humbugs." This is a belief, upon the face of it, not based upon knowledge, but upon a prejudice wholly antagonistic to a fair investigation. It is more than that; it is a gross, malicious and unjustifiable slander of a host of ladies and gentlemen who certainly are superior to him in every quality of true manhood, and is unworthy of any man claiming recognition in respectable society. If he had said that some, even many, of the so-called mediums are humbugs, he would have declared a fact that none regret more sincerely and sadly than do the Spiritualists. All honorable vocations have counterfeits, and the ranks of mediumship are not exempt, any more than are the learned professions.

He says further that "he does not think the commission view with much favor the examination of so-called mediums." Is this a declaration on behalf of the commission that they look with disfavor on the only class of evidence pertinent to the investigation? Would you seek evidence of the facts and phenomena of a science by and through the only sources and channels where they do not exist, and ignore those where, and where only, they do exist? Would that be investigation? This learned gentleman seems to anticipate a full explanation of this vast subject, by getting a man from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, whose nerves are said to be so delicate that he can locate mineral deposits and streams of water!! Why go so far for such a subject? They are in every locality, nearly. I submit that Mr. Seybert did not ask that a commission be appointed to ascertain how this is done. I think, sir, that this professor has conclusively declared his total unfitness to be a member of this commission. In my judgment, his connection with the commission, after such declarations, will be highly detrimental to the investigation, and will destroy, in advance, the confidence which the public, and especially the Spiritualists would otherwise gladly give to the commission. This is unfortunate, and I hope, for the sake of truth, and of justice to Mr. Seybert, that this gentleman will realize his unfitness and withdraw.

If you feel willing, and will take the trouble, to briefly give me your views on the subject of this communication, I shall be glad to receive them, and should also be glad to have your consent to make such use of them as will tend to give to the honest seekers after the truth of this matter, confidence that Mr. Seybert's wishes will be fairly and impartially regarded in this investigation.

Yours very Respectfully,
SANFORD B. PERRY.

Chicago, July 24th, 1883.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, AUGUST 12, 1883.

SANFORD B. PERRY, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: I am desired by Dr. Pepper to thank you for your interesting letter, and to say that it will, in due time, be presented to the commission. That body has not yet organized, (the summer vacation coming so soon after its appointment) and it is impossible to say what method will be adopted in the investigation. It is safe to say, that it will not be hastily done, and that the subject will be broadly and comprehensively examined. Whatever may be published, either by the commission or individual members, will be promptly mailed to you, as to one kindly interested in its work. Respectfully yours,

I. Y. BURK.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notes from Onset Bay.

The closing week of the camp meeting has been enjoyed in a series of social gatherings and happy surprises by the fraternizing families at the grove as well as by those who have been intent on following the regular advertised conferences, lectures and séances. To those who have had the pleasure of being present at these happy gatherings in social life, the hours have passed in almost lightning rapidity, so enjoyable have been the occasions, and we can hardly realize that we are so soon to say the kind good-bye until another season shall bring us back to the shores of Onset Bay, or pass us on to the land of the beyond. Whichever way it may be our lot to go, we shall feel that the happy hours of the present season have been stepping stones in the paths of life, that will aid us all in reaching the shores of the recognized land of the spirit.

A financial surprise was given Mr. B. H. Bourne at his Twin Cottage home on Highland ave., by his many friends at the grove, on Monday evening.

The friends of Chas. W. Sullivan gave him an impromptu call at Eagle Cottage on Tuesday evening, which was very pleasantly enjoyed by all.

Wednesday evening a very pleasant hour was enjoyed at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. S. Butterfield on South boulevard; the seating capacity of the cottage was tested by their many friends present, who came to extend their musical congratulations.

Thursday evening a masquerade party was enjoyed by the dancing fraternity at the pavilion.

Friday evening the pavilion was just packed to listen to the melodies of the Virginia and Texas jubilee singers.

THE CHILDREN OF ONSET.

Mr. John E. Churchill, of Stoughton, Mass. became identified with the interest of Onset, early in its movement, and being one of the few who take a lively interest in the children wherever he meets them, he was not long in becoming interested in them at this grove, and he has annually had an entertainment by and for them, during camp meeting. This year Mr. Churchill has been assisted in the noble work by no less a power than the friend of all children, Mr. D. N. Ford, of Boston, who has been Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum since it was started in that city, nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Ford took especial charge of the work of preparing for the entertainment this year, and it was enjoyed by a full house at the cottage of Wm D. Crockett on Park St., Saturday evening, August 11th. The programme consisted of a piano solo by Mary L. McCrillis; violin solo by Master Pool; song by Florence Parker; an original dialogue written for the occasion by Mr. Ford and rendered in beautiful effect by Blanch Drew and Ethel Woodbury; duet by Miss Hosmer and Miss Callie, piano accompaniment; Master Woodbury sang the song, "Old Uncle Joe," with fine effect; recitations and tableaux followed until 9:30 o'clock, when a collation was served to the full company and in which all entered with a will.

The children's movement is fairly inaugurated at Onset, and will be specially cared for in the future.

The lectures of A. B. French at the grove during his engagement, have won for him golden opinions in the hearts of this people. The lecture on Tuesday on his research among the mounds of the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, was replete with new thought for his audience, as was also his lecture on Thursday afternoon upon Growth. It is to be regretted that such powers cannot be kept at work in the spiritual field. Bro. French carries with him from this place the kind remembrances and best wishes of thousands that listened to his manly utterances.

One of the pleasing features of life at Onset is the yachting parties. Having engaged the yacht Flying Cloud, Captain Swift, for the full day of July 31st, our next business was to make preparations for a day's cruise on the waters of Buzzard's Bay. At 9 A. M. a private party, consisting of our little family of seven, went on board. Sails unfurled to the breeze, we leave the wharf and Onset Bay Grove with the best wishes of the many friends, who do not join us on this occasion. We pass Wicket, Onset, Hog and Mashers Islands and enter Buzzard's Bay proper; on we speed and leave Wing Neck Light on our left; still on, we leave Bird Island Light to our right. The breeze increases and the waters begin to roll and foam, but we are in the hands of an experienced skipper and all is safe. We are bound for Naushon Island. The excitement becomes more and more intense as the deep water is reached, until all are full of joy and glee. The yacht labors manfully; the waves roll and once make a break clear over the boat, but only to be laughed at by all hands on board, as we were not so wet as we should have been had we not been well supplied with rubber goods for the occasion. On we move—pass the Monohanset with party for Onset. After a sail of five hours we effect a landing on Naushon Island at 2 o'clock P. M. As soon as all are on shore our table is laid and the edibles are enjoyed with a relish that means business to hungry persons. Dinner over we stroll over the island until three o'clock, at which time we were to embark and start for our home at Onset. All on board, sails up and a strong breeze after us, we made twenty miles sail in two and a half hours, and enjoyed the day's recreation as only those can who are at home on the waters.

We clip the following from the *Boston Globe:*

"The Spiritualists' camp was surprised today, August 8th, by the arrival of a large excursion party from East Bridgewater on the morning train. The party consisted of the Unitarian Sabbath school of that town, but very few of whom had ever visited Onset Bay before. As usual upon such occasions, the Association extended the free use of their grounds. Parties made pleasure excursions down the beautiful bay.

"A conference meeting was held at the speakers' stand this morning, led by A. B. French. The subject discussed was 'Psychometry.' The afternoon services opened at 2:30 o'clock with an address by Professor W. W. Clayton of Boston, he taking for his theme: 'The Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism.' At the close of the address the Fitchburg orchestra gave several fine musical selections, which closed the day's exercises."

SUNDAY, August 12.—Walter Howell, of England, spoke at 10:30 A. M., taking for his subject, "The New Birth." His argument was rich in thought.

Capt. H. H. Brown gave the closing lecture of the camp meeting proper, taking for his subject, "The evidences of the life beyond the Dead." He said that the reasoning Spiritualists had received their feast of solid food in the morning lecture, and he wished to speak to the young people on the subject of Spiritualism, giving them the evidence of immortal life.

President Storer announced a meeting for next Sunday, August 19th, with Mr. Walter Howell for the morning lecture and Joseph D. Stiles for the afternoon.

Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles arrived at the grove Thursday and is located at Glen Cove House.

D. N. Ford, of Boston, has bought lot No. 657, Longwood ave., for a summer home.

Mrs. Ross, of Providence, R. I., the full form materializing medium, is spending a few days at the grove.

Chas. W. Sullivan leaves for Lake Pleasant to fill a two weeks musical engagement at that meeting.

W. W. CURRIER.

Old Pan Cottage, Aug. 13th.

Respectable Gambling.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have not in a long time read anything in the public press that found such a quick echo in my breast as the letter of your correspondent, Mr. Whitworth, published in a late JOURNAL, in which he comments on the opening of the new Oil Exchange in Cleveland. It is the first vigorous protest I have seen in any paper, whether secular or religious, against the great and growing evil of respectable gambling, otherwise known as speculation. The pulpit, too, which ought to be thundering forth instruction, warning and reprobation on this subject, is utterly silent.

Meanwhile the monster evil is advancing, spreading, assuming new shapes, entering fresh territory, and all the time dealing demoralization, crime, poverty, suffering and death. How many strong and prosperous commercial houses have gone down in ignominy through "outside speculations," entailing great loss upon innocent creditors, who perhaps never for a moment suspected that this vice was destroying the life of the firm. How many young men, yes, and men not young, having fair prospects in life, and steady, remunerative employment in a useful calling, have become completely demoralized by this mania, and rendered totally unfit for legitimate business. Consider the large number of persons whom it incites to crime. Nearly every week has its record of the thefts, defalcations, forgeries, misappropriations of trust funds, that have been caused by it. What a disposition to reckless and riotous expenditure of money it engenders in those who have made lucky ventures! And this prodigality and waste in turn dazzle and unsettle many others within reach of the influence of such example. How many have fallen from affluence to poverty through speculation, bringing upon their wives and children deprivation and suffering, and hence upon themselves untold mental anguish, unavailing regret and self-condemnation. Finally, it often happens that the strain and excitement attending this practice breaks down the reason, and in a moment of ungoverned impulse, or dread of exposed guilt, the victim, with desperate hand, takes his own life. All these evils of speculation are so demonstrable and familiar that it may seem unnecessary to recount them. Our jails and lunatic asylums are witnesses that they are facts.

Mr. Whitworth's scathing remarks about the Cleveland Oil Exchange would apply with even greater force to the stately and imposing gambling institutions of this metropolis. As one approaches the city over our beautiful bay, or looks upon it from Brooklyn Heights, one of the first and most conspicuous objects that arrests one's gaze, is the massive and towering Produce Exchange, now almost completed. The European visitor to our shores is immediately reminded of those substantial and picturesque palaces of medieval Italy which he has left beyond the sea. When entirely finished, it will hold aloft an aerial gallery, 225 feet high, and the tower will continue to rise 25 feet above that lofty eminence. This superb and costly structure is a temple, dedicated not to religion, art, science or legitimate commerce, but to the great divinity of Grain Speculation. In plain language, it is a big, pretentious gambling house, no better, so far as I can see, than a faro bank; and the business carried on within its walls is rank gambling, masquerading under the name of commerce. The same may be said with truth of the Cotton Exchange (which is to rival the Produce Exchange in the splendor of its new building), the Coffee Exchange, the Metal Exchange, the Stock Exchange and the Mining and Petroleum Exchange. All these houses carry on their nefarious and demoralizing traffic in margins before the eyes of all men and without interference by the police.

I have yet to find the man who could point out to me the difference, in principle, between the transactions of these so-called Exchanges and those which take place in the bucket shops, pool rooms and over card and faro tables. Yet these small concerns, which are chiefly patronized by the poor and impecunious are obliged to resort to clandestine methods, to carefully screen themselves from the public view, and "with the wicked prize buy out the law;" else society, by its agents, would swoop down upon them with fierce and unrelenting "justice." Both the keepers and frequenters of these low resorts are socially ostracized, and generally regarded with mingled pity and contempt, while the "brokers" and "operators" of our large exchange occupy the chief seats in our synagogues and very prominent places in the community. Have we not here an instance of one law for the rich and another for the poor; one code of ethics for the high and another for the low? We are again reminded of the expressive language of King Lear:

> "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
> Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
> Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it."

Surely the vision of public sentiment needs to be clarified. Let us be just. Let us permit the doors of gambling houses to be thrown open, and their operations conducted in the light of day, or let us look with less toleration upon the precisely similar practices which are daily to be seen within the Exchanges upon a much larger scale.

But, it is said, the Exchanges deal in substantial and valuable stocks and staple articles of commerce, and that, however justly they may be criticised, there still remains a substantial basis of legitimate business in their dealings. In point of fact, however, this legitimate basis is almost infinitesimal when compared with the totality of their transactions. I have heard it stated by competent judges that all except about five per cent of the business of these Exchanges was pure gambling. It is a suggestive fact, as showing how little the regular currents of trade flow through the exchanges, that all the large cotton manufacturers of the country buy their raw material, not through the medium of the N. Y. Cotton Exchange, but in the Southern markets direct.

I readily admit that it is not always easy to draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate trade. No hard and fast rule should be laid down until there has been a thorough consideration and discussion of the whole matter, based upon a full knowledge of the intricacies and necessities of modern commerce. But it is high time for such consideration and discussion to begin. If the pulpits of the country would occupy themselves a little more with the application of sound moral principles to questions like this, which touch the life and welfare of the people, they might be able to arrest the decline of their influence, which everybody but themselves now recognize as one of the marked features of the time.

In the meantime, I think it may be safely declared that all dealing in margins, after the manner of speculators, is unwarranted and illegitimate. The same may be said of all purchases, whether of stocks or produce, which are made, not for the purpose of rendering the article more valuable by additional service, or in order securely to invest one's surplus revenues, but with the object of winning money by a lucky change in the market. Where this last motive prevails, the "operator" in effect bets at the time of purchasing that the market will go up or down, as the case may be; and, so far as any principle is involved, he might as well bet on a horse race, or a game of cards, or indulge in any other variety of gambling.

That the speculation of the Exchanges and vulgar gambling are essentially the same may be seen by the similar effects which they exercise upon the individual. Unhealthy excitement, prodigality of living, the development of an overmastering passion, constituting a form of disease, are the effects in both cases. When we consider the manipulation of markets that is constantly going on, in order to give a forced and fictitious value to stocks or produce, the respectable form of gambling very closely resembles the most odious and abhorrent phases of the vice, such as playing with stocked cards or loaded dice; and when we consider, further, how this huge speculation interferes with the trade and commerce of the nation, often embarrassing and impeding them, we find in it an additional and very serious element of evil.

How far legislative action might be successfully invoked as a remedy against the manifold evils of speculation, I shall have no space to discuss. Perhaps the wisest public policy would not sanction government interference in a matter of this character. Besides, the measure of success which that method of attack has achieved in dealing with the vice of intemperance, does not encourage us to look for relief in that quarter; and for obvious reasons, the probability of success would be even less in combating the evil under consideration. But nothing whatever can be done in the way of reform until public sentiment has been enlightened and aroused upon this subject. Our moralists and educators of public opinion, either from inertness or cowardice, have too long neglected their duty in this regard. There is now passing over the country a strong wave of public feeling against the evil of rum drinking. Let it be followed by one equally powerful against the evil of respectable gambling or speculation, which is so rapidly increasing and proving so disastrous to the moral, physical and material welfare of the country.

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